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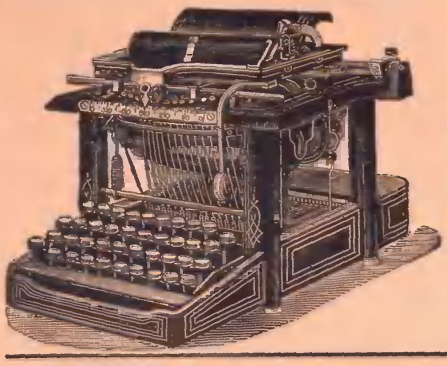

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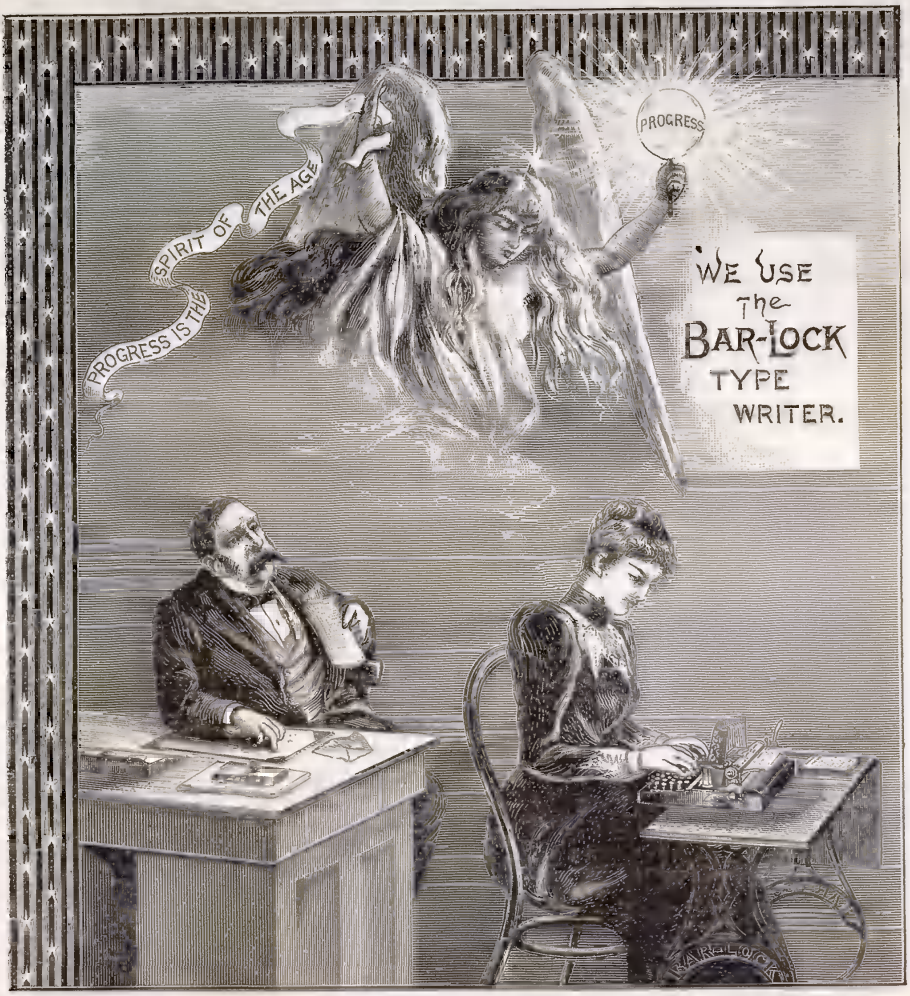

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HOME RULE AND HOME RULERS.

THE possibility that the future of Ireland and the integrity of the United Kingdom may depend on the issue of a suit in the Divorce Court suggests some curious reflections. The part which accident plays in the determinations of history is a favourite branch of speculation with those philosophers who have a fancy for dealing with the "might have beens" of the world, erecting themselves into a sort of amateur Providence and constructing a succession of events which never happened. If Eve had not listened to the serpent and eaten the apple the whole course of the world would have been changed. If the Persians had not been defeated at Marathon, Europe might have been another Asia. If Julius Cæsar on the fatal Ides of March had listened to the soothsayer and to Calpurnia, and had stayed away from the Senate House, the Roman Empire might have been built up on more durable foundations than those which the inferior genius of Augustus was able to lay. If Cleopatra had been a plain and unprepossessing person; if, as Pascal puts it, her nose had been an inch shorter than Nature actually made it, Antony would not have taken flight at Actium; rather, there would have been no sea-fight there for him to fly from. If the fates had granted long days to Marcellus, there might have been no Tiberius, no Caligula, no Nero. If the accident which was nearly fatal to Richard Cromwell in the banqueting house had actually brought his weak and worthless life to a close, and his brother Henry had succeeded to the Protectorate, there might have been no Stuart restoration in 1660. If Queen Anne had lived long enough—a few weeks or months would have sufficed—to give Bolingbroke time to complete his plans, there might have been a Stuart restoration, and all that it implied, in 1714. If the disreputable Fred, who was alive and then dead, and left nothing more to be said,

had lived to succeed his father on the throne, there might have been no American War and no dismemberment of the British Empire. If George III. had died before Pitt, Catholic Emancipation might have come twenty years earlier than it did, and the course of Irish history have been other than it was. If, in 1885, Mr. Gladstone had had a majority independent of the Irish vote, we might never have heard of Home Rule from his lips. Finally, if the O'Gorman Mahon had not introduced Captain O'Shea to Mr. Parnell, we might be looking forward to Home Rule a few years hence.

This doctrine that Chance is King, this historic casualism, was the theory of Bolingbroke, who saw in mortal changes and events simply the cruel bantering of a capricious fortune. It was the doctrine which Pope borrowed, as he did many other things, from him—"What great effects from trivial causes spring"—though he departed from it when he perceived in chance but invisible direction, and in a Borgia or a Catiline effects as natural as plagues and earthquakes. But here too his philosophy was inconsistent with the recognition that the Providence which bound Nature fast in fate left free the human will. The fact is that your "if," though sometimes a very effective peacemaker, is a very imperfect historic philosopher. It requires no great discernment to see that if a thread here and a thread there are plucked from the texture of history, the whole web will be ravelled out and fall in pieces. The particular thread which the attempt is made to disentangle is part of the web, and cannot be severed from it. Instead of holding that the great revolutions of history depend upon shifting and trivial accidents, it is more natural to hold that these apparent accidents are themselves effects of the general causes which they are vainly supposed to originate; bubbles, or at most ripples and eddies, on the great stream of tendency which carries them along with it. If the Duke of Burgundy, Mr. Lecky argues, had succeeded Louis XIV., and France had been spared the Regency and the reign of Louis XV. the Revolution might have been effected peaceably, and without solution of the continuity of French society and institutions. But what reason is there to suppose that the social pestilence which corrupted into moral rottenness the Duke of Orleans and Louis XV. would have left the character of the Duke of Burgundy unassailed, or that the pupil of Fénelon would have turned out better than the pupil of Seneca, of whom even more extravagant hopes were at one time, and with apparent reason, entertained. The murder of the Duchesse de Praslin by her husband, and M. Teste's conviction of bribery, ostensibly led to that revolution of contempt which overthrew Louis-Philippe; but they were simply instances of a general deterioration of morals, personal and public. The popular imagination and indignation fastened on them; but, if they had been wanting, other examples of wickedness in high and

official places would not have been lacking to supply the individual offences and offenders which are necessary to concentrate and sharpen dissatisfaction and disapproval into indignation and punishment. A saying of Mirabeau's has been recently quoted, which, in its general effect, amounts to this: that his private excesses had marred his power of serving his country; but his private excesses were characteristic of his day and his time. It was a particular instance of a general malady, which probably would have been fatal even though Mirabeau had not taken the infection.

In the considerations which have been indicated is the true answer to the argument that the personal character of Mr. Parnell is entirely irrelevant to the question of Home Rule, and that if Home Rule is right it remains right, no matter how wrong he may be proved to be. A very bad man no doubt may be, let us say, a very good mathematician, and the worth of his demonstrations does not depend upon his fidelity to the Ten Commandments. But in matters of government, and especially in creating a new government, the question of institutions is scarcely more vital than that of persons. The character of the men into whose hands the conduct of affairs is to be put requires to be as carefully weighed as the powers with which it is proposed to invest them. From the time of Alcibiades to that of Charles James Fox, not to travel beyond the beginning of the present century, great and brilliant statesmen have often pushed profligacy to excess. Bad as Mr. Parnell's conduct is in itself, it is such as, after the decent interval of retirement which Mr. Gladstone judiciously suggested, and after such atonement as is possible, is usually condoned. What has shocked men was less the sensual offence into which Mr. Parnell has been betrayed, than other qualities, which in one sense magnify his guilt and in another dwarf it. The cold treachery, the protracted hypocrisy, the sneaking concealment under false names and in constantly shifted residences, the lying responses to the friend whom he deceived and to the political colleagues to whom he solemnly declared his innocence, all the ignoble expedients of fraud and falsehood to which he had recourse, double and treble the iniquity which he has confessed. It is viler in its accidents and attendant circumstances than in its essence. It is these things which fix the deepest brand upon Mr. Parnell, and render the proposal to hand over to him—for to this Home Rule comes—almost unlimited power in the government of Ireland an act of criminal lunacy. Mr. Parnell's deposition from the leadership, however, by no means gets rid of him. Even if it should be ratified by the opinion of the Irish race, as it is called, on both sides of the Atlantic, that judgment is not irreversible. There will be an appeal from Philip sober to Philip drunk.

If Mr. Parnell should be driven from English public life without hope of return to it, the matter is not much mended. The Irish

Gladstonians, to give them the name which best expresses their political position, and the tenure by which they hold their political existence, have never said any deliberate word in moral condemnation of Mr. Parnell's conduct. They are not in the least shocked by it. The outcry of the English Nonconformists, which alarmed Mr. Gladstone, did not in the first instance move them. They gathered together in Dublin to denounce what they described as the Pharisaic cant of Ebenezer and Little Bethel. They declared that the spheres of politics and morality were distinct, and they proclaimed their unabated confidence in their "gallant" leader, and the unchilled fervour of their devotion to him. They as little dreamt of any political disqualification attaching to Mr. Parnell as Mr. Parnell did himself. Mr. Parnell perhaps thought that he could better defend his leadership as elected leader than as a candidate proscribed by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Parnell, with all his shrewdness and tactical skill, lacks the dexterity which half a century's Parliamentary experience has conferred upon his antagonist. His acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's proposal would, in return for temporary effacement in the English Parliament, have practically secured him, in the event of Home Rule being carried, the Irish Premiership; it would not be too much to say, the Irish Dictatorship. That, indeed, an Irish Parliament would probably in any case confer upon him. Sharp as have been the conflicts, and bitter as are the animosities, between the Parnellites and the Irish Gladstonians, they are not likely to be very long-lived. For a time there will, no doubt, be the strongest mutual denunciations. There may be rival Gladstonian and Parnellite candidates in every vacant Irish constituency. Mr. Parnell, who has of late years been the moderator of his party, will probably, as against his successors and rivals, whose business it now will be to temporise with and reassure alarmed English feeling, make appeal to the extreme section, the men of outside action. As he formerly incited the tenants against the landlords, he is likely now to address himself to the labouring class as against the tenants, if the tenants rank themselves with his adversaries. The more formidable each section of the party can prove itself to the other, the more anxious each will be for reconciliation with its antagonist —such reconciliation, that is to say, as is the condition of common action. Mr. Parnell is not a sentimentalist, and is indifferent to the union of hearts, provided only there is a union of hands. The very fury and clamour of the first conflicts between the Parnellites and the Irish Gladstonians is a sign of a coming understanding. Hatreds may soon burn themselves out. The sense of a common interest is a very durable feeling. There can be very little doubt, therefore, that after a suitable period of alienation, though the two separate organisations may be maintained, in order to keep up appearances with Mr. Gladstone, and through Mr. McCarthy to keep open

communications with him, the divided Irish party will practically become again one party, secretly directed by Mr. Parnell, and working under his astute guidance for the gratification of his insatiable political ambition. Mr. Parnell may think that Home Rule may be for the benefit of Ireland, but he is determined that Home Rule shall be his rule. His feeling, to adopt an illustration of the late Lord Derby's, is not that of the father who is anxious for the happiness of his child, through whomsoever it may come, but of the lover who cannot bear that the object of his passion should owe her happiness to any one but himself.

Those members of the British portion of the Gladstonian party who are trying to persuade themselves that Mr. Parnell's compulsory retirement from the Irish leadership in Parliament, or even the repudiation of him by Irish organisations in the United Kingdom and in America, will permanently banish him from public life, do not understand the man and the influences which work for him.

Supposing that he were banished for ever, matters would not be sensibly improved. Except that they were not, and could not be, co-respondents with him in the divorce suit, the Irish Parliamentary party are nearly all of them accomplices in Mr. Parnell's offences. There are some honourable men among them, notably the distinguished Chairman of the Irish Gladstonian party, whose character and accomplishments partly cover the multitudinous sins of his colleagues. With these deductions, whatever Mr. Parnell has done they have done. All the offences which have been proved against him have been brought home to most of them. Men who would shrink from handing over Ireland to Mr. Parnell, will not mend matters by handing it over instead to the anti-Parnellite Parnellites, even if that should be more than indirectly giving it to him. It is not to be supposed that the scruples of English Gladstonians are merely geographical, and that, though they will not tolerate Mr. Parnell as leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, they think him quite good enough to be First Minister of the Crown in Ireland itself. Home Rule, in the sense which the word has now acquired, is Parnellism, and the character of the thing is not changed by getting rid, if that could be done, of the man.

II.

Mr. Parnell's position in Irish politics very strikingly illustrates the fact that democracy, in curious contradiction to its name, is practically the "one man power." Where it does not take this form, as in France for the moment, and in the United States, it is not because the tendency is lacking, but because the man is wanting. There does not seem to be in those countries any one possessing the qualities necessary even for a sham hero. There is no one whom, by much making-believe, his fellow-countrymen can dress up into an

object of admiration and devotion. The "boss," the wire-puller, and the log-roller have it all their own way. Politics exhibit often a meanness and a squalor, and almost always a paltriness, which is incompatible with a lofty national temper. Sentiment cannot be excluded from public affairs without lowering them to the level of the counting-house and the Stock Exchange. Perhaps political sentiment is most naturally and healthily expressed when it fixes itself upon the representative of a long line of kings, whose history embodies the whole course of the national life, with its long series of struggles and defeats and final triumphs, the traditions of the past and the hopes of the future.

In the absence, through permanent causes or temporary accident, of this steady and steadying national feeling, the personal element in politics is apt to give itself up to vagaries of admiration and execration, which are full of political danger. To a statesman who has taken the popular fancy, so long as he keeps it, nothing is denied. The institutions of the country are given him to do what he likes with, making or marring them at his caprice. There is no need that his qualities should be admirable in themselves. When Lord Byron wanted a hero for his most unheroic poem, he pitched upon Don Juan; and it would appear, from recent events, that a nation is capable of making a somewhat similar choice. It does not seem to matter much what a man's characteristics are, so long as they are striking. Charles II. was popular through his gay vices; George III. through his domestic virtues. The contrast was not confined to kings. It was exhibited in the careers of Charles James Fox and the younger Pitt, and contemporary parallels might be found without difficulty. The popular imagination is impressed by courage and coolness, by variety and promptitude of resource, by the power of fighting a long battle against great odds. It admires the skill of the swordsman without taking much account of the cause in which he draws the sword. This feeling explains the reprehensible indulgence shown to Mr. Parnell after the exposure before the Special Commission of offences on his part which makes the repudiation of his companionship and leadership which has followed on the Divorce Court scandal a gross moral inconsistency. The character of the man, as it was shown in the later proceedings, would probably have justified those who think that personal honour and good faith are essential in a politician in withdrawing from personal and public relations with him. But not one quality was there displayed which was not equally manifest when the Town Council of Edinburgh bestowed on him that freedom of the city which they have now withdrawn, and when Mr. John Morley sounded him as to his willingness to take office under any new Administration which Mr. Gladstone might be called on to form. His admission that he had made deliberately in the House of Commons a statement which, at the time of making it,

he believed to be untrue, with a view of deceiving the House, was known to the statesmen who were cultivating his friendship, and courting his alliance, and offering him office—for Mr. John Morley, who was authorised to make the inquiry, was not, it may be presumed, empowered to say "No," if Mr. Parnell had happened to say "Yes." A lie by which a public man, supposed to be speaking as a gentleman in an assembly of gentlemen, abuses the good faith of the House of Commons is, perhaps, as black a lie as can be. Mr. Gladstone has said as much; and his casuistry is sound. Yet a falsehood of this order was not merely brought home to Mr. Parnell, and admitted reluctantly by him under pressure, it was spontaneously confessed by him in easy and incidental explanation of a statement which he could not otherwise account for. The Commissioners reported that allegations by the dozen against Mr. Parnell were fully established, the truth of which he denied on oath.

In France, the term of unpardonable insult is, we believe, *Lâche; Menteur* may be overlooked; but in England to call a man a liar is a more deadly affront even than to call him a coward; and a man who calls himself a liar leaves other people nothing worse to call him. They can only, if he be a politician, decline future relations with him, and this until now they have done. But the ethics of public life have undergone a change since the year 1885. The proof and confession of mendacity, conviction of criminal conspiracy for the dismemberment of the Empire, and for the expulsion of a class of the community from its homes, property, and country, have not been thought to deprive the men who practise them of their title to be considered a Parliamentary party pursuing constitutional ends by legal means. The solemnly recorded verdict of three Judges of the land that Mr. Parnell and his followers, including some of the most prominent of the men who have now revolted from him, were guilty of these things, has been greeted as a triumphant acquittal, because a particular letter attributed to Mr. Parnell was found not to have been written by him. In everything except the one private injury of which Mr. Parnell has by his silence made confession, the followers are as their leader, and even in that particular they ridicule the prudery and Puritanism to which they have been obliged to submit in practice, and deny that morality has anything to do with politics.

They are perfectly consistent. The whole action of the Parnellite party from its formation to the present day has been based on the systematic extrusion of morality from politics. What distinguishes the period before from the period after 1886 is simply this: that English statesmen have palliated and excused these practices, and, by associating themselves with the ends sought, have made themselves accomplices in the means used for the attainment of those ends. Theirs, we are inclined to think, is the greatest guilt of all. The bulk of the

Irish party, though not Mr. Parnell himself, are of a race and a religion which as yet has had only two generations of complete enfranchisement. The faults of a people debased by centuries of servitude are not to be effaced by threescore years of freedom. If it be true that the day on which a man becomes a slave takes half his worth away, it is unfortunately not true that the day on which he is invested with freedom invests him with the virtues of a citizen. The servile vices survive the servile condition. The freedman and his descendants bear the marks of the degradation from which they have escaped, rather than those of the condition into which they have been lifted. Between the freeman and the freedman there is more than the difference of the letter *d*. The words "libertine" and "libertinism" are terms which, in their moral censure, express a social and political truth which has the closest bearing, if not upon the Home Rule Question in itself, yet upon the demand for the immediate concession of Home Rule. The Irish people require a longer training than they have yet had in association with the law-abiding and orderly people of Great Britain before they can safely be trusted to themselves. It may be that we have them as we have made them; that is possible. But that they are what they are is certain; and, being what they are, it would be an imprudence verging on criminality to confide not merely the Home Rule majority to itself, but the lives and property of the dissentient minority to it. History may make many excuses for them; it will have only condemnation for the English statesmen and gentlemen who, differently trained, have countenanced and profited by the crimes which they ought to have rebuked and which their rebuke would have checked. Renunciation of boycotting and the Plan of Campaign would have been a price cheerfully paid for the Gladstonian alliance, if it could not have been had upon any other terms. The men who have sold their leader to purchase it would more readily have made this lesser sacrifice if it had been exacted. English statesmen are responsible for the crimes which they could have hindered and did not hinder.

The blind confidence which has allowed public men to take this course has been abetted by a strange apathy. The indifference of the British people to the Home Rule Question is shown by the fact that the majority of those who vote for it are quite content to remain in ignorance of what they are voting for. They are satisfied that it should remain locked up in the bosom of Mr. Gladstone. This brings us to another point which marks the political management of the present time. The ostentatious publicity which is its most striking characteristic is a sham publicity. It disguises a secrecy more absolute than was ever before practised. Orators are effusive at public meetings, and at the windows of railway carriages, and simple people believe that they are taking the country into their confidence, and that the business of the nation is

being done in the light of day. In reality, it is settled in empty houses in Belgravia, or in confidential walks and talks at Hawarden.

The only people who are kept out of the secret of Home Rule are the British nation and the Irish party. No doubt, they will be told it some time or other, but only when, without having had sufficient time for deliberation, they are called upon to say "Yes" or "No." The objection that to announce a scheme prematurely would be to expose it to a long period of adverse criticism, is a practical confession that the scheme will not bear adverse criticism. If it is good, the better it is known, the better it will be liked. If it is bad, it may need to be carried by a surprise, in which the heats of party fight will make real deliberation impossible, and in which, perhaps, a conflict between the two Houses of Parliament may blend a revolutionary struggle in England with a revolutionary struggle in Ireland.

It is a rule of the College of Physicians not to give their sanction to any remedy in ignorance of the ingredients of which it is composed. The principle is as sound in politics as in medicine. The probability is that a secret remedy is a quack remedy. Until Mr. Gladstone declares what he means by Home Rule, he might as reasonably go to the country with the cry of Abracadabra. Perhaps it would rally to him many supporters.

If the English nation by clear premonitions during the next year or two, and by a decisive majority at the general election, stamps out the Home Rule project, or adjourns it to an indefinite future, a great danger will be averted. But great difficulties will remain. It is possible that a settlement of the land question, on the lines of Mr. Balfour's scheme, if that is happily carried through, will indispose the tenant farmers, on their way towards full ownership, to further agitation. *Beati possidentes.* Political change with them has always been means to agrarian ends—Church and State mean the land. The end being gained, the means may be dropped. After a Land Bill, they would probably welcome a stringent measure of Coercion to secure their tenure of life and property. For this settlement, it is too probable, would be the beginning of a fierce struggle on the part of the politicians and adventurers who live by Irish disturbance, or seek notoriety and power in it. Mr. Parnell threatens an agitation among the labouring classes, appeals to the hill-side men, and talks of being forced into modes of action other than Parliamentary or constitutional. Mr. Davitt is as much opposed to peasant proprietorship as to any other form of private property in land. Mr. Patrick Egan, whose suspected connection with the Phœnix Park murders has never been disproved, has given in his adhesion to Mr. Justin McCarthy's party. In the event of the Home Rule movement collapsing in Great Britain there would probably be a triple alliance of crime and rebellion. But against it there might be in

Ireland not only all the forces which have hitherto stood at the side of law and freedom, but also in the case of the purchasing tenants the most important of the forces which have hitherto covertly or openly sustained disorder.

It is possible that, in the case supposed, the clergy, as a body, may permanently renounce the Jacobin alliance into which they have been drawn. The priests, both as peasants and as dependents for their dues on the Irish farming class, would, in the main, rank themselves on the side of order. The influence primarily exercised by their flocks on them would be reflected back by them on their flocks, who would be glad to find a pretext in the injunctions of the Church for taking the course to which their interest inclines them. In the event of Home Rule being decisively negatived, everything at present points to the conclusion that, in the future, the struggle in Ireland will be between law and naked and unabashed lawlessness, and that in it the tenant-purchasers of the land, the trading classes, to whom the repudiation of debts is of bad augury, and the Roman Catholic clergy, pecuniarily dependent on the farmer and the shopkeeper, will be found on the same side with the landed gentry, the merchants, and the clergy of the Protestant churches, against agrarian spoliation and the breaking of the last link.

III.

The remarks which go before were written and in the hands of the printer before the elections at Bassetlaw and North Kilkenny had taken place. Interesting as those events are, a man must be a very convinced believer in the new science of political meteorology to regard them as decisive of anything beyond themselves. The science of which this is the parody and the burlesque, is selected by writers on method as the type of an imperfect science, in which prediction is impossible, and in which speculation, even when limited within the narrowest conditions of time and space, has the value only of more or less plausible guesses. A forecast of twenty-four hours, when confined within a specifically indicated district, is perhaps more often approximately right than positively wrong. Forecasts, which, like those of the old almanacs, should affect to foretell the weather for all England twelve months hence, would bear the brand of quackery on their face. The same remark is true of political weather forecasts. To argue from the state of the social atmosphere in England, E., or in Ireland, S., in December 1890, to its condition over the United Kingdom a year or two hence is egregiously to trifle with common-sense, if not with good faith. The elections at Bassetlaw and North Kilkenny do not necessarily indicate more than the momentary impressions and impulses predominant in these constituencies a few weeks ago.

Varium et mutabile is a human, and especially a political, characteristic.

Keeping this caution in mind, it may be well to inquire what the two elections mean. They have one feature in common. They suggest, at least, that the tactics which in 1886 broke up the Liberal party are gradually crumbling away its Home Rule successor, while they have shattered, as by dynamite, Irish Nationalism into two unequal fragments. The Home Rule minority in Bassetlaw in 1890 fell short by 419 votes of the Liberal minority in 1885. It is not doubted or denied that Nonconformist abstentions account for this difference. The seceders could not see that Mr. Gladstone's friendly suggestion to Mr. Parnell to withdraw for a moment from the chairmanship of his party was equivalent to a solemn excommunication of him, as permanently disabled, on moral grounds, from the Irish leadership in Westminster, and for the future Premiership of Ireland. On the contrary, the proposed arrangement was a pledge of speedy reinstatement in his leadership, and ultimate gratification of his ambition. It is possible that the defeat of the Home Rule candidate in Bassetlaw may have meant something more than this. It may have indicated an awakening to the fact that Mr. Parnell's political character and conduct typify in a marked individual instance the character and conduct of his party as a whole, and of its leading members on either side of the present line of division. The laws enacting

"Ne quis fur esset, neu latro, neu quis adulter,"

cannot, in any English reading of them, be suspended as regards offenders of the two former classes—rent-stealers, for example—and enforced against the third only. That the men who have found out Mr. Parnell, or, rather, to whom Mr. Parnell has shamelessly discovered himself, should straightway become the dupes of his associates, would argue a degree of fatuity incompatible, if it were general, with the national safety. Mr. Chamberlain has recently said that many Home Rulers of 1886 have approached him with overtures for a reconciliation with the Unionist party, and a return to the Liberal policy as it was in 1885, the question of Home Rule being abandoned or indefinitely adjourned. If Mr. Chamberlain does not exaggerate the number and weight of these expressions of opinion, it would seem that there is a revulsion, in the light of recent disclosures, from the Home Rule surprise of 1886, and that the author of the Liberal rupture of that year may see the gradual melting away of the Home Rule party in the coming months and years.

The North Kilkenny election is valuable as disclosing what the real Ireland is of which so many fancy pictures have been drawn. Any one who would understand what Home Rule in present circumstances

would mean has only to imagine the control of the police and the nomination to and tenure of magisterial and judicial offices, dependent on the Administration of the day at Dublin. Yet this authority, and the liberty of dealing on the principles of Mr. Dillon with the rents and rights of landlords, are the two points on which Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites join in insisting as vital to any future measure of Home Rule. In the technical language of Irish turbulence and turmoil, a party-fight and a faction-fight are distinguished. A party-fight is a fight between members of opposite parties, Orangemen, say, and Ribbonmen. A faction-fight is a fight between members of the same party, and has something of a family character. Besides the party-fight between Unionists and Home Rulers, we have now very literally, and in the streets, faction-fights amongst Home Rulers themselves, between Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites, between bishops' men and hill-side men. The necessity of opposing a single front to the enemy—the Pax Anglica is the enemy—had brought irreconcilable antagonists into the same camp, the justification of whose mutual hatreds was only postponed to the satisfaction of their common hatred. Not for the first time in Irish history is there now an alliance between Romanism and Jacobinism. It began with talks and projects of a United Ireland in 1791, and ended in rebellion and civil war in 1798, the reconciled sects and factions flying at each other's throats.

The party of the bishops, if we may argue from North Kilkenny, is for the moment in the ascendant in Ireland. A majority of two to one has returned their nominee. Probably a general appeal to the country would show that Mr. Parnell divides it more equally with his opponents than the votes recorded for Sir John Pope Hennessy and Mr. Vincent Scully indicated. But taking the lowest estimate, he is master of a third of the Home Rule party in the constituencies and in Parliament, to say nothing of the turbulent masses of the towns; and with much smaller forces than these a protracted contest can be waged. If the bishops were as conclusively victorious as they hope to be, the position of affairs would still, assuming the Home Rule controversy to continue, be difficult and dangerous. The enemy is within as well as outside their camp; their present allies are their future foes.

A victory to which Mr. Davitt should contribute would be a victory for the predatory Socialism of Mr. Henry George, which Mr. Davitt has adopted, and which the Church has condemned. Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Dillon are for the moment as docile to the bishops as they are indocile to the Pope, because the bishops are on their side and the Pope is against them. But on the first difference arising the bishops will be told, as the Pope has been told, to attend to the interests of religion, and not to meddle with politics. An accommodation may be patched up between Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites, but the irreconcilable divergence between the Home Rule

which is Rome Rule, and the Home Rule which is the rule of the Americanised Irish, must sooner or later break forth. There may be, for a time, a division of temporal and spiritual functions. If Mr. Davitt, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. O'Brien are allowed to deal at their pleasure with the property of the Protestant minority, the Catholic bishops and clergy will be satisfied with the guardianship of the Protestant religion. That the faith of Ireland should be divorced from the property of Ireland is to their minds a crying grievance. The earth is the Lord's, and the land is the people's, and therefore, on the combined principles of the Bible and Mr. Henry George, the Catholic people of Ireland should be the owners of the soil. It is well known that the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy discourage in every way the social intercourse between Protestants and Catholics as involving, even when the sin and scandal of a mixed marriage are avoided, a serious danger, through the influence of Protestant ideas, to strictness of faith and fervour of devotion. Penal laws and open persecution would no doubt be impossible even in a Home Rule Ireland; but small and vexatious interferences, intolerably oppressive in their cumulative force, yet singly insufficient to justify the interference of the Imperial authority, are more than probable. Home Rule granted to Ireland in the present condition of the country would be accompanied by the danger of a combined priestly and Jacobin assault on the religion and property of the Protestant owners of the land, to be followed by a war between these confederate foes when they had driven away the common enemy. The defeat of Home Rule and the settlement of the land question would probably bring the clergy and the farmers of Ireland to the side of law and order, besides securing those guarantees of religious liberty and equality which, apart from the Union, have but illusory safeguards.

FRANK H. HILL.

AN AGE OF DISCONTENT.*

WHOEVER, reaching middle life, sees twenty or thirty years of manhood lie behind him, is apt, if he be of a thoughtful temper, to ask himself in what respects the world as he sees it now differs from the world as he knew it at twenty years of age. He perceives that he is not thinking the same thoughts as he did then, nor are others round him. He feels that his ideals and his hopes, his fears and his aversions, have undergone a change. He notes a difference in the moral and intellectual atmosphere he breathes. He pauses often to muse on the question what the difference is and how it has come about. I propose to-night to inquire what is in the main the bent and outcome of the reflections of those who in England look back over the last twenty or thirty years, and what they take to be the distinctive note of the present temper of Europe. To address ourselves to this inquiry is to undertake a study in contemporary history, and in that difficult kind of contemporary history which deals, not with patent facts, but with underlying principles and tendencies.

Observers in Europe are struck by the prevalence of the spirit of discontent. I do not mean despondency, still less despair, but merely discontent, that is to say, disquiet, restlessness, dissatisfaction with the world as this generation finds it. Some one may think that such discontent is the natural and normal habit of mind of middle age as compared with youth; and others will add that in all the centuries there has been discontent, chiefly manifesting itself among those who have passed their first youth. You will hardly suppose, however, that I have overlooked such a trite remark, or failed to allow for so obvious a cause. It would be absurd to compare the men who were twenty in 1860 with the men who are fifty in 1890. We must compare the men who were fifty in 1860 with those who are fifty now, the men who were twenty then with those who are twenty now. And the discontent I

* An address delivered before the members of the Brooklyn Library, U.S.A., on November 3, 1890.

discover is in the more anxious and less buoyant tone of society and literature as a whole, of political speakers, of private conversation, of books, of newspapers, of sermons. In the years from 1850 to 1860 men in Western Europe were far enough from being satisfied with things as they were. England, indeed, was prosperous and peaceful; but France was darkened by the degrading tyranny of Louis Napoleon and the sordid group that surrounded him. All the best spirits of Italy were silenced or in exile; Germany was vainly, as it seemed, struggling for unity and liberty; Hungary lay bleeding and prostrate; Russia was in the iron grasp of the Czar Nicholas. And when Englishmen looked across the Atlantic they marked how the problem of slavery had risen and spread till it covered the whole sky like some black thundercloud, from which at any moment the lightning flash of war might break forth. Yet, with all this, there was, I repeat, and not in England only, but in Western Europe generally, a greater confidence in the speedy improvement of the world, a fuller faith, not merely in progress, but in rapid progress, a more pervading cheerfulness of temper than we now discern. Men acknowledged the presence of great evils, but expected them to be soon removed. They saw forces at work in whose power they had full confidence—the forces of liberty, of reason, of sympathy; and they looked forward to, and were prepared to greet, the speedy triumph of the good.

To-day we in Europe have by no means ceased to believe in and to value these same forces. They are at work, and their work is visible. But it is slower than the men of 1850 expected; and because it is slower, we are less disposed to wait patiently for the results. We are less sanguine and more unquiet; less resolute and more querulous. We do not see our way so clearly, and are more pressed by the sense of surrounding difficulties. We are like a party of travellers who have started to climb some lofty mountain. At first the vivid flush of dawn and the keen morning air fill them with delight and make even the difficulties of the path enjoyable—the morasses to be crossed and the rocks to clamber over and the narrow ledges that it needs a steady head to traverse. But when after a time the air has grown sultry and the limbs have lost their spring, then the roughness of the way begins to tell upon their spirits, and the peak that looked so near looks no nearer, and one doubts if they have not missed the way, and another is sullenly silent, and a third regrets that he ever started, since what was meant to be a pleasure has turned out a toil.

I will not for the moment stop to inquire how far the temper I have sought to describe exists to-day in the United States, though it will be fitting to say something presently upon this point. What I now wish to convey is an impression of the prevalent—I do not say the universal, but only the prevalent—temper of Europe, that is, of the thinking minds in the four great nations of Western and Central Europe, as it appears to us in England. It is not a melancholy or

gloomy or—to use an expressive American term—a "disgruntled" temper, but one which is restless and uncertain, eager, and even earnest, yet doubtful, resolved to move in some direction, because displeased with what lies around it, but doubtful in what direction to move or which of many summoning voices to follow.

If I have not made my meaning quite plain, I must hope that the illustrations that are to be given will make it plainer. And I go on to ask—Assuming the fact to be as stated, what cause can be assigned for it, and are the phenomenon and its cause such as ought to depress and overshadow our view of the future?

The cause, you may think, needs no long search. What more obvious explanation of disappointment than that the things which men expected have not happened. Thirty or forty years ago men were elate with hope, confident of attaining the objects that lay before them. These objects remain unattained; and from disappointment there springs discontent, and a despondent view of the future. You may remind me that it was always so throughout history. Sometimes we are high on the crest of the wave. Sometimes we are low in the trough. Hope springs eternal, but it springs more fresh and buoyant at some times than at others, and the coldness of disheartenment is proportioned to the warmth of the hope that went before. The question, therefore, comes to be, In what have we been disappointed? What were the particular hopes that then raised us to the crest of the wave? What have been the failures that have brought us down into the trough?

I admit the force of this remark. History does no doubt tell us of such an alternation of cheerfulness and despondency in the minds of nations. But what is significant in the record of the last thirty years is the fact that our generation has been depressed not so much by failure to attain the objects it strove for, as by the failure of these objects, when attained—and some of them have been attained—to produce their expected results. The trees have thriven, but the fruits that were looked for have not ripened. This also is no new phenomenon. It is in this form that the most grievous disappointments often come upon nations no less than upon men. Let me illustrate what I mean by two or three familiar examples. There are epochs in history when great movements are in progress, when they excite men's minds, and stimulate them to unusual exertion; when hope and effort are concentrated on some great object, and measureless blessings are expected from it. Such a movement was seen, such a swelling tide of hope had begun to cover the world, in the first centuries of Christianity. With the triumph of the still youthful religion, with the submission of the imperial power, and the disappearance as well of heathenism as of the vices it had fostered, a new age seemed to be dawning, in which the sins and miseries of the past would soon be forgotten. In the days of Constantine, Christianity did triumph, and soon came to be mistress of

that civil and military power which had theretofore been exercised against her. What had been striven for had been won; for heathenism shrank into corners, and by degrees vanished away. But the desired results did not follow. New dangers appeared within, for the now dominant Church was more and more distracted by heresies and schisms. New dangers appeared without, as strange tribes poured in over the frontiers. The Church after a time absorbed these tribes, and in Western and Middle Europe extinguished heresies and schisms. Her power grew till it covered the earth, as the waters cover the sea. Yet the condition of the world did not grow better, and religion itself grew less and less reasonable, less and less like that which had been first delivered to the saints. Moral purity and public peace, happiness and contentment and serenity were as far off as ever, further off, perhaps, than in the days of persecution. New evils, which no one had foreseen, had appeared, and the gains that had been won had not borne the fruits that were expected from them.

Something like this, though on a smaller scale and within a shorter period—for the process of disenchantment I have just described extended over five or six centuries—happened in the age of the Reformation. Then, too, although much was attained, and certain benefits secured for the countries that remained subject to the Roman Church as well as for those that rejected her authority, the results fell immeasurably below what had been hoped by the contemporaries and helpers of Luther and Zwingli. Or let us come nearer our own times and take our instances from the political instead of the religious sphere. The first generation of men in this American Republic expected from the principles of liberty they proclaimed in 1776, and from the independence they finally secured in 1783, a peace and unity, a good government and prosperity, which democratic institutions and independence, things excellent in themselves, were not found capable of bestowing. In 1787, many of the best men in the country, such men as Washington, Franklin, and Hamilton, had almost begun to despair of the new Confederation. They applied the remedy for which the times called and drew closer the union of your States. Yet soon thereafter the fire of party spirit blazed out as fiercely as it had done before democracy and independence had been supplemented by the creation of a national government. Coercive laws were passed of that very kind which it had been meant to make obsolete, and the disruption of the swiftly growing commonwealth was more than once with difficulty averted. The example of the great French Revolution, with its contrast between the hopes of 1789 and the realities of 1793, is so striking and so obvious that we need not dwell upon it. It exactly illustrates what I desire to convey. Many of the great and necessary reforms in government which the opinion of the wise demanded in 1789 were secured, and have been, since 1815, or at least since 1830, enjoyed in France, and in those

other parts of the Continent over which the wave of the Revolution spread. They have conferred solid benefits on those countries. But the benefits fell so far short of what was expected in 1789, and went so short a way towards bringing back the Golden Age which men then dreamed of, that the disappointment was bitter and the reaction severe.

So has it been in our own time in Europe. During the decade from 1850 to 1860, men were full of earnestness and hope, having their eyes fixed on certain objects, and expecting from those objects, when they had been won, if not a millennium of concord and happiness, yet assuredly a condition of things far better than the world had yet seen.

Among these objects four were specially desired—viz.:

Political liberty.

Freedom of thought, speech, and worship.

The so-called principle of Nationalities—*i.e.*, the right of every Nation to constitute a separate political community.

International peace.

Of these four objects the first three have been in large measure attained in Europe. Political liberty has made great advances in France; the tyranny of Louis Napoleon has been overthrown, and the Republic which, in 1871, replaced that tyranny has weathered all the storms that have broken on it. In the German Empire, and the States which make it up, constitutional principles are far more fully recognised than they were forty years ago, and though the monarch sometimes prevails against the Chamber, and the people submit to repressive legislation, these things happen by the will of the people itself, which does not complain of the bit and reins, so long as it is driven in the direction it wishes to take. Italy has rid herself of the swarm of petty despots that vexed her, and basks in the sunlight of representative government. Spain has tried a republic and come back willingly to a monarchy, under which the nation has as much freedom as it seems to desire. Greece has shaken off her Otho, and shown herself capable of an orderly parliamentary system. In England the Constitution has become much more popular by successive extensions of the franchise, and there is now no country in which the power of the numerical majority is more firmly established, and where the laws interfere less with individual freedom. Political liberty has indeed gone so far that many of our Transatlantic visitors tell us that the time has come when we ought to borrow some of their "checks and balances."

So, too, the doctrine of Nationalities has been not only recognised, but applied on a great scale. Italy, which used to be described as a "geographical expression," has become a united and compact State. The Germans have gathered themselves into an Empire whose parts are coming to cohere more and more perfectly as the sentiment of the people attaches itself to the Emperor and the Reichstag, and cares less for the old divisions. Hungary has won back her national

existence with her liberties. Servia and Bulgaria have been delivered from their Turkish oppressors, whose barbarous rule is evidently destined soon to vanish from the regions it has so long desolated. There remains in Europe scarcely a people, scarcely even a tribe, which has now reason to complain of being subjected to the dominion of aliens.

As respects the other kinds of freedom—freedom of speech, writing, and worship, the deliverance from priestly influence of places of education and learning—wonderful progress has been made. Except in Russia, and to some extent in Spain and parts of the Austrian dominions, a man may say, write, and teach whatever he pleases, provided that he does not outrage the religious feelings of his neighbours, or incite to violence. In France and Italy, indeed, this liberty goes so far as sometimes to become a cloak for licentiousness. The freedom of press, school, and pulpit, has wrought upon the conditions of politics and society on the Continent of Europe a transformation more extensive and profound than Americans can well realise, because Americans have never known what it was to want such freedom. And even in England there is a change. The latitude which the law permitted was, until lately, circumscribed by custom and opinion. These checks have been now removed, and English opinion is as indulgent to those who flout it as opinion is in the United States.

In estimating what has been gained and what might have been gained during the period we are considering, let us not forget those developments of physical science which have made popular government easier and more effective, as well as expanded the productive powers of man. Railroads and steam vessels have promoted intercourse between nations, and have gone far to fuse into one homogeneous body the different elements in each nation; they have lessened class-distinctions, and enabled each people to know its neighbours better; they have given an enormous stimulus to trade, have made most of the necessaries of life cheaper, and have brought not a few of its luxuries within the reach of the less opulent. The telegraph has given to the largest countries advantages formerly confined to a small community in enabling nearly every citizen to know each day what is passing in every other part of the country, and, in particular, what is being done by his Legislature and the officers of his Government. No such means of gathering, diffusing, and concentrating public opinion, of quickening its formation and strengthening its action, had even been dreamt of before our own time. Here, then, we find forces and organs of enormous potency which have been at work over the whole world, and which have co-operated with an enlarged freedom and a more widely spread knowledge, in providing for men an improved machinery for self-government, and many other means whereby they may become wiser, happier, and more contented.

This brief examination has shown us how much of what was sought and hoped for in Europe thirty or forty years ago has been won. Popular government, civil and religious liberty, the unity of each people under a national government, have advanced all along the line. Russia must be excepted, yet even in Russia the extinction of serfdom over an area equal to the half of Europe marks an enormous gain to liberty. And we may now therefore ask what have been the ulterior consequences of this advance. The patriots and philosophers of forty years ago sought free government and national independence, not as ends in themselves, but as means to larger and higher ends. How stands it then with these higher ends? Has there been a quickened intellectual growth, a finer type of civilisation, a warmer and more earnest moral sentiment? Have Governments grown wiser and more stable? Has the spirit of faction withered and been replaced by a stronger sense of national patriotism? Is the condition of the masses better, and their temper more contented? Do the upper classes spend their leisure in a more graceful way? are their manners nobler, their morality purer? Is there less of hatred between nations, fewer provocations to war and preparations for war? Has the world become, as every one trusted that with fuller liberty and more diffused knowledge it would become, a more serene and happy world? These are questions which men will answer differently, according to their temperaments, their political and moral standards, even their forms of religion. Some will admit no progress. Others will see progress in all directions. But every one must agree that the progress has been less than was expected, and expected not by enthusiasts only, but by reasonable and cool-headed men thirty or forty years ago. Let us take a rapid survey of the great European nations, and see how each has fared.

That France is better circumstanced under her Republic than she was under the Second Empire must be the judgment of lovers of liberty, both in America and in England. Yet the Republic has disappointed both Frenchmen and strangers. Public virtue, which is the life-breath of a free Government, does not seem to have been revivified as we had expected. There is, one is told, at least as much jobbery, at least as much that deserves the harsh name of corruption, as there was under Louis Philippe. Citizens who came so near as the French voters lately did to throwing themselves into the hands of an unscrupulous charlatan, now happily discredited, cannot be well satisfied with their existing institutions. France has always influenced Europe powerfully through her literature. Her science, and the graver branches of learning, maintain a level of solid excellence. Her criticism retains its old subtlety and fineness. But her imaginative literature and her art, though they abound with brilliant cleverness, do not seem to be directed to high aims or inspired by high feeling. And the influence of her fiction on the rest of

Europe, and especially on those parts of Europe which produce little literature of their own, is far from wholesome.

In Italy the machinery of government works smoothly, and the dangers appehended from the Clerical party on the one side, and the Revolutionary party on the other, seem year by year to decline. Yet there is a visible despondency among the best minds of the country. The great generation, they tell one, the generation to which Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, Manin, D'Azeglio, Ricasoli, Mamiani, Saffi belonged—the generation which gave to Italy not only the work of their lives, but the inspiration of their heroism and devotion—this generation is gone and has left no successors behind of equal moral power. It is a day of small men, though the problems are not small, for the material condition of the peasantry in large parts of the country is deplorable, and yields to none of the remedies that have hitherto been applied.

Germany, like Italy, has attained that unity for which her patriots sighed so long. She is a great military and commercial State, proud of her position in Europe, and willing to forego a measure of civil liberty in order to maintain her efficiency against attack. But she is menaced by far graver internal maladies than in the old days when she bewailed her political disunion. Socialistic organisations grow steadily, and contemplate nothing less than the overthrow of the whole existing fabric of institutions. There is a general unrest and fear of what may come, a sense of danger in the air. There is also, as it strikes some of us, who were students in German Universities nearly thirty years ago, less elevation of aim and purpose now than there was then, less delight in philosophy and learning. Nowadays, when Germans meet even at a university celebration, their pride seems to be less in those intellectual labours and triumphs to which all Europe owes so much than in their military prowess and the expansion of their trade. They have certainly shown talents for pursuing material success which the world had scarcely credited them with. Yet it is not the best sign of a nation, when material prosperity seems to be taking the first place in its thoughts, especially as that prosperity has not greatly improved the condition of the masses, or made them more attached to the institutions under which they live. I may be wrong in the impression I am giving you, yet it is prompted by no carping spirit, but by the admiration which I felt as a youth for the ardour with which the leading spirits of Germany pursued their ideal aims, and by the gratitude which I feel now for the splendid results which German learning produced in the first half of this century.

Of England it is hard to speak without entering on matters which I might be suspected of treating in a partisan spirit. This much, however, may be said;—that the process of change which has now made England, under the form of a monarchy, an almost pure democracy, has brought no sense of finality, no political repose and satisfaction

with it. There is hardly a limb or joint, so to speak, of our Constitution which is not threatened. Thirty years ago the praises of the Constitution were in every speaker's mouth, and although reforms were discussed, they were cautious and slight reforms compared to those we hear advocated now. In England, as in France and Belgium, and indeed everywhere in Europe, there is now an impatience of, I might almost say, a disgust at, what is called Parliamentarism. Men complain that legislative bodies are dilatory, undecided, distracted by factions, wanting in the power to frame large schemes of policy, or carry them consistently through; and there seems to be a growing desire to substitute for Parliamentary methods the authority of a man or small group, controlled by public opinion, or perhaps by some direct popular vote. And in England, no less than in France and Italy, instead of finding that wider freedom has stimulated intellectual effort, we lament the disappearance in swift succession of illustrious figures in statesmanship and literature, and see no worthy successors arise to inherit their fame. In the moral temper of the country there is some gain and some loss. Literature is accused of being more frivolous; amusements are certainly more generally and eagerly pursued. But there is also a greater volume of active philanthropic work than was ever seen before, and a more active and intelligent curiosity.

It is not, however, only in the unrest and internal discord of the chief European States that alarming symptoms are to be discerned. There was nothing which the idealists of forty years ago more ardently desired and felt more sanguine of attaining than international peace. It was believed that wars sprang from two sources: the selfish ambition of monarchs and the ignorant prejudices of their subjects. So soon, therefore, as the issues of peace and war had been transferred from princes to peoples, so soon as peoples had gained by freedom the sense of responsibility, and by enlightenment a knowledge of their neighbours, together with a rational view of their own interests, wars would come to an end. Freedom has now arrived, and princes count for little. The conditions of responsibility are present; nations mix far more with, and know far more of, one another, than ever before. Yet the European Continent is to-day a vast camp, in which the five Great Powers are beginning to count their armies by millions rather than by hundreds of thousands, and the slightest incident may produce a panic of immediate war. The hatred which exists between France and Germany, and between Germany and Russia; the reciprocal jealousy of Italy and France, and the suspicion which forces Austria and Russia to watch every movement of frontier troops, are not the passions of rulers only, or of ruling classes, but to a large extent of the peoples themselves; and they are therefore abiding sources of peril. Nor is war the only form which national antagonisms take. Cobden and Bright believed and preached forty-five years ago, in the famous campaign which destroyed the corn laws in England, that the commercial interests of

different countries were not opposed but identical, and that a system of unrestricted exchange of commodities would make for the prosperity of every country alike. They thought that this view would so soon prevail that not only would custom-houses fall, but States be linked together in perpetual peace and friendship by the bond of a common interest. Their predictions were over sanguine, but their view was in the main (subject to some qualifications in the case of States exceptionally situated) a sound one. Yet we find that to-day most nations are still deluded by the notion that their gain is necessarily another's loss, and another's loss their own gain, so that to show that a tariff will damage the trade of some other country is accepted as proof that it will benefit the country which imposes the tariff. Liberty and reason have as yet failed to dispel an error which is a fertile source of national animosities, as well as, in nearly every case, injurious to national prosperity.

The progress of physical science, and the amazing extension of man's command over nature which that progress brings with it, were among the signs of the future which forty years ago most rejoiced forecasting minds. How much they have contributed to make popular government, and especially representative government, more simple and effective; how much they have added to the national wealth and to the comfort of the humbler classes, has been remarked already. But they have also had formidable consequences then quite unforeseen. They have made engines of war infinitely more costly, and also infinitely more destructive. They have increased the ability of a single man, or a small knot of men, to inflict tremendous injury on their fellow creatures, whether from a selfish and sordid motive, or with a view to a supposed public benefit. And they have raised up a new and formidable foe to Democratic government by enabling men to amass stupendous fortunes, which, unlike the great fortunes of earlier centuries, may have no relation to the land and those that dwell upon it, and are therefore, so to speak, detached and irresponsible fortunes, which may be swiftly and secretly employed to overcome the virtue of legislators, or to effect operations oppressive and pernicious to the whole community. No kind of power, short of that of a Greek tyrant holding a city by his mercenaries, has been ever more free from the ordinary checks of opinion and law which ought to surround all power, than we see vested to-day in the commercial, or financial, or industrial, or communication-controlling millionaires.

Here the sanguine prophets erred by omitting to notice incidental evils that were likely to accompany the good results they dwelt on. It might have been foreseen, for instance, that the vast increase of scale on which modern science permits enterprises to be carried on, would tend to vast accumulations of wealth, and that the owners of this wealth would have strong motives for bringing it to bear upon politics. In other cases, the error lay in attributing to ascertained

causes an undue and a too rapid efficacy. Political liberty and freedom of discussion have been attended by comparatively few incidental evils. Their action has been almost wholly for good. But they have not transformed and softened human nature, as many hoped they would. When men have constitutional means of agitation open to them, insurrection becomes criminal, and political assassination doubly culpable. But the examples of the Parisian communards in 1871, and the horrible callousness of the dynamiters who, in later years, and on both sides of the Atlantic, have not recoiled from the slaughter of innocent private persons, show that, even in the freest countries, the educational power of freedom works but slowly. Passion and cruelty, and the habits of violence, are not to be at once exorcised. Men do not, as the followers of Mill have been apt to assume, become fit for their duties as citizens merely by being entrusted with those duties. Reason is repulsed over and over again from strongholds of prejudice which she might have hoped to carry at the first assault. I will venture to give you two illustrations which naturally rise to the mind of a European visitor to America. Whoever travels in the United States, or in Canada, must be struck by the perfect satisfaction which every one expresses with the total separation of the Church from the State. Here, members of all sects are agreed that this is incomparably the best arrangement for both the Church and the State, and find it hard to understand how there can be persons in Europe who think differently. This American view is confirmed by the experience of contemporary Europe. It is strongly supported by history. It is still more clearly in accordance with the spirit of the New Testament. Were it not for the respect due to some eminent men who are otherwise minded, I would venture to say that the argument against State Establishments of religion is absolutely conclusive. Yet this argument wins its way very slowly in European countries. History and experience, and the example, not only of yourselves but of all the British Colonies, effect but little against prepossession and habit. The other illustration is suggested to me by a visit which I recently paid to the Constitutional Convention now sitting in Kentucky. In that State I asked many of the leading men, including several members of the Convention, whether the unfortunate change effected by the Constitution of 1850, which made all judgeships elective instead of (as formerly) appointive offices, would not now be reversed, and the selection of the higher posts in the judiciary again entrusted to the Governor. These eminent persons, without an exception, answered that this ought to be done; but they declared, with equal unanimity, that there was not the least use in proposing such a reform, because the sentiment of the vast bulk of the people was strongly in favour of choosing judges by popular vote, deeming this to be the more democratic arrangement. There is, I suppose, scarcely a point in which the constitutional arrangements of one State vary from those of

another on which the ample experience of the working of both methods is more decisive than this. The example of the Federal judiciary and of the judiciary in States which have retained the appointive plan and a life tenure, as contrasted with the example of States which elect judges at the polls for short terms, shows incontestably the evils of the latter method. Nevertheless, in Kentucky—a flourishing commonwealth, with a striking and brilliant history—a commonwealth full of able and thoughtful men whose opinions ought to carry weight, a commonwealth whose Bench has confessedly suffered from the change made in 1850—the great majority of the voters seem to prefer their own prepossessions to the voice of reason and the plainest teachings of experience.

We may now, after this somewhat rambling survey of what was expected and what has been attained in the Old World, proceed to answer the question from which we started. The discontent of contemporary Europe is due not so much to a failure to secure objects which were the direct and primary objects of desire three or four decades ago—for those objects have mostly been secured—as to a disappointment with the fruit they have hitherto borne. It is a scantier crop than we had hoped for, and, if I may pursue the metaphor, while some of it is still unripe some of it is already rotten. Reformers are in every age apt to make the old mistake of expecting too much from the destruction of bad institutions, because they forget that the evils they suffer from are caused not solely by those institutions, but by permanent faults of human nature, which, when they have been driven out in one shape, will reappear in some other. Better institutions are worth fighting for, since they may give these faults less scope for mischief. But the faults are not expunged. Nor is it superfluous to add that this disappointment at the result of our reforming efforts has come just at the moment when there is a natural reaction of fatigue after effort. The sense that labour put forth has been, not indeed wasted, yet inadequately requited, coincides with the listlessness which follows on ardour and excitement.

There is also another cause for unrest and discontent. The world during these forty years has been spinning swiftly onward, and new problems, faintly foreseen by our fathers, have come to the front. They are not really new, for most of them are as old as civilisation itself, but they have taken new forms and acquired a new urgency. The admission to political power of the masses of the people has given a stern significance to every question that affects their material condition. The relations of labour and capital, the methods of relieving want, the readjustment of public burdens, the possibility of using State agencies more largely for the benefit of the community—these are all forms of the great problem how far that measure of comfort which is now enjoyed in Europe by the less wealthy section of the so-called middle or educated classes can be extended to the whole population, so that none, save

the vicious and idle, need have absolute penury to fear. Now that the masses have become, in two of the greatest European countries, masters of the situation, it is natural that they should desire to use their power to improve their prospects. Social reformers and economists are much concerned—some to find the best way in which the masses can accomplish this, others to dissuade them from ways which can lead only, like the two paths that in the "Pilgrim's Progress" diverged to right and left of the straight track, either into the thick wood of Danger, or among the dark precipices of Destruction. But dissuasion is not enough. Some positive measures are demanded. And whereas the work of thirty years ago was largely that of clearing away old things that needed to be removed, our work in Europe to-day is to devise new means for checking the mischiefs and the waste of unrestrained competition and for moderating the pressure of the strong upon the weak. It is constructive work, and therefore far more difficult than that of expelling tyrants and abolishing restrictions. The path is not clear before us, and we feel the pains of perplexity.

So far of Europe. If you ask whether the visitor from Europe discovers here in America any phenomena similar to those he has left behind, I hesitate to answer, because one does not catch in a few weeks or months the true temper of a people, but must observe them long and carefully before he pronounces on a matter so subtle. Your citizens are at all times more buoyant and sanguine than either the English or any continental nation. A few weeks ago an English Socialist was reported to have observed, as he sailed for Liverpool, that he left the New World profoundly depressed by the cheerfulness of the masses of its people. "Nothing," he said, "can be done for them till they begin to resent their lot. What they need is a 'divine discontent.'" Nevertheless it has struck me that your people are at present somewhat less jubilant, less thoroughly satisfied with their circumstances and their prospects, than they were in 1870, when I first visited this country, or even than in 1881, when I came for the second time. The kind of pressure we are familiar with in Europe, the pressure of overcrowded cities, of an over-stocked labour market, of a mass of ignorance which makes men the easy prey of demagogues, is beginning to be felt here, though as yet only in a few spots, where the flood of new immigrants has swept in with a full stream. Some among you doubt whether you have not bestowed the active rights of citizenship upon those immigrants with too generous a hand. Others are alarmed by the cry which has arisen for State interference in matters hitherto left to individual action, and fear that the characteristic self-helpfulness and enterprise of Americans may suffer. Others lament the continuance of misgovernment in your greatest cities; nor can the visitor who recollects Tammany as it flourished in 1870 and sees Tammany to-day flourishing like a green bay-tree, fail to perceive that municipal reform does not advance at lightning speed. Travelling in the West

and South, through those regions where the Farmers' Alliance is rampant, there is abundant evidence of dissatisfaction with the existing conditions of production and transportation and commerce, a dissatisfaction not unlike that of older communities in Europe. The New World is, in many points, economic and industrial, growing more like the Old World. Twenty years ago one felt the likeness as far west as Buffalo or Cleveland. Now, when the traveller, retracing his steps from the Pacific, reaches Minneapolis and St. Paul, he is inclined to say, varying the famous *mot* of Alexandre Dumas, "Europe begins at the Mississippi." Our experience, therefore, has its value for you; nor is Europe so remote as you sometimes think. It used to be said that in political matters the United States were what Europe would be. With equal truth it may now be said that the economic problems of Western and Central Europe at this moment are what the problems of the United States will be before many decades have passed. Happily the United States have many advantages for confronting the problems of population and pauperism which we in Europe want. Happily, also, you are still but little depressed by them or by any other difficulties. Our English Socialist was right in the main. The vexations which flit across your minds are no more like the anxious broodings of Europeans than the light mists that hang on autumn mornings over your harbour resemble the murky gloom of a London December.

One question remains on which you will expect something to be said. Does this discontent, which prevails so widely in Europe, show the marks of permanence? Is it a deep-seated despondency or a passing depression of spirits?

There are two kinds of discontent. One is that of those who wish to be as they once were, or, in the case of nations, as their ancestors were. The other is that of those who would fain be what they have never been, neither they nor their predecessors. There were long centuries, during which the state of perfect happiness and peace, the Golden Age of the poets, was deemed to have lain in the distant past. This was the belief or fancy of the ancient world; and a somewhat similar belief filled the minds of mediæval poets and churchmen, who looked back to the early centuries of Christianity, after she had been delivered from persecution and ignorance, but before the barbarians had descended upon her, as a time from which the world had degenerated, and to which it must strive to return. The discontent of those ages was regret, a melancholy sense that things had worsened and were worsening, a sense of inability to climb again to a height whence one has fallen. You may find it to-day among the Mohammedans, and notably among the sluggish and surly Turks.

Very different is the discontent whose signs we have noted in Europe. It looks forward, not backward. It is due, partly indeed to disappointment with the results of past efforts, but partly also to the belief that many evils exist which we ought not to tolerate. It is a

revolt against the mass of poverty and misery that still exists among us, a belief that man was made for something more than to spend his days in incessant toil, winning from nature nothing more than food and raiment. Poverty, and misery, and toil are, however, no more general or severe now than they have usually been in the world. In England, at least, they are, relatively to the increase of the population, less general and less severe. It is we that have grown more sensitive. The chords of sympathy vibrate to a lighter touch. Sufferings which fifty years ago would have been accepted by the philosopher as a necessary part of the world's economy, and justified by the divine as essential to give scope for the exercise of Christian virtue, are now felt to be a slur upon civilisation to which remedies must be promptly applied. This kind of discontent, though its sentimentalism has sometimes a mischievous side, is, on the whole, a laudable state of mind, a necessary condition of progress. It is turning many people in England, especially the younger sort, to ideas which savour of Socialism and even of Communism. There is evidently a similar tendency among yourselves, which in the East takes the form of what are called "Nationalist" societies, and in the West seems to have prompted the one-tax agitation, and a good deal of the paternalism of State Legislatures. In England, the adherents of the old economic doctrines—now sadly reduced in numbers—are distressed by this tendency, being less accustomed than you are to take things lightly, and to rely on the ultimate good sense of the people. They swell the volume of our discontent, prophesying nothing but evil from the new departure which the more cheerful disquietude of the younger generation insists on taking. One need not, however, be a Socialist, or have much faith in sweeping remedies, in order to sympathise with the spirit which propounds this new departure. It is a protest against hide-bound acquiescence in the existing arrangements of industry and the existing distribution of wealth. It is a vehement expression of the same desire to improve the condition of the great toiling and enduring lower strata of mankind which has given birth to all our modern philanthropic schemes.

The language held by our young Socialists is sometimes not only vehement but acrid and intolerant. Yet their scoldings stir us up, they dispel the apathy that steals over most of us as life goes on, they force us to examine our assumptions, they impel us to try experiments by reminding us that the world is constantly changing, and that nations can keep abreast of it only by open-mindedness and resourcefulness. Nations and individuals, we all of us need to be continually roused and kept moving, perhaps even threatened, by the preachers of new doctrines, and even by that personage who is so often the butt of your newspapers, the personage for whom we, among whom he is less actively vitalised, have no name, but whom you call a Crank. It is one of the merits of a democracy that it produces the Crank, and deals leniently with him. He is one of the voices of dissent and dissatisfaction, not useless even when

he preaches some old fallacy, for he obliges us to refute him, but eminently useful when he has got hold of a fragment of a forgotten or only half-discovered truth. Many merits and many faults have been untruly ascribed to Democracy, but one merit, at least, may safely be claimed for it. It disposes men to listen, and to listen peaceably, even to an unwelcome voice. Mr. Lowell has happily said that the greatest discovery in politics was made when men took to counting heads instead of breaking them. The counting, however, does not always give the right result. To-morrow you hold your biennial elections. Of the half million of men who will cast their ballots within the next twenty-four hours in this and the adjoining cities, how large is the percentage who will merely follow a party name or a plausible leader. But where there is voting, there must be publicity, and publicity means a fair opportunity for every one to speak, a duty recognised on every one to listen. Reason and justice have in a democracy advantages which no other government secures in like measure; and when men have learnt, as even the citizens whom you import from Poland or Roumania will at last learn, to listen and reflect, reason and justice are apt to prevail.

I return from this digression to say one last word as to the temper of Europe which I have sought to describe. Do not suppose that it is a despondent temper. The best proof to the contrary is the zeal with which many suggestions are put forward, many plans canvassed. Everywhere there is activity, because everywhere there is eagerness, unrestful, but not unhopeful. The movement of humanity is not, as the ancients fancied, in cycles, but shows a sustained, though often interrupted, progress. It is not like the movement of the earth performing its annual journey round the sun, but like that of the whole solar system towards some point, as yet undiscovered, far remote in the heavens. Of the ultimate destiny of human society here we know as little as we do of that point among the distant constellations. But history entitles us to believe that though depression and discouragements frequently overshadow its path, its general progress is upwards, that in each age it gains more than it loses and retains most of what it has ever gained. Nor is this progress clearer in anything than in the fact that evils which men once accepted as inevitable have now become intolerable.

Of America also, since I have ventured to advert to the circumstances of America, a concluding word may be said. Confidence in progress is a great element of strength; and although your European visitors observe that anxieties they are familiar with are beginning to show themselves here, they do not cease to feel how great is the strength which the hopeful spirit of America bestows. You have the honour of being among civilised peoples that which has the fullest faith in the future of humanity as well as in the destinies of your own republic. Long may this honour be yours.

JAMES BRYCE.

THE EARLY LIFE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THERE is always a probability that a leader of thought may be himself unconsciously impelled by forces which, while not apparent to those who look upon the surface of his life, nevertheless deserve the closest consideration of all—and especially of his most sincere admirers—because they may have justified, or excused, or necessitated, his doing what common-place imitators could not do without loss of self-respect. We are all of us, so Bacon tells us, dwellers in the caves of our several temperaments, tastes, trainings, and circumstances; but a man of genius is often the most inveterate of troglodytes. The following sketch of the early life of Cardinal Newman is an attempt to ascertain how far he was subject to that fate which makes many distinguished men very profitable to contemplate, and in many respects delightful to admire, but the most dangerous people in the world to follow.

According to the "Apologia," Newman was a dogmatist from his youth. To many, reverence for parents may seem the earliest basis for real religious thought; but with Newman it was dogma pure and simple, and he thanks God for it years afterwards. The mother—who plays so important a part in the lives of Augustine and Wesley—is not mentioned in the "Apologia," and the father only incidentally, in an amusing passage which shows how the boy took a delight in religious controversy from the first, and thought it a thing to be proud of: "When I was fourteen, I read Paine's 'Tracts against the Old Testament,' and found pleasure in thinking of the objections which were contained in them. Also, I read some of Hume's 'Essays'; and perhaps that on 'Miracles.' So, at least, I gave my father to understand; but perhaps it was a brag (3)."* "From the age of fifteen,"

* This and similarly bracketed numbers in the text refer to the pages of the last edition of the "Apologia," 1890. Newman was born on Feb. 21, 1801. His father died "soon after his son's election" to his Oriel Fellowship in 1823, see p. 8 of "Short Life of Cardinal Newman," by J. S. Fletcher, 1890.

he adds (49), "dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion. . . . . What I held in 1816, I held in 1833, and I hold in 1864. Please God, I shall hold it to the end." He justifies this in the "Grammar of Assent" (pp.115–17) by saying that "Without a proposition or thesis, there can be no assent, no belief at all," and that "Knowledge must precede the exercise of the affections"; but it never seems to occur to him that, just as a child may love and trust its mother without a formal "proposition or thesis" as to her existence, so we may grow up into the first stage of that knowledge of God which consists in loving Him and trusting Him, without consciously passing through the phase of any assent to propositions about Him, except that which is implied in the first six words of the Lord's Prayer.

When, therefore, he experienced that "great change of thought" which is called "conversion," it was not apparently (so far as we can gather from the "Apologia") towards Christ as the Friend, or Helper, or as the great Captain of Righteousness, that he was attracted. It was towards "dogma," towards the completeness of a well-rounded and demonstrable Creed. "When I was fifteen," he says (4), "in the autumn of 1816, a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the *influences of a definite Creed*, and received into my intellect *impressions of dogma*, which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured." This is strong, but perhaps not too strong, perhaps hardly strong enough to express the fact; for the truth seems to be that he received these "impressions" not into his "intellect," but into his imagination, heart, and inmost being; and that these "impressions" consisted not merely of definite and particular dogmas, but also of the conviction, henceforth ineradicable, that the knowledge of God is based upon dogma, and that the exercise of human thought upon dogma is unlawful.* In the earliest edition of the "Apologia," Newman speaks about his attempts to make the doctrine of Eternal Punishment "less terrible to the *Reason*." In later editions he substituted "Imagination" for "Reason" (6). Was it that what, even in 1864, he had thought to be "Reason," he afterwards found to be "Imagination"? Or did he feel that he had been guilty here—he, after twenty years of practice in the Roman vocabulary—of a little slip back into Anglican, or even into Liberal, language, in speaking of "making less terrible to 'Reason,'" one of those "truths of Revela-

* See "Apologia," p. 288, where he defines, as "Liberalism," "the exercise of thought upon matters in which . . . . thought cannot be brought to any successful issue. . . . . Among such matters are first principles of whatever kind; and of these, the most sacred and momentous are especially to be reckoned the truths of Revelation." This distinctly states that "the truths of Revelation" are included in those "matters," upon which "the exercise of thought cannot be brought to any successful issue"; and against this "exercise," under the name of "false liberty," or "Liberalism," it was the business of Newman's life to do battle. In the next sentence, he gives a narrower definition of "Liberalism"; but, as the whole of Newman's theology appears to be pervaded by the spirit of the former definition, it deserves to be stated thus early.

tion," upon which the "Reason" ought not to be so much as exercised? In any case, this is a very characteristic change, useful to bear in mind as a clue to the labyrinth of his long wanderings after Truth. For indeed, with Newman, Imagination often stood for Reason; and his was not the mere poet's imagination, which reflects and shifts like the surface of a pool; it was stubborn clay, which, when once impressed, hardens and preserves the imprint for ages.

Rousseau said about himself as a mere child, "I had no idea about real things, though all the sentiments were familiar to me." Substitute "dogmas" for "sentiments," and what Rousseau says about his childhood holds true for Newman's youth: "I had no idea about real things"—he might have added "nor about real persons" without being guilty of much exaggeration—"though dogmas were familiar to me." "Reading," he says (2), "in the spring of 1816 a sentence from Dr. Watts's 'Remnants of Time,' entitled, 'The Saints unknown to the World,' to the effect that 'there is nothing in their figure or countenance to distinguish them,' . . . . I supposed he spoke of Angels who lived in the world, as it were disguised." At this time, he had passed his fifteenth year; and he is not yet emancipated from the fanciful dreams of his boyhood, which he thus describes (2): "I thought life might be a dream, or I an Angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world."

We shall presently find that, at this very time, he was "resting in the thought of two, and two only, absolute and luminously self-evident beings," himself and his Creator. But what reality could attach to the conceptions either about himself or about God, formed by a mind so isolated? Here was a youth—just at that critical age when trainers of boys know well that whatever "stuff" they have in them will begin to show itself—committing himself to solemn dogmas about such profound and awful subjects as sin, the flesh, the world, faith and righteousness, eternal life and eternal punishment, and the destinies of man, and the will of the Supreme God, and yet all the while so self-absorbed that—however, he may have borne himself in the superficial stream of outer life—he finds no room in his religion for the influence of human love, and has no fit conception of the reality of righteousness in the world around him, which he is half disposed to consider "a deception."

His mind being, at sixteen, a vacuum as regards spiritual realities, Newman had necessarily no other basis for his dogmatic superstructure except words; and this basis was being early supplied by a constant perusal of the Bible, in the reading of which he (1) "had been brought up, from a child, to take great delight," so that he is said to have almost known it by heart. Concerning his attitude toward the Bible in his old age, we have interesting testimony from one who lived "for

more than seven years as a member of his community, under the same roof, and for the greater part of his time in the closest communion with him;" * he tells us † that, "in regard to the Bible, or rather to Scripture, as he almost invariably styled it, his position was pretty much that of the old Evangelical school; . . . . of recent criticism of the Greek Testament he knew nothing," and he adds that, whereas the Vatican Council declared that the whole Bible "has God for its Author," Newman's belief was practically that "God was its Editor," or, in other words, that the whole of the text of the Bible received the direct supervision of God and is "inspired" in every detail.

In Newman's voluminous works a passage or two might perhaps be alleged where, while demonstrating the inability of the Bible to do the work of the Church, he may appear to controvert the theory of total inspiration; but there is considerable evidence in support of his pupil's testimony. No child in a family of "Evangelical" tendencies could well believe otherwise in the first quarter of this century; and Newman's tendency to take things as a whole and to "throw himself into a system," would of itself impel him to take every word of the Bible as exactly true and every precept as having an exact application to himself. His love of dogma and his sense of the delusive unreality of all that lay outside the Scriptures, would also throw him (in early life) on the Scriptures, and the Scriptures alone, as the ground for his religious faith. Thus Newman's nature combined with his circumstances to impel him to take the Bible as an exact law for the guidance of his life, and to derive from isolated texts of it the dogmas which formed the basis of the religion of his youth.

His mother was of Huguenot descent, and the religious atmosphere in the household was Calvinistic. The religious books, therefore, first placed in his hands, were naturally of that type; and to them, "over and beyond conversations and sermons," Newman attributes his "great change of thought," although, of course, he verified his conclusions by references to Scripture and logical deductions therefrom. From Romaine he received the doctrine of "Final Perseverance," which had the effect of still further severing him—so far, at least, as concerned his inward and religious life—from his family, his friends, and the surrounding world (4): "I received it at once, and believed that the inward conversion of which I was conscious . . . . would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory. I believe that it had some influence on my opinions, in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my mistrust in the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of *two and two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator*—for, while I considered myself pre-

* See an article by Mr. A. W. Hutton in *Expositor*, Sept. 1890, p. 224. † *Ib.* p. 227–8.

destined to salvation, *my mind did not dwell upon others—as fancying them simply passed over*, not predestined to eternal death." About the same time he read Law's "Serious Call," and henceforth (6) "held with a full inward assent and belief the doctrine of eternal punishment," though he adds that he has "tried in various ways to make that truth less terrible to the imagination." *

This "terrible" doctrine of "eternal punishment" appears to have exerted on Newman's theological development an influence that can hardly be exaggerated. If it had been associated with a passionate and, so to speak, unreasoning devotion to Christ, as to a divine Friend, he might have repelled its terrors with an "All things are possible"; and then he might have gone about the business of life in peace, content to trust his own and other people's destinies to Christ, in spite of this dogmatic spectre. But from a very early period he seems to have associated the thought of Christ with the image rather of the awful Judge or Doomster than of the Saviour. In his "Poems" (p. 155) he tells us that, "from a child," he was "full of unlovely thoughts and rebel aims, and scorn of judgment flames;" that (*Ib.* p. 301), "ere boyhood yet was gone," his "rebel spirit fell;" and that he was "scared" back by "judgments." Even after he had received the other truths of the gospel without difficulty, he was "startled," he says, by the dogma of Eternal Punishment, almost refusing to credit it till his "mother oped the Book" and showed him that the Lord Himself had enunciated it, and even, as it were, reserved it for Himself:—

> "The Fount of Love His servants sends to tell
> Love's deeds; Himself reveals the sinner's hell." †

In 1833, during his travels in Italy, he describes how the children of the South "shudder" when they see "the two-edged sword" proceeding from the mouth of the Saviour; but he adds that his "fear" is not inferior to theirs, only that he has no hope of salvation from any other source:—

> "But I before Thine awful eyes will go,
> And freely fix me there
> In my full shame; not bent my doom to know,
> Not fainting to despair.
> Not fearing less than they: but deeming sure
> If e'en Thy name shall fail, naught my base heart can cure." ‡

We may therefore accept—upon external as well as internal evidence—the following lines in "The Dream of Gerontius" as expressing Newman's own life-long attitude toward the Saviour:—

> "Along my earthly life, the thought of death
> And judgment was to me most terrible:
> I had it aye before me, and I saw
> The Judge severe, e'en in the Crucifix." ‖

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* The first edition of the "Apologia" has, not "imagination," but "reason."
† "Poems," p. 175. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 123. ‖ *Ibid.* p. 341.

Coming then in this way to Christ, first as to the Judge, or rather as the Utterer of Doom, and then afterwards as the centre of a "definite Creed," as the subject of controversy and as the source of dogma, Newman seems never to have felt a fear-absorbing love for the Saviour: and hence—with "the thought of death and judgment aye before" him—terror became a predominating influence in his religious growth.

It may be objected that he could hardly have felt such terror for himself, inasmuch as he was convinced of his own predestination to salvation. But a passage which I omitted from the previous extract, for the purpose of giving it greater emphasis here, shows that, at a very critical point in his life, he gave up the whole doctrine of Final Perseverance, and therefore, of course, that sense of his own security which had resulted from his application of the doctrine to himself. "I retained it," he says, "till the age of twenty-one, and then it *gradually faded away*" (4). Newman was ordained in 1824, and the "gradual fading away," which began in 1822, would probably not be complete till about, or a little after, the date of his ordination. What is more natural, then, than that the "terror," against which the doctrine of Final Perseverance had been at first a perfect protection, should have gathered strength as the sense of protection diminished?

But so powerful was dogmatic fear, not only in determining Newman's own course, but also in generating what has been called by Mr. R. H. Hutton the "anxious and precautionary piety" of the Tractarian movement, that a digression on this point is here needful. As long as Newman was convinced that he himself was unalterably "elected to eternal glory," the mere doubt, or ignorance, or even the horrible certainty, as to the fate of others might not, perhaps, necessitate any change in his theology; but, when this belief "faded away," the necessity would gradually arise for some new test and convincing proof of his salvation. Possibly for a time he found refuge in the simple faith and trust, so beautifully described in a sermon of the following year [1825]: "What can increase their peace who believe and trust in the Son of God?" * But in later life (230) he tells us that he had "a great dread of going by" his own "feelings"; and, on an issue so stupendous, one who was so devoted to dogma would naturally seek some definite reassurance to replace the certainty which he felt to be slipping away from him.

Between 1822–5 Dr. Hawkins (afterwards Provost of Oriel) had taught him that the Church was intended to teach doctrine, and the Scripture only to verify it; and the same friend had led him to receive the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. Thus the Church would by degrees step into the position formerly occupied in Newman's mind by Scripture; and the acceptance (about 1823) of the

* "Cardinal Newman," by R. H. Hutton, p. 7.

doctrine of Apostolical Succession would aid the transference of authority. Gradually, therefore, the prominent question in his mind would become, no longer, "Have I in my heart the assurance of salvation?" but "What proof have I that I am in the true Church?" and "What are the signs of the true Church?"

"Fear" Newman always assumes to be not only prominent in the beginning of the Christian course, but also to be never cast out by love; "In the beginning of Christian life, fear is the prominent evangelical grace, and love is but latent in fear. . . . . Love is added, not fear removed." * Now, if "fear" means awe and reverence, this statement is true; but if it means terror of hell, and dread about one's own ultimate destiny, it is assuredly not true. Yet it is in this almost servile sense that he appears to accept the word; and, so accepted, the emotion appears to him to dictate his "duty." Thus, at least, he writes in 1845, a few months before he joined the Roman Church (231): "This I am sure of, that nothing but a simple, direct call of *duty* is a warrant for any one leaving our Church: no preference of another Church, no delight in its services, *no hope of greater religious advancement in it.* . . . . . The simple question is, *Can I (it is personal, not whether another, but can I) be saved in the English Church? Am I in safety, were I to die to-night? Is it a mortal sin in me, not joining another communion?*"

Now, it may be fairly urged that, in this matter, Newman is not to be judged in the light of modern anti-gehennic notions. "The attack," it may be said, "should be made directly upon the doctrine, not on Newman for holding sincerely what everybody else professed to hold, in times when gehenna had not gone out and philanthropy had not come in. Reverence for a God who threatens Hell, must include terror of Hell; and St. Paul himself speaks about 'working out our own salvation with fear and trembling.' Moreover, the fact that Newman describes 'love' as 'latent in fear,' shows that his 'fear' was not abject terror of mere arbitrary punishment."

But I am not attacking Newman; I am only attempting to explain him. I can hardly believe that he at any time—even in the worst paroxysms of his religious agony—stooped so low as to feel "abject terror of mere arbitrary punishment." I admit that the too easy, self-complacent, and fleshly spirit of our times may learn something from Newman's anxious piety and blind indiscriminate horror of sin—perhaps even from his poetic consciousness of it as a foul bodily though invisible Presence, as a Being, or Beings, with "flapping wing," or "deep hideous purrings," panting to spring on and worry the soul of man and kept off only by Divine interference. But, for all that, I maintain that there was a want of Christian balance in his belief. Others—logical enough in dealing with facts—have been

* "Cardinal Newman," by R. H. Hutton, p. 183.

illogical enough to believe in an eternity of Hell and yet in an eternity of predominant Love. Newman—illogical in dealing with facts and history—was not allowed by his nature and training to be illogical here. His fear of Hell does not appear to have been balanced by any passionate love of Christ, nor by any passionate admiration of righteousness and justice, nor by any spiritual and discriminative appreciation of the real meaning of sin. The "fear" which he describes—wrongly, I think, if he means it as a universal rule—as "the prominent evangelical grace in the *beginning* of Christian life," seems to me "prominent" even to the end of his course in the Anglican Church, and not sufficiently subordinated even under the protection of Rome and Authority. Else why—when he was in all honesty and in passionate earnestness thinking out, and praying out, the difficult question of his "duty," and testing his own heart, and beseeching God for light and guidance—why should he talk about "safety" and "mortal sin?" As if he needed to be protected against the Lord Jesus Christ! Or as if the Saviour would "to-night" doom him to Eternal Fire, because he was a few hours late in arriving at the solution of the problem of the locality of the Church!

It may be said in explanation of Newman's anxiety that he was always reluctant to trust "his own feelings"; and in truth, where the stake is so stupendously vast as this, who would be content to trust "his own feelings," or rather "his own feelings about his feelings"? For this kind of feeling one's own feelings may become, in a subtle mind, a very complicated affair. Take the following instance. Three months [March 30, 1845] before Newman joined the Church of Rome, he writes (231): "My own convictions are as strong as I suppose they can become." Some might suppose, then, that he at once would act on his convictions by joining the Church of Rome. But no: "It is so difficult," he adds, "to know whether it is a call of reason or conscience"; and consequently he lingers on, half-disposed to wait for some "sign." On the very day [October 9, 1845] on which he was reconciled to the Roman Church, he writes: "I do not suppose any one can have had such combined reasons pouring in upon him that he is doing right"; and yet he adds; "I have been quite frightened that I should not have faith and contrition enough to gain the benefit of the Sacraments." And then comes the conclusion of the whole matter: "Perhaps faith and reason are incompatible in one person, or nearly so."*

This was indeed the right conclusion—under the circumstances. It was fit and natural for one who had formed the habit of trusting logic where he ought to have trusted his feelings, and of trusting his feelings where he ought to have trusted logic, that he should become incapable of distinguishing between the two, and should end by

* "A Short Life of Cardinal Newman," by J. S. Fletcher, p. 87.

distrusting both. In the state to which his mind had reduced itself by self-distrust and by distrust of self-distrust; by the fear of reason, and by the fear lest what he called reason might prove to be conscience; by fears of sin and sin's punishment, and yet by fear of being guided by the feelings of fear—the best decision, the only decision, was to give up all appearance of deciding, and to yield to the passionate longing for rest at any price.

But this timorous disposition is fatal to historical accuracy as well as to historical judgment. It inevitably leads a man to say that he believes, and even, after a fashion, to believe that he believes, all sorts of propositions which he asserts, not freely and spontaneously, but at the bidding of a false sort of conscience, which may be described as the "dogmatic conscience," and which constrains its slaves to believe or half-believe, not what is true, but what is "safe," or "necessary." Accordingly, we find Newman explaining on the basis of this doctrine—which we may call the Doctrine of Safety—the accusations that he had brought (up to the year 1841) against the Church of Rome (201): "I said to myself, 'I am not speaking my own words, I am but following almost a *consensus* of the divines of my own Church. . . . *I wish to throw myself into their system. While I say what they say, I am safe.* Such views, too, are *necessary* for our position.'" And again (122): "I think I did it (*i.e.*, spoke too strongly against Rome) *in a kind of faith*, being *determined to put myself into the English system, and to say all that our divines said, whether I had fully weighed it or not.*" He seems to assume that whatever was "necessary" for the Anglican position must be true (55): "Moreover, such a protest was *necessary* as an integral portion of her controversial basis; for I adopted the argument of Bernard Galpin that Protestants were not able to give any firm or solid reason of their separation besides this, to wit, that the Pope is Antichrist." But what security is there that one who swallows an Anglican "system" whole to-day, will not swallow a Roman "system" whole to-morrow, if it seems "safe," or "necessary"? Or how can we believe any one, if he is to be allowed—and he too a teacher of youth, one on whom the young Oxonians used to fasten their faith in the words "Credo in Newmannum"—to excuse himself for having said what he afterwards finds to be false, on the plea that he "wished to throw himself into a system," and to say what is "safe," or what is "necessary for a controversial basis," and to "speak in a kind of faith," and to "determine to say" what others say, "whether one has fully weighed it or not"?

From this digression—essential for the comprehension of Newman's career as a whole—we must return to Newman at the age of sixteen, elaborating his religion of dogma. Before that age he had (4) made a collection of Scripture texts in proof of the doctrine of the Trinity, and soon afterwards a similar collection in support of each verse of the

Athanasian Creed. About this time he was also possessed with a "deep imagination"—and with him deep imaginations were always long-lasting and mostly life-long—that it would be the will of God that he should lead a single life; and further, with the notion that "his calling in life would require such a sacrifice as celibacy involved, as, for instance, missionary work among the heathen." This still more strengthened his "feeling of separation from the visible world"; and thus, detached from one of the most powerful influences of human life, he was at leisure to proceed uninterruptedly in his dogmatic development. The religious writer from whom he learned most, and to whom, as he tells us, "humanly speaking," he "owed his soul," was Thomas Scott of Aston-Sandford, and from him he derived in particular, two truths, which, for years, he used "almost as proverbs": (i.) "Holiness rather than peace," and (ii.) "Growth the only evidence of life." We may trace these maxims throughout his career.

"Holiness" means separation from things common and unclean, and has generally a negative tendency, except so far as ecclesiastical formularies may prescribe positive means of attaining it. In the poems of 1833 (p. 104) Newman asks by what means "a child of God" may "fulfil his vow to cleanse his soul from ill;" and the answer is, not that he is to receive into his heart the love of Christ, and loyally endeavour to serve Him, but, "first, let him shun the haunts of vice," and next, he must "lift his witness when a sin is spoke." Open conflict with a hostile world being thus the very essence, as well as the sign, of "holiness," it followed that the aspirant for it must accept strife as a necessity, and perhaps not an unwelcome one. "Peace" was to be regarded with suspicion if it suggested the least interference with "holiness"; and piety was always to be anxious, always on the alert to detect a worldly self-complacency, and to cast out any particle of leaven that might have lain unnoticed defiling the chamber of the soul.

The second maxim—"Growth the only evidence of life"—is an excellent maxim in itself; but much depends upon the interpretation put upon "growth." Newman, we shall find, ultimately referred to this head the doctrinal developments of the Roman from the Apostolic Church. The maxim would naturally recur to him when, from the inquiry into his own feelings as the test of his salvation, he turned towards the inquiry into the Notes or Signs of the Church; or, in other words, from the question, "Is my spirit growing and developing?" to the question, "The Church, in which alone I can find salvation,—is the Church growing? And what are the signs of its growth?" Even as early as 1832, in his "History of the Arians of the Fourth Century," there may be discerned the germ of this doctrine of development. In "Home Thoughts Abroad", (1836), a controversial dialogue, the doctrine is expressly used as a defensive argument by the Roman

disputant; and finally it was made the subject of a special treatise (written in 1845), "The Development of Christian Doctrine," by which Newman supplied himself with a logical basis for his intention to enter the Church of Rome.

Two other beliefs had fastened upon his imagination. The first, to some extent, conflicted with the doctrine of growth by substituting a doctrine of antiquity; and Newman's career shows signs of the conflict in his oscillation between the Primitive and the Roman Church. This belief was, that some extracts from St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and other Fathers, which had fascinated him, as a youth, in Milner's "Church History," represented the religion of the primitive Christians, and that this religion was the ideal one. The second, derived from "Newton on the Prophecies," was that the Pope was the Antichrist predicted by Daniel, St. Paul, and St. John. It is characteristic of the stubborn tenacity of the mental soil within him—called by whatever name — which received these youthful impressions, that his "imagination," as he tells us (7), "was stained by the effects of this doctrine up to the year 1843."

Newman was "sensible," so his brother-in-law tells us, "of having lost something by not being a public schoolman." He rose "almost at a bound," to the head of the very large and successful preparatory school to which he was sent at an early age. This gave him leisure to make many sallies into thought, politics, fancy, and taste, concerning which the "Apologia" is silent. He was passionately fond of music, composed an opera at twelve, wrote verses, improvised masques and idyls, and probably read everything that came in his way. Going straight from this private school to Trinity College, Oxford, at an unusually early age, he was not yet twenty when he took his degree [1820]. He must have had, somewhere about him, knowledge enough for a First, and style and taste enough for a dozen Firsts; but he was probably immature, and possibly inaccurate, and he failed to gain more than a Third Class, although in 1823 he was elected to a fellowship at Oriel. He was rather proud of his new college than at home in it, and he appears for some time to have found no companionship to induce him to break his reserved and solitary habits. It was Whately first, he says (384), "who gave me heart to look about me after my election, and taught me to think correctly, and—strange office for an instructor—to rely upon myself." So he writes in 1826, two years after he had been ordained, when he was still grateful for what Oriel had done for him in the way of mental improvement—Oriel, whose Common Room, according to the saying of one of Newman's friends, "stank of logic." At this time he had begun to feel a certain disdain for antiquity, which (14) "showed itself in some flippant language against the Fathers"; his old Calvinistic theology had given way, and he was "beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral,"

and "drifting in the direction of the Liberalism of the day." But all this was merely superficial—the transient self-confidence inspired by Whately, and by his newly-attained conviction of the mistakes of the so-called Evangelical system—the temporary result of the logical atmosphere of Oriel, and of the influence of Dr. Hawkins, who had taught him "the finer use of words and to discriminate ideas," and of Butler's "Analogy," from which he learned (besides another lesson to be speedily mentioned) that Probability is the guide of life. It could not be that these merely transient ripplings of the mental surface could touch the fundamental beliefs, that "Holiness is to be preferred to peace," and that "Growth"—but what sort of growth was not yet determined—"is the only evidence of life"; and the fundamental dread of the eternal punishment of sin. And, indeed, what was there in such merely intellectual convictions that could fill up the vacuum left by the disappearance of the old doctrine of Imputed Righteousness (in its Calvinistic shape), and by the flight of that calm confidence in Final Perseverance, which had now at last quite "faded away"? It was perhaps in the early part of this period [1823–7] that he experienced that sad sense of moral relapse which clouds most of the poems of 1833, drawing from him the complaint that the pleasures of this world had dulled the love of home ("Poems," p. 75):

> "Her pleasures quaff'd, I sought awhile
> The scenes I prized before;
> But parent's praise and sister's smile
> Stirr'd my cold heart no more."

In such a mood Newman needed nothing but a few days of solitary trial to call him back again to the old deep-cut lines of thought upon which his mind must needs move, although it was destined to pass through different regions from the old.

The recall soon came. At the end of 1827, "under two great blows, illness and bereavement," he was rudely awakened from his intellectual dream, and the mists of reason began to clear away. More than one cause prepared the way for the new period. Keble's "Christian Year" appeared in 1827, and Newman—a poet, and one who, had he not developed as an ecclesiastic, might have been a poet of a high order—was profoundly impressed with the tenderness and warmth of devotion exhibited in those poems, and above all perhaps with some of the graceful little analogies which it traced between the surface of Nature and the rites of the Church, and which fell in with the second of the two great lessons that he had succeeded in deducing for himself from Butler's "Analogy." This was, that "the system which is of less importance," *i.e.*, the material world, "is economically or sacramentally connected with the more momentous system," *i.e.*, the spiritual world. Analogies in religion are various; they may extend from the "Sun of our souls"—which binds together

and lights and warms the spiritual Universe—to the weeping willow which teaches patience and modesty, or even to Bunyan's chickens lifting their heads as they drink in order to teach mankind a lesson of thankful adoration. The danger is, and Newman fell into this danger, that a poet should seize on the outside likenesses of things to supply him with his analogies, and altogether neglect those deeper likenesses which lie hidden in human nature, and from which the theologian too often turns scornfully away, finding sermons in stones, but not in the heart of man.

Another powerful influence on Newman at this time was the friendship of Hurrell Froude—"a pupil of Keble's, formed by him and reacting upon him"—which began in 1826. Newman's lowest depths were as adamant to Whately; in earlier as in later life he was most stubborn and difficult to drive; he closed both heart and lips against any alien or too masterful nature; but he was responsive, almost loquacious, and often unconsciously receptive, to any one who admired and caressed him. "Here is a fellow," said one of his friends, "who, when he is silent, will never begin to speak, and, when he once begins to speak, will never stop" (16). He "began to speak" in 1828, when, as he tells us (16), he first felt the feeling of "spring weather," and "came out of his shell." It seems to have been, in part, the growing appreciation of his pupils and admirers that drew him thus out of his reserve; and among these Hurrell Froude stands first in the reflex influence which he exerted on his older friend. Froude was a believer in mediævalism (as against Christian antiquity); Froude hated the Reformers, admired the Church of Rome, scorned the maxim, "The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants"; had "a high, severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of virginity, and considered the Virgin Mary its great pattern"; delighted in thinking of the saints; appreciated to the utmost the heights and possibilities of holiness; was disposed to believe in ecclesiastical miracles, embraced the principle of penance and mortification, and had a deep devotion to the Real Presence, in which he had a firm faith (24). Here, then, was a friend who exhibited in a very fascinating form, clothed and set off by many endearing graces and accomplishments, that warmer, deeper, richer, more reverent system of Christianity to which Newman found himself inclining when he was gradually forced from his old Calvinism; and Froude's influence was all the more fascinating because he would not, or could not, argue on some points on which they differed. He "could not believe," says Newman, "that I really held the Roman Church to be Antichrist. On many points he would not believe but that I agreed with him, when I did not" (25).

If Froude had argued, Newman would have counter-argued and recoiled; but, instead of arguing, Froude protested, and his protests

were more powerful than any arguments. Perhaps Newman felt that his more practical friend supplemented some of his own deficiencies, much as Hamlet felt that he himself was supplemented by the practical Horatio (24–5): "He seemed not to understand my difficulties. His were of a different kind, the contrariety between theory and fact. . . . . He was an Englishman to the backbone in his severe adherence to the real and the concrete." Froude's influence was also Keble's influence. The very name of Keble had inspired Newman in his undergraduate years (17) with awe and reverence; the "Christian Year" had brought the poet before Newman's imagination as a spiritual guide in 1827; and now here was a pupil of Keble's who "brought" the two poets "together" as friends in 1828, and who was instilling into Newman's mind the idea of a mediæval Christianity to be revived in the Church of England, and instilling it, not by arguments, but by "taking an eager, courageous view of things on the whole." No Jesuit—or no ideal of what a Jesuit is supposed by Protestants to be—could have manœuvred more successfully to guide the wanderer from Calvinism on to the path that leads towards Rome. Newman was not moved by logic, nor by facts, but, like Hamlet, by imaginations, by the ghosts of possibilities, and especially by possibilities of fatal error. Such ghosts, once seen, were sure to reappear to him, and could never be laid but by obedience; and such a ghost was Hurrell Froude's last protest (he died in 1836) against Newman's attitude towards the Church of Rome (123): "I must enter another protest against your cursing and swearing. What good can it do? and I call it uncharitable to an excess. How mistaken we may ourselves be, on many points that are only gradually opening on us!"

"I recollected these words," says Newman, "almost his dying words." How often and how far he was unconsciously influenced by them from 1836 to 1841 we do not know. We can certainly trace in these years a general increase of mildness (spite of some fluctuations), in the tone he adopts towards the Church of Rome. But his friend's utterance was definitely and forcibly brought to his mind in 1841, when, in deference to a request from his Bishop, he reluctantly wrote against certain doctrines of the Church of Rome; and he adds that, after the summer of 1839 (in which year Newman preached his famous sermon on "Unreal Words"), he had (121) "a great and growing dislike to speak against the Roman Church herself or her formal doctrines." He confined himself, as far as possible, to attacking (123) her "inconsistencies," "ambitions," and "sophistries." But what are such comparatively petty imperfections as these, that they ought to stand between a man and a Church which, so far as regards "herself and her formal doctrines," he does not feel justified in attacking, and therefore presumably regards as the true Church, and possibly as the

only true Church, and possibly therefore as the only certain home of Salvation? Even from a very much earlier date, the admission of Newman into the Church of Rome may appear to many to have been little more than a question of time; but from 1836 the ghost of Froude's dying utterance was combining with other imaginations to impel him steadily to Rome as the only haven of safety. "How mistaken we may be!" "Points only gradually opening on us!"—how often when Newman stood in the pulpit of St. Mary's did he "recollect these words"?

But we must return to Newman, Tutor of Oriel in 1826, Classical Examiner in 1827, and Vicar of St. Mary's in 1828, coming for the first time "out of his shell" and rejoicing in appreciation and activity. Still regarding the Church of Rome as Antichrist, but detached—at least so far as concerned intellectual convictions—from all the other links of his old Calvinism, and regarding private feelings as no longer a sufficient test of a state of salvation, he finds himself naturally drawn to the study of Church History. He begins to read the Fathers in chronological order. The growth, the vigour, the triumphant advance, of the early Church, arrest his attention. He is struck by its manifest superiority to the World; he is more than ever convinced that now, as then, the Church is to lead and the World to obey; and he conceives a more burning hatred than ever for the shallow "Liberalism" of the pride of reason, which would reverse this order of things. In the following year [1829] he parts company from Whately, "separating from his friends for good and all" (although, at the time, he was scarcely conscious of it); and being now "under the influence of Keble and [Hurrell] Froude; who .... disliked the Duke of Wellington's change of policy as dictated by Liberalism" (15). In the same year, or a little before, he appears to have finally dedicated himself to celibacy (7), and to have conceived the plan of giving himself "to a life of greater religious regularity" (*i.e.*, devotions and practices of asceticism), "than he had hitherto led" (174). Thus rapidly did the influences of internal thoughts and needs, external circumstances, friends, and pursuits, combine to deepen that antithesis between the Church and the World which is inevitable in any ecclesiastical mind, and which had prepared for itself a home within his heart from the days of his childhood.

If he could have given a historical and critical study to the New Testament with the view of understanding the spirit and tenour of its utterances, he might have shrunk from applying all the Apostolic oppositions between the World and the Spirit, in all respects, and without any qualifications, to modern times. But such piecemeal analysis was not his way. He is more apostolically unworldly and ascetic than the Apostles themselves. St. Paul, for example, writing to the Corinthians in times when Christians were exposed to persecutions, while fully sanctioning marriage, says that, owing to "the

present distress" (*i.e.*, the hard times of trouble and persecution), he "thinks" that it "is good" for a man to remain unmarried; and he expressly takes precautions against being supposed to imply any slur upon marriage by adding that those who do marry will have trials and anxieties (for one another and for their children) which he is anxious to spare them. But Newman protests that, "If 'the present distress,' of which St. Paul speaks, does not denote *the ordinary state of the Christian Church*, the New Testament is scarcely written for us, but must be remodelled before it can be made to apply."* It is scarcely credible that the Vicar of St. Mary's in Oxford should have publicly recommended, by implication, as "good" for "the ordinary state of the Christian Church," a precept which, if universally acted upon for two or three generations, would have left upon the earth no visible Church at all.

The mistake that Newman himself made—of wholly ignoring one element in the New Testament, its local and temporary colour—he imputes to others who, he says, ignore in it the element of "austerity." "Here," he says, speaking of the religion of the day in 1832, "is an existing teaching, only partially evangelical, built upon worldly principle, yet pretending to be the Gospel, *dropping one whole side of the Gospel, its austere character*." Now there is no such side; it is a pure figment of theologians, this "austere" side of the Gospel. The Gospel is not "austere," but *just*. "Austere" means "harsh," "dry," "crabbed," and cannot be used in a good sense except with some qualifying context, as one may speak of "kind cruelty," and as Milton speaks of "sweet austere composure," and Newman himself speaks ("Poems," p. 45) of "kind austereness." Without such qualification, to call the Gospel "austere," is like calling the Giver of the Talents "an austere man." Both the Giver of the Talents and the Gospel are "just." There are certainly several apparently terrible sayings in the New Testament, but the general character of even the darker side of the Gospel is not "austerity," but "righteous retribution," or "justice."

When, therefore, Newman said "austerity," he ought to have said "justice." But he was perhaps incapable of distinguishing between the two. In 1865, when Keble appealed to Newman's sense of justice in arrest of his condemnation of Mr. Gladstone's proposal to disestablish the Established Church in Ireland, Newman's only comment on this appeal is, "It left the impression on my mind that he had no great sympathy with the Establishment in Ireland as an Establishment." †

* "Cardinal Newman," by R. H. Hutton, p. 114.

† See Mr. J. S. Fletcher's "Short Life of Cardinal Newman," p. 186. "I said that I really thought, had I been still a member of the University, I must have voted against him [Mr. Gladstone] because he was giving up the Irish Establishment, On this Keble gave me one of his remarkable looks, so earnest and so sweet, came close to me, and whispered in my ear—I cannot recollect the exact words, but took them to be 'And is not that *just*?'"

In answer to Keble's question "Is not that just?" he does not appear to have replied "No, it is unjust," nor to have been at all prepared for that way of looking at the matter. The Established Church in Ireland seems to have been regarded by him as part of a "system," which he would himself have defended, if he had still continued to "throw himself into the system" of the Church of England; and the justice or injustice of it does not seem to have entered into his consideration. In the same spirit of partisanship he complains (386) of Whately for acquiescing in the suppression of some Irish Sees in 1833, on the ground of "the *inherent rights* of the Christian Church;" and bitterly declares that he thought Whately "would never allow *men of this world so to insult it*." Newman's view of the whole affair is influenced by his sense, not of "justice," but of "holiness" ("Poems," p. 150):

> "And who shall dare make common or unclean
> What once has on the Holy Altar been?
> When shall this cease? . . . . Must crosiers fall,
> Shrines suffer touch profane,
> Till, cast without His vineyard wall,
> The Heaven-sent Heir is slain."

It is said by one who knew him well in later years that—although he was usually true to his own definition of a gentleman as one who does not willingly give pain—he nevertheless showed "marked favouritism" and was a "good hater" to such an extent that "any one who disappointed him or thwarted him found him to an extraordinary degree implacable."* If this was so, he had no adequate conception of justice among men. But assuredly he had not touched the fringe of an approximate conception of the justice of God. It was for this reason that he was so anxious about his own soul, and worried about his own feelings (89)—"How was I to have confidence in my present confidence? How was I to be sure that I should always think as I thought now?" He could not steadily believe that the just Judge was just enough to make allowance for intellectual as well as for moral errors, in an honest man honestly seeking truth to the best of his power. He thought that God's "justice" consisted in giving us salvation upon prescribed conditions which could be fulfilled only in "the Church." Hence he was always in a tremor as to what these "conditions" might be, and as to whether the Church in which he was, was "the Church." And thus, harping upon the "austere" character of God, he was led half-way to the heathen notion exhibited in the story of Polycrates, that God takes a positive pleasure in our troubles and misfortunes; and that if we do not on a small scale make ourselves uncomfortable in this world He will force us to repent our negligence by making us eternally miserable in the next.

Thus "austerely" interpreted, the letter of the Scriptures, followed

* *Expositor*, October 1890, p. 305.

in Newman's blind fashion, combined with his never-forgotten first maxim "Holiness rather than Peace," and with his ignorance of the better side of human nature, to induce him to take a hostile and gloomy view of the world and to exalt that special class to which he was beginning to attach the name of the Church. By "the world" he means (314) "the existing body of society, whether in the Church or not, whether Catholics, Protestants, Greeks, or Mahometans, theists or idolaters, as being ruled by principles, maxims, and instincts of their own, that is, of an unregenerate nature": and he appears to have considered the social and domestic affections in these vast masses to be no gift of God nor anything that bears the faintest impress of Divine handiwork, but simply "instincts of their own." So at least we infer from his famous contrast between "the truth, of which" his own being "is so full," and what he sees in "the world of men" (241)*: "The being of a God is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence. Yet, when I look out of myself into the world of men, I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world of men seems simply to give the lie to that great truth of which my being is so full. If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should experience the same sort of difficulty that actually comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see *no reflexion of its Creator*." This is strange enough, with any explanation. But it would seem nothing short of religious insanity, if we did not bear in mind Newman's assumption that the "natural virtues" of love and trust are entirely distinct in kind from the corresponding supernatural virtues mentioned in the Bible, and have no sort of divine stamp upon them.

The passage condemning "the world of men" was not written till 1864; but the first sermons preached by him as a Select Preacher exhibit the same thought in the making. We have seen that, about or before 1829, he was contemplating some scheme of regular asceticism which would partially satisfy his thirst for "holiness," and at the same time convey the suggestion of some kind of development or growth in himself, in accordance with his second maxim, that "Growth is the evidence of Life." If "righteousness" and not "holiness" had been in question, the answer to the question, "How am I to grow in righteousness?" might have suggested some increased study of the words and character of Christ, and of the circumstances that throw light upon His meaning and purpose; some attention to the lives and circumstances of righteous men in various ages and circumstances; perhaps even an occasional glance at the best specimens of humanity around him in the much-despised "world of men," such as might have prompted him to a course of active, but not necessarily aggressive, well-doing. But Newman's strong point was not philanthropy either

* Slightly different and longer in the latest edition.

in word or deed. Professional philanthropy he perhaps disliked as an institution of "Liberalism." On a great occasion, as in the times of the cholera, he came out nobly;* but as to his general attitude we have the following testimony from Mr. A. W. Hutton: "I could not escape the impression that Newman, as I knew him, had not that care for the poor which is commonly a characteristic of the Catholic clergy:—I never knew him make any thoughtful suggestion in regard to their physical, moral, or religious welfare."† Somewhat to the same effect is Newman's own confession in the year 1840 (132): "I do not know my Oxford parishioners; I am not conscious of influencing them, and certainly I have no insight into their spiritual state. I have no personal, no pastoral acquaintance with them. To very few have I an opportunity of saying a religious word. . . . . In my excuse I am accustomed to say to myself that *I am not adapted to get on with them*, while others are."

"Excuse" may readily be allowed. It is true that he was (132), as he himself says, "using St. Mary's Church" (which he occupied, not as University Preacher, but as Vicar of St. Mary's) "to the neglect of its direct duties, for objects not belonging to it," and "converting a parochial charge into a sort of University office." But it was not his fault. If he began services and lectures for his parishioners, they did not come, and the undergraduates did. Thus, as he says, everything, independently of him, turned into the direction of the University. Still, the fact remains that Newman's genius precluded him from getting on with common people, and made him perhaps feel ill at ease except when he was in an atmosphere of refinement.

Perhaps the preference of "holiness" to a self-indulgent "peace" might seem to be best manifested by taking up arms, not against the grosser and blacker evils which lay at a distance from Oxford cloisters, but against the refined, delicate, and complacent worldliness of conventional religion. By preaching at this, Newman was perhaps also preaching at himself, thinking out his own problems, seeking remedies for his own soul. It seems to have been his habit thus to preach against himself. He "never saw his congregation,"‡ so he told a friend; he was alone with God when he stood in the pulpit—at least when he stood there to any purpose; for he seems to have utterly failed when he attempted to address them as a speaker. There is an interesting confirmation of this in that most undramatic of novels, "Callista." "Father, you are speaking to yourself; you despise me," says Callista to the priest Cæcilius, when he was attempting to convert her, speaking "as if half in soliloquy or meditation." To which the priest replies: "No; but in so serious a matter as

* See the delightful tribute to his disinterestedness in Mozley's "Reminiscences," vol. i. p. 240, and the testimony of Mr. A. W. Hutton concerning Newman's noble conduct at Bilston.

† *Expositor*, September, p. 240. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 236.

attempting to save a soul I like to speak to you in my Lord's sight."* That is beautifully said; but Newman, for some time at all events, even after his Anglican days, seems to have been not only always attempting, but also unable to forget that he was attempting, to "save his own soul" too. From 1828 to 1832, when he was working out the antithesis between the Church and the World, pleading for increased seriousness in religion, more detachment from worldly interest and pleasure, more deliberate and definite self-denial, it is difficult to resist the impression that he is all the while working out the solutions to his own personal problems (as well as the problem of the Church), "How shall I attain holiness?" "How shall I avoid a worldly peace?" "What signs or notes ought I to expect to find in myself of that growth which is the sole evidence of life?"

At this period, many causes combined to intensify Newman's hostility to "the world," and to drive him to "lift up his witness" against it in some public and prominent way. The feeling that he must *do* something—if only as a protest against the conventional religion of the day, and as some kind of proof that in the delightful relaxations of friendly conversations, music, and literature, he was not floating with the stream of the world—would naturally be stimulated by the triumph of Liberalism in England in 1831-2, upon which he would have all the more time to brood because in 1831 he resigned his tutorship at Oriel.

Perhaps also he was already suffering from the impaired health which was soon to drive him abroad; perhaps he was pleading with himself as well as with his hearers for the necessity of a more "careful obedience" and a more anxious piety, when he uttered [August 1832] his impassioned protest against "the religion of the day" in language which recalls rather the doctrine of John the Baptist than that of an Apostle, or follower of the Apostles, preaching to followers of Christ: "Dare not to think that you have got to the bottom of your hearts; you do not know what evil lies there. How long and earnestly must you pray, how many years must you pass in careful obedience, before you have any right to lay aside sorrow and to rejoice in the Lord!"† This language is hardly Pauline. St. Paul, it is true,

* "Callista," p. 218.

† "Cardinal Newman," by R. H. Hutton, p. 107. It may be urged that Newman here means "sorrow for sin," *i.e.*, for having committed sin. But the following passage from the "Essay on Development" (1843-5), quoted by Mr. R. H. Hutton ("Cardinal Newman," p. 183), illustrates in a very interesting way the connection in Newman's mind between this kind of "sorrow," and "fear": "Love is added, not *fear* removed. . . . They that sow in tears reap in joy: yet afterwards still they are '*sorrowful*' though always 'rejoicing.'" In other words, in order to prove that the "fear" with which a Christian begins his course, remains with him till the end, he quotes a text which states that "sorrow" remains, thereby identifying the two.

Here I may note that in the many typical extracts given by Mr. R. H. Hutton from Newman's works, I have not noticed one that contains a single exhortation to that high Christian virtue so often inculcated, and even more often practised, by St. Paul—the virtue of "thankfulness."

describes Christians, under persecutions and trials, as "sorrowful yet always rejoicing"; but he is referring to earthly "sorrows," whereas the preacher apparently has in his mind a spiritual and anxious "sorrow" about one's own salvation. It is hard to understand how Newman could have felt justified in thus addressing a mixed assembly of Christians, and in denying their "right" to "rejoice in the Lord," unless he already felt a really morbid fear of the universal hollowness of the religion of the Church of England which he is denouncing under the title of "The Religion of the day." But the poems of the following year [1833] indicate that he was also racked by a sense that he himself had not "got to the bottom of his own heart," and must himself pass many years in "careful obedience" before he could "have any right to rejoice in the Lord."

Weakened in health by hard study, and gnawing his soul in fury at the successes of "Liberalism," both in France and England, Newman was persuaded at the close of 1832 to go on a voyage to the south of Europe in company with Hurrell Froude. But he was not the man to change his stubborn spirit, because he changed his climate. Go where he would, England and anger were ever in his heart (33): "I had fierce thoughts against the Liberals. It was the success of the Liberal cause which fretted me inwardly." He would not even look at the tricolour at Algiers; he kept indoors for twenty-four hours during a forced stay at Paris, that he might see nothing of the city; the Isles of Greece—even to him, a poet, and a scholar—suggest few recollections of antiquity; when they do, he rejects, and bewails, the fascinations exerted over his heart by "these scenes of ancient fame";* off Zante, he muses on "the Greek Fathers"; off Ithaca, he writes poetry, not about Ulysses, but about Moses and Canaan; in quarantine, at Malta, his subject is David; when he gets to Rome, his main thought is to get back home again; when Monsignore Wiseman courteously expresses a wish that he may pay a second visit to that city, he replies, "with great gravity, 'We have a work to do in England.'"

Zeal for holiness, hatred of sin, fear of temptation, sad thoughts of "defilement dimming life's memory's springs," dread of divine judgments, self-stimulations to action, self-encouragements to endure the pangs of enforced delay to act—these are the prominent tones in the poems of 1833; but, clear above them all, there sounds forth the tone of hatred. The poet was being consumed by a hunger to return, and smite those faithless Liberals, who were adventuring (no doubt, too sanguinely, and sometimes in a really worldly spirit) to do for the poor by means of Free Trade, Education, and general philanthropy, what the Church had left undone, and had scarcely tried to do; and who were putting out impious hands to shake the Ark of God by

* "Cardinal Newman," by R. H. Hutton, p. 42.

suppressing in Ireland Bishops whose *raison d'être* was little more than the receipt of episcopal salaries. In times like these, it seemed his duty—as he expressed it in the following lines ("Poems," p. 64) —to put peace and goodwill and love far-off, as being distant and barely possible future luxuries :—

> "And wouldst thou reach, rash scholar mine,
> Love's high unruffled state?
> Awake, thy easy dreams resign,
> First learn thee how to hate;
> Hatred of sin, and zeal, and fear,
> Lead up the Holy Hill;
> Track them till Charity appear
> A self-denial still."

"Hatred of sin" meant, of course, not the same thing as hatred of sinners. But still Newman seems to have gone not a little way with the Psalmist—who cried: "Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee? Yea, I hate them as though they were mine own enemies." Turn to a passage, written in the Roman period of his life, in which he describes Demas—who "loved this present world" —receiving his irrevocable doom in the Day of Judgment. "Impossible!"—he supposes the lost one to exclaim on hearing the Judge's sentence: "I, a lost soul! I separated from hope and from peace for ever! It is not I of whom the Judge so spake! There is a mistake somewhere; Christ, Saviour, hold Thy hand. One minute, to explain it! My name is Demas; I am but Demas; not Judas, or Nicholas, or Alexander, or Philetus, or Diotrephes. What! eternal pain for me! Impossible! It shall not be." And then the preacher goes on to describe how all this time, above the dead man's tombstone, his friends are saying, and continuing to say—for years after Demas has been consigned to eternal fire—"So comprehensive a mind! such a power of throwing lights on a perplexed subject!" or, "It was the saying of a very sensible man," or, "A great personage whom some of us knew," or, "It was a rule with a very worthy and excellent friend of mine, now no more," or, "So great a benefactor to his country and to his kind!"* There is a spiritual truth concealed under this fierce and almost savage irony; he has a passionate purpose in his cutting sarcasm, and means it as a kind deterrent. And yet we can hardly help feeling that this elaborate picture of "The Surprises in Store for Demas at the Day of Judgment" represents a feeling in the preacher not only that a benevolent lukewarm Christian, and a generous, upright, self-sufficient, tranquil "Liberal," are infinitely more hateful to God than the most fierce, gloomy, superstitious, and bigoted persecutors; but also that what is hateful to God must be, in some sense, hateful to those who love God.

Hurrell Froude was not the man to quench the fires that were

* "Cardinal Newman," by R. H. Hutton, p. 198.

burning so furiously in Newman's heart: on the contrary, he was as Euryalus to Nisus, stimulating his older friend to the conflict against the Liberal camp. The motto of the "Lyra Apostolica"—a work which the two friends began at this time in Rome—shows their thirst for the combat and their passionate desire to return to England in order to engage in it. "We borrowed a Homer," he says (34), "and Froude chose from it the words in which Achilles, returning after long delay to the battle, says: 'You shall know the difference now that I am back again.'" A strange, and, at the first sound, an almost blasphemous motto, to prefix to a collection of Christian poems, consecrated to the Apostles of Christ! But in reality it was not a mere schoolboy love of fighting, nor was it personal and egotistical inflation that dictated the choice; it was the feeling that they were two warriors taking up the Lord's quarrel—a feeling wrought up to feverous height by their enforced position as idle spectators of the distant battle. Still, it was an ill-chosen and ill-omened war-cry. It professed to announce a Holy War, but it savoured not of the things that were of God, but of the things that were of men. Like Nisus and Euryalus, they were entering upon an enterprise far above their strength and destined to end in disaster; but there is no trace that, when the young Euryalus, urging his friend to the conflict, selected this sinister battle-cry, the elder warrior checked his rash ardour with the warning question which Virgil puts into the mouth of Nisus:

"Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale? An *sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido?*"

This furious sense of mission and of impending conflict, combined with that unresting search after spiritual security which had now become with Newman a second nature, may well have been too much for his physical strength; and things culminated in a fever when he was left alone in the centre of Sicily. More strongly than ever there had been borne in upon his mind, during his solitude, the feeling that deliverances are wrought not by bodies of men but by men singly; and when his servant gave him over, he repeated, unconscious of his exact meaning, "I shall not die, for I have not sinned against the light." He adds (34) "I have never been able quite to make out what I meant;" but surely those who follow his life from the beginning can hardly doubt that the words point to that habitual and insuppressible fear of being guided by "his own feelings"—that suspicion lest, though the Light had not revealed to him that he was sinning, yet he *might be* sinning—which never altogether left him till he found peace in the Roman Church. For the present, however, he seemed far enough from Rome, though, in reality perhaps, the main, if not the only, barrier between him and the peaceful Haven of

Authority was the "imagination" of his youth about Antichrist. While waiting at Palermo for three weeks for a vessel to take him home, he visited the churches there; and his sense of their soothing influence is expressed ("Poems," p. 153) in the lines:—

> "O that thy creed were sound!
> For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
> By thy unwearied watch and varied round
> Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home."

But, although these lines are of interest as an indication of his already inclining towards some of the Roman methods by which he afterwards (166) proposed to impart colour and warmth to the Church of England, they afford no basis at all for thinking that he had the least suspicion that he himself was moving towards Rome.

A few days afterwards, on his way home, he wrote the well-known poem beginning "Lead, kindly Light." Some, and among them the present writer, may dissent from the almost universal admiration of this poem as a congregational hymn, on the ground that it is better fitted for an anxious inquirer in the closet than for an assemblage of Christian believers singing prayers or praises to Him whom they worship as the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. To some it may even seem that both the words and the spirit of the words reveal a different stage of religion, if not a different religion altogether, from that which is expressed in such a hymn, for instance, as "O God our help in ages past." But, whether indiscriminately admired or hypercritically censured, the hymn cannot legitimately suggest that the "kindly Light" was, at the time, thought likely by the poet to lead him from the Church of England. Much rather it was the natural and justifiable prayer of one who was entering upon a dangerous, but (as he trusted) heaven-dictated enterprise, in doubt as to the best means for succeeding.

It cannot be denied that in this poem, as in all the poems of this period, there are manifest tokens that the writer—at the very moment when we might have expected him to be eagerly pressing forward to restore holiness and truth to the Church—is very far from feeling that he himself has attained either, even in a moderate degree. He seems to be looking back with dread to the days of Whately and the Oriel Common Room when he "loved to choose and see" his path, and when, "spite of fears" never altogether suppressed, he loved the "garish day" of common sense, and allowed the "pride" of reason to "rule his will." He has not yet regained the peaceful presence of those "angel faces" in whose companionship he lived in the dreamy days when he was confident in the doctrine of "Final Perseverance," and regarded himself and his Creator as the only two "luminously self-evident realities"; he "loved" them "long since," and he trusts that he has only "lost them" for a "while." But he *has* lost them, and he is therefore not at peace.

How different is this spirit from that of the Homeric motto! What a contrast between "You shall know the difference now that I am back," and :—

> "Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
> The distant scene—one step enough for me."

Yet this humble abnegation of foresight—praiseworthy enough perhaps in some penitent and beclouded wanderer groping his way back to the Truth from which he had strayed—would not be praiseworthy, would not be even tolerable, in one who was undertaking to be a leader of souls. We could not praise a teacher who is content not to see "the distant scene," and who finds "one step enough" for him to be in advance of his pupils. But Newman was a poet, and liable to poetic moods. He did not probably, at the time, feel like a guide, and he consequently did not write like a guide. The title, it is true, would suggest a Leader's aspirations; for the poem is called "The Pillar of the Cloud" in imitation of the guidance of Moses. But Newman may have written the poem first and given it the title afterwards. Certainly his leadership was anything but Mosaic. Possibly, one cause for the difference was, that Moses went for forty years into the wilderness, there maturing his plans. Newman's anxious restlessness and turbid zeal would not permit him to wait. In any case, the task—dreamed of but unplanned—was to fall suddenly upon him at the last and to find him altogether unprepared. Hence, too, the result was no more Mosaic than his method of leading. He led indeed, and—in this single respect, more fortunate than Moses—he reached his promised land; but it was "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," through "rough places" which it was not given to him to "make plain" for the wayfaring multitude; and in the end, when he looked back, he found that he had led few but himself.

EDWIN A. ABBOTT.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARLIAMENT.

IT is generally supposed that the position of a member of Parliament is accompanied with great honours and advantages, and that the few and insignificant drawbacks in connection with it are unworthy of a moment's consideration. This is what most men think before they are elected. If they happen to have any decided views of their own upon any of the great social problems of the day, it seems a most desirable thing to obtain admittance to Parliament; for though important movements may not often originate in the House of Commons, they have to find their way there before they can lead to practical results. Some persons affect to depreciate the House of Commons, and declare that it is not what it used to be, either as a "club" or as a legislative body. As a club, there is certainly little to be said for it, except that it affords opportunities for men of opposite political opinions to meet together. Its library is imposing enough to look at, but it is an uncomfortable place to read in; people are always passing to and fro, and at any moment one is likely to be disturbed. No book-lover can settle himself down happily under those conditions. There is not even a good smoking-room in the building, and no means of ascertaining what is being done inside the House except by going there to find out. There is no telegraph or other method of communication between the Chamber and the outlying rooms. The arrangements for obtaining food cannot possibly be anything but third-rate, inasmuch as the caterers can never tell for how many persons they will be called upon to provide. The first thing to be studied is cheapness, and last Session there was an uncomfortable suspicion that the meat provided was "thawed out" as required from American or Australian ice-houses. Altogether, the House of Commons must be totally ruled out of consideration as a club.

But when people say that it is no longer of any importance as a legislative body, it would be as well for them to explain what they mean. It is still the place where the laws of the country are made, subject, of course, to the concurrence of an assembly supposed to be still more "august." It is the most favourable starting-point for men of ambition, and it opens the door into many places which cannot be approached from any other direction. Some people make use of these opportunities; some do not. There is a large class which has no reason to be dissatisfied with the House of Commons, and the lawyers constitute no inconsiderable part of it. If they are clever men they sometimes get on with marvellous rapidity after they have obtained a footing in the House. If they are not clever—and most of them are not—they still find that something or other worth having drops in their way, provided they are unswerving supporters of the Ministry which happens to be in power. There is a good deal of legal business of one kind and another which has to be done for a Government, and a truly loyal and "sympathetic" follower of his party chiefs—one who is always willing to take his opinions ready-made, and to avoid asking any questions about them—will not fail to reap his reward. He must know how to push himself, but that is an art which every sound lawyer possesses. Such men must never too curiously inquire what they are voting for or against, but go and vote as they are told. Then some business will be found for them in connection with the Treasury, or with the Assizes, or they may secure a little berth for a relation or a friend. Even a solicitor may have a few crumbs thrown to him now and then. Hence, there is always a great rush of lawyers to get inside the House of Commons, and many of them succeed, and find that the game is well worth the candle. Whether the country derives an equal amount of advantage from their labours is another matter.

It is also exceedingly worth the while of a railway director to obtain a seat in Parliament, as we may infer from the fact that next to the potent legal interest, the railway interest is that which is most largely represented. It cannot be otherwise than useful to have the property in which you hold a great stake closely looked after on committees and elsewhere. It may not be necessary to take an unfair advantage of these opportunities; in a strictly honourable and legitimate exercise of them all that is desired may be accomplished. But, as a general rule, it may fairly be said that members of Parliament are not actuated by considerations of personal advantage or gain in undertaking to go through the severe labours of Session after Session. They hope to be able to do some little work in behalf of their fellow-countrymen. That, like many other hopes, is frequently destined to be disappointed. Few measures effect as much good as their promoters anticipated. Sometimes a great scheme, forced through the

House under the most relentless party discipline, turns out to be anything but a benefit to the nation. How many years ago is it since we were told that "dual ownership" in Ireland was the only solution of the land difficulty? Now we are assured that the true and final solution is to make a certain portion of the tenantry owners of the land, on condition of their paying a reduced judicial rent for a limited period. How many more years will pass before we are informed by the Ministry of the day that this plan will not work at all, and that it has become absolutely indispensable for the Government to take all the land of Ireland into its own hands? There is to be a "buffer" now between the State and the occupier, but the buffer cannot possibly be constructed of permanent materials. It must go to pieces, and the State will be face to face with its tremendous responsibilities. In these days of sudden changes of policy, who can say that the measure which he is ordered to vote for to-day may not, a short time hence, be regarded as fraught with dire mischief to the whole country? These swift conversions are not confined to any party. A competition is going on to see which can double the political "Cape Horn" the fastest. No doubt Mr. Gladstone once declared that the Irish demands would be fatal to the country, and then surrendered to them. But which party was it that protested with might and main in 1886 against any more concessions to Irish agitation, especially in the direction of State interference with Irish land purchase? Who was it that pointed out how dangerous it would be to have the State placed in the position—however remotely—of a landlord? What about all those solemn pledges at the Alexandra Palace and elsewhere, that the judicial rents never should be revised, and that it would not be "honest" to attempt anything of the kind, followed within a week by the Bill for revising them? What about the vehement protestations that the sanctity of contracts must be maintained at all costs, followed by the ever-memorable Act of 1887, setting aside statutory contracts, and enabling a man to walk into a County Court and break his lease without the consent of his landlord? Is not a lease a contract? Few bargains are more deliberately made on both sides. Now, a man of any independent thought and convictions must be very easily pleased if he takes any delight in such rapid revolutions as these. Decidedly it is a great disadvantage in our whirligig times for a member of Parliament to have too many fixed opinions, even though those opinions may have been instilled into his mind by his own leaders. He may not always be able to throw the cargo overboard with the silence and expedition which he is expected to show. That was the difficulty in which Lord Hartington and his friends found themselves in 1885–6. May not some Conservatives feel that they have lost all their ancient bearings when they contemplate the revision of judicial rents, the Lease-annulling Act of 1887, and the Land

Purchase Act of 1890, to say nothing of a measure for Free Education which will wind up the banquet?

These, however, are serious questions, and my present object is to touch only upon the surface of Parliamentary life. What one often reads in the papers is that the work of the House of Commons is a mere bagatelle so far as the private member is concerned, and that if any one is to be pitied it is the Minister. Why the Minister, to begin with? He holds a position which confers upon him great advantages, social and political; influences of all kinds are within reach of his arm, and probably he is not slow to turn some of them to account. He enjoys opportunities of being exceedingly useful to his friends; the larger part of his work is done for him by the permanent officials of his department; he has a very long holiday every year—practically as long as he chooses to make it—and his advance from post to post is absolutely certain, unless he voluntarily throws his chance away, a thing of rare occurrence. There are two or three positions in the Government—those of Foreign Secretary, Irish Secretary, and perhaps the Secretary of State for War—which are held under altogether different conditions. But of most of the others, in ordinary times, what I have just said holds good. The road to office is usually somewhat tortuous, but those who have once found it never want to go back. Yet they like the public to think that they suffer martyrdom for their country's good, and hence the condolences upon their hard fate which appear in the papers from time to time, to the great surprise of the Minister who is the subject of the article. How can such things get printed, as Mr. Vincent Crummles used to ask? As for the private member, his work is from first to last fatiguing, monotonous, and thankless. He has to wait about for hours and hours in order that he may assist in "keeping a House," or in expectation of a division which perhaps does not take place. He must not go home to dinner without special permission; he must be prepared to do twelve hours' hard work at a stretch; he must take his orders as to when he shall come and when he shall go, without reference to his business or other engagements. All this is, no doubt, very right and proper; but why call it easy? Why underrate the duties which the unofficial member has to discharge? The work done in the committee-rooms is something of which the general public has no knowledge whatever. It is often very severe, and in the end it seems to be utterly thrown away. It begins at eleven or twelve, goes on till the House meets, and involves a good deal of labour at home in order that the subject in hand may be properly understood. It is in the committee-rooms that the capacity of members, their power of grasping facts and intricate problems, their readiness of resource, are most severely tested. It is there, also, that members become thoroughly acquainted with each other. Many a bitter political animosity has been

softened or altogether removed by the judgment formed in the committee-room. The Conservative finds that the Radical whom he fancied to be a mere empty demagogue is, in reality, an exceedingly shrewd and sensible man; and, what is even more, that he is thoroughly conscientious, and animated by an evident desire to do that which is right. Or the Radical discovers the same qualities in the Conservative whom he hated. The true measure of a man can be taken on committee work. The fine feathers and the tinsel disappear. Even the new member, the man who is almost unknown, will be appraised at his right value, whatever it may be. The House of Commons is, indeed, always just in its estimates of men. There is no fairer body in the world before which any one could go. If it has stamped a man as a bore or as a humbug, it is because he thoroughly deserves it. No matter what a man's politics may be, he may always be sure of a fair hearing, at least once. Anything like bumptiousness, or affectation of superiority, or a disposition to trade upon a reputation made out of doors, the House will not stand; and a good thing too. I once heard a member exclaim with a peculiarly sanctimonious air, "I stand here as a Christian," as if he were a missionary addressing a set of pagans. There was a roar of laughter which for a few minutes silenced our only Christian. Tartuffe is not a popular character at Westminster.

Whether or not there are any bores in the House, and on which side most of them sit, it would be a very ungracious thing for any member to attempt to decide. But it may safely be said that if there are bores, they are not all on the back benches. Some of the worst of the species are those who proudly describe themselves as "Front Bench men." They talk at any length they like, and that is invariably a good long length. A private member is but an interloper, to be tolerated only at division time, when neither party can get on very well without him. The superior beings expect him to stop and listen to them, to receive with meekness the words of wisdom which fall from their lips, and never to question what they say. Perhaps it happens that two or three of the outsiders get up in the hope of attracting the attention of Mr. Speaker. One of them is on the point of being successful, when suddenly there is seen at the table a gentleman who has held, or who now holds, some kind of office. He straightens himself out, and seems to say to the House: "Look at me; you will find it worth while. I am a Front Bench man. I am spoken of in the papers as a statesman, though between ourselves I have never performed an administrative act which was not more or less a failure. Here, however, I am, within the magic circle. Now prick up your dull ears, and listen to me." He then pulls a written essay out of his pocket, arranges it on the box, and proceeds to read it out leisurely. He can take his own time, for who would presume to

interfere with a Front Bencher? These are the people, if the plain truth must be told, who waste the larger part of the time every Session. They have something to say on every subject, for it is part of their *métier* to be always on their feet, except during the dinner-hour, which they leave to be scrambled for by the common herd. The real causes of the block of the Parliamentary machine will never be understood by the public until they are afforded the means of judging for themselves, by a full and explicit time-table, the number of hours occupied every Session by the members who have no better claim to the public attention than that they are, or have been, office-holders. There is another characteristic of these dignitaries which, when we are looking at the show from the front of the house, we do not perceive. It is that, somehow or other, they acquire the habit of presenting facts in a light which is calculated to confuse the common mind. An official contradiction or explanation seems quite decisive, and it is generally so regarded by the press and the public. This is another of the illusions which will not survive even a brief Parliamentary experience. After studying the performance a few times, a ghastly doubt steals over the mind whether there is not one standard of truth and fair dealing for official and another for private life. It is impossible, of course, to suppose that a Minister or an ex-Minister would intentionally deceive. But there are times when he takes an exceedingly wide range in search of the truth, and does not always bring it back with him at last. It is possible to give an explanation which shall avoid or obscure the real point at issue. It would be easy to cite examples in illustration of this, but who would be so ill-natured as to do it? It might, however, be well for the outside public to understand that an official "yes" or "no" is not necessarily the last word that is to be said on the subject.

As for speeches, it is to be borne in mind that the House of Commons is rather *blasé* of these productions of the human intellect, and does not listen to one out of a score with any satisfaction, or even with willingness. Most speeches are an old story, which has been told over and over again, and which gets duller each time it is repeated. Sometimes a new vein is struck, usually by a new man, and then the most jaded of assemblies is all attention. But, as a rule, members do not go to the House from their dinners or their cigars for the purpose of hearing a speech. They go because they are waiting for a division, and they may as well wait there as anywhere else. Suppose a member has been serving on a committee for three or four hours; he has to go straight into the House, and is kept there till nearly one o'clock in the morning doing nothing, which to most active-minded men is the hardest of all work. Before midnight arrives, his brain is in a state of torpor. Dulness has been king. To a mere looker-on, it does not seem that many persons really try to make what they have to say in any way

interesting. They have loaded themselves with so many hundredweights or tons of raw material which they regard as of priceless value, they bring it into the House of Commons in a mixed up state, and dump it down on the floor. There it is, and you can take it or leave it as you like. Most people leave it. The masters of method and arrangement are few, and they are not likely to become more numerous, for the tendency of the age is towards the hurried and slap-dash. That is one reason why it is always well worth while to hear Mr. Gladstone. There is a finish about his style, a dignity in his manner, which no one else can even imitate with success. Whether he has to make a speech of compliment, or of denunciation, or of criticism, or of keen remonstrance, it is done with the air of a man who is a complete master of the subject, and with a variety of language and tone never exhibited by any of his contemporaries. Circumstances may be all against him, but they never spoil his speech. On the first day of the November Session of 1890, it was known that he had received a great and bitter shock of disappointment and mortification. The Parnell scandal was uppermost in everybody's thoughts; there was a certainty of a great disruption in the Home Rule party if the Irish leader persisted in remaining at the front. Mr. Gladstone had brought all his influence to bear for the purpose of inducing Mr. Parnell to resign, Mr. Parnell took no notice whatever of his menaces or letter. He entered the House as if nothing had happened, or as if such a person as Mr. Gladstone did not exist. It was known to every one that Mr. Parnell had decided to "hold on," and at the first meeting of his party, at which they agreed to his continued leadership, Mr. Gladstone and his communications did not receive the slight compliment of a passing notice. Such an insult has rarely been inflicted upon an eminent public man. That Mr. Gladstone felt it, and felt it deeply, was evident from his dejected look, his bowed head, and the silence in which he enshrouded himself. The cause for which he had sacrificed so much and worked so hard was in the greatest peril. Yet, when his time came to reply to the mover and seconder of the Address, he was perfectly ready for what must have been an inexpressibly irksome task. He was not for a moment at a loss, not even in paying a graceful compliment to the two Conservatives who had preceded him. With a feeling which must have been near akin to despair in his heart, he spoke with cheerfulness of the work which lay before himself and his party. But his weary air when he sat down, and his drooping gait as he left the House shortly afterwards, told a tale.

An occasion of a different kind, and one long to be remembered by those who were present, was that on which certain tributes were paid to the memory of the Emperor Frederick. Mr. Gladstone soared into regions far beyond the reach of ordinary men. The fact is that he alone of all that are left among us represents the nobler and

loftier traditions of Parliamentary oratory. That, of course, is a matter totally apart from his opinions, about which there must necessarily be great diversities of judgment. As for his immense superiority over all comers in debate, and his mastery of the House of Commons, that surely cannot be the subject of any dispute. I have, indeed, heard it remarked that his style is somewhat old-fashioned. It is a pity that a good many members of Parliament cannot get a touch of the same old fashion into them. His sway over his own followers need not be wondered at, since it is felt in some degree by those who are most bitterly opposed to him. His lieutenants would, of course, be the first to disclaim the idea of being put into comparison with him. Still, they have merits of their own. Mr. Morley always impresses one with a sense of his sincerity. Mr. Henry Fowler is a master of all subjects connected with finance, and he is undoubtedly one of the most effective speakers in the House. Sir William Harcourt is often abused, but, after all, he is nearly always amusing, and the House of Commons never objects to being amused. The ordinary course of proceedings is tedious and monotonous beyond the power of words to describe. Opposition attacks sometimes go very wide of the mark, and official harangues are, as often as not, halting, tedious, and slow. If it were not for the kindly care of the reporters in the gallery, both sides would frequently cut a sorry figure. The judicious reporter has made the reputation of many a public man. He condenses the rambling sentences, suppresses the repetitions, substitutes the right word for the wrong, and pieces together the cumbrous and disjointed fabric. It is always amusing to see the indignation with which a speaker rebukes a reporter who has fallen into some error in transcribing his notes. What is such a mistake at the worst compared with the blunders in grammar, the dodging backwards and forwards, the helpless stumbling from one inaccurate or foolish expression to another which stud the speeches of some of the public men whose names are always before the public? Now, amid all this botching and bungling, it is something to have to do with a man who goes straight to the mark, who knows what he wants to say, and who sometimes says it in a manner to raise a smile, or even a hearty laugh. A fighting man who can stand fire, and is not toppled over easily, is essential to a party, and the Gladstonians have no one else to be compared with Sir William Harcourt in that field. He hits out with dexterity, plants his blows firmly, and thoroughly understands the assembly which he is addressing. The best man on the Irish side for a dashing raid is Mr. T. Healy. The Liberal Unionists have Mr. Chamberlain, who of late has been falling a good deal out of sight—a dangerous thing for any public man to do in these days. Sir William Harcourt is ever ready when he is wanted. No doubt his fireworks are sometimes a little damp, and

refuse to go off properly, perhaps because they have been kept too long. That will happen in the best firework establishment. But they usually serve the purpose for which they were intended, and some of them are of first-rate quality. When it comes to a tussle at close quarters, Sir William makes the "fur fly," as the Americans say. The person he is attacking pretends not to mind it, but he is not really happy while under the operation. I have heard some Radicals say that they like "more earnestness" in their leaders. More earnestness, with Mr. Labouchere in the background?

Of the mere cut-and-thrust business, a Parliament in its fourth or fifth year has generally had enough. The everlasting ding-dong of personal attack and recrimination becomes a weary business. We know quite well what Brown thinks of Jones, and what Robinson thinks of both. In the first Session of a Parliament these mock battles cause a little excitement, but after that they are apt to remind the observer of the French clowns in a ring who go to and fro belabouring each other with bladders. There is a great deal of noise, but nobody is hurt. The tricks and mannerisms of the combatants become too well understood; nothing surprises one any more. We see that a good deal of the warmth and passion are only put on for the purpose of impressing the spectator. The rank and file get a little tired of acting as supernumeraries in a stale farce. Even a daring foray from the Irish quarter is welcomed as a relief from the tediousness of hearing the pot calling the kettle black. Most of the Irishmen whose names are well known to the public are extremely good at these sudden raids. Colonel Saunderson, on the Conservative side, is full of rollicking fun and good humour. Charles Lever would have delighted in making a study from him. Some of his sallies of genuine Irish wit are quite irresistible. I have seen every one in the House laughing over them, from the Speaker to the attendants in the galleries. Among the Nationalists, few are stronger than Mr. Sexton. That acute critic of Parliamentary men and manners, the celebrated Toby of *Punch*, always speaks of Mr. Sexton with contempt as a "windbag." He may sometimes be rather long, but his power, his quickness, his fund of humour, are not to be denied. He marshals his arguments with great skill, and his shafts of satire dart across the House with the rapidity and brilliancy of a flash of lightning. Mr. T. Healy is another formidable antagonist, though in a wholly different way. Members on the Conservative side of the House are usually very wroth with him, and no doubt his language is sometimes rough and hard to bear. But when his passions are not roused he is scrupulously fair, and there is an immense deal of shrewdness and common sense in his criticisms of measures before the House. It was his skill which finally threw off the track the unlucky licensing proposals of last Session. The whole forces of the Opposition had

been directed to that end for any number of nights. Mr. Healy came down one afternoon and submitted a simple question to the Speaker on a question of Parliamentary procedure. It was utterly fatal. In a moment, the elaborate superstructure erected by Mr. Goschen came toppling to the ground. For a scientific knowledge of all the tricks on the table, under the table, and up the sleeves of officials and ex-officials, there is nobody to equal Tim Healy. Any man who regards that kind of knowledge with contempt must be very imperfectly acquainted with the real way in which the House of Commons is managed. An official who does not know how to steal a march upon an opponent, or even upon a friend, is never likely to be invited to join a Ministry a second time. The great thing is to win; the unpardonable crime is to be beaten. The "Plain Dealer" is not a character suited to the Parliamentary stage. The article in demand is what is called *finesse*, and that is a word with a very wide meaning in the classic precincts of St. Stephen's.

Considering the enormous power which has been wielded for the last ten years by the Irish party, the earthquake which shook it to pieces in November and December last may well be described as one of the most memorable events in Irish history. That party was absolutely under the control of one man, and its discipline was so perfect that it was scarcely ever disturbed. Any one who studied it diligently and closely must have arrived at the conclusion that its influence was not acquired by mere accident, but that it was the fruit of much patient work, and of the laborious adaptation of means to ends. Throughout the greater part of the present Parliament, Mr. Parnell has been almost an invisible chief. Sometimes his own whips did not know where to find him. His appearances were sudden and unexpected. He would come down to the House and deliver some momentous statement affecting the whole policy of the party without the slightest consultation with his followers. He did so in reference to the Irish Land Purchase Bill towards the close of last Session. He always ignored or covertly repudiated the labours of Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien in connection with the Plan of Campaign. He has told the world that he did not inform any of his colleagues of the negotiations with reference to another Home Rule Bill which he carried on with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden in November 1889. Never was any such obedience given to a political leader as that which Mr. Parnell received. It was rendered all the more remarkable by the character of the other foremost men in the party—a set of fiery spirits, little disposed to brook control. Until the recent great disruption, they never gave the outside world reason to suppose that their loyalty had been subjected to tests which threatened to break it down. Sir Robert Peel was cold and austere towards his political associates, but he was the embodiment of geniality compared with Mr. Parnell.

That method of government seemed to answer well enough for a time, but it doubtless helped to store up against the Irish leader the resentment and the bitterness which were revealed last month, when his troops flew into rebellion and turned their weapons against him. He saw then how he had been secretly regarded.

The Parnellite party, the true "Invincibles" of Parliamentary life, may never more be what it was, and it will be long before another party as compact and powerful can be brought to the same pitch of perfection. Almost every man in it had his proper place. An opportunity was provided for the display of any kind of ability. There was room even for the bore and the buffoon. It did not matter what was the nature of the business to be done, the right person was always there to do it. In everything but the direction of policy, the Parnellites were left pretty much to themselves. Their drill had been so complete that they knew exactly where to go and what to do at any moment. In the Conservative party especially, it is the rule to keep down the "outsiders," to give them no chance of improving themselves in Parliamentary practice, and to teach them that their duty begins and ends in turning themselves into voting machines. It is a discipline eminently calculated to crush out all aspirations, and to suppress all ability. No thought is given to the question, "Who is to carry on the work of the party when the present leaders are gone?" Mr. Parnell, whatever may have been his other mistakes, was too wise to fall into that one. His army had to be useful, and therefore he gave it every chance of learning its duties, and of coming into conflict with the enemy. As an obstructive machine, nothing equal to it was ever devised. And it is worthy of observation that it found itself unable to deal with obstruction when that weapon was turned against a part of its own body. The minority in the great split kept the majority from arriving at a vote for nearly a fortnight, and would have kept them till now if the majority had not hit upon the somewhat inglorious expedient of running from the field, and conducting a separate meeting on their own account. Obstruction, when scientifically carried on, is not so easily dealt with as many persons, including Mr. Chamberlain, appear to suppose. Mr. Chamberlain has, indeed, recently discovered the existence of a rule of the American House of Representatives, which, he tells us, has given the "death-blow to obstruction." This rule has been in existence since 1789. He seems to think that there has been no obstruction in the American Legislature since then. But the "fillibustering" proceedings of the very last Session might have taught him better.

There are other obstructionists in the House of Commons besides the members of the Irish party, but compared with them they are all bunglers. For work of a more serious kind, plenty of hands were always to be found. Mr. Dillon imparted earnestness as well as spirit

to any debate, and Mr. O'Brien, though somewhat too highly strung and melodramatic for fastidious tastes, was often exceedingly effective. One of the best speakers of the party, seldom heard in the House, is Mr. John Redmond. Mr. Parnell had the good fortune to take Mr. Redmond with him when so many of his ablest lieutenants withdrew from his side. If offensive tactics were to be employed, and unpleasant missiles thrown about, inferior detachments of the squadron were always lying in wait. Great experience and great knowledge of the House were requisite to bring into existence such an organisation as this. And it could not have been kept in a high state of efficiency unless the seats of the men who composed it had been fairly permanent. Mr. Parnell was able to secure this indispensable element of stability. While his followers satisfied him, they had no occasion to think of their constituents. He put them in or turned them out at his pleasure. There were some who were beyond his reach, owing to their personal popularity in Ireland; but the rank and file were at his mercy. The sole condition of their being in Parliament was that they should do what he told them. Thus, there was a solid body of eighty-six men who would vote for or against any Government at a sign from Mr. Parnell, and they were a fixed quantity in the House. Who could tell how many of the Conservatives or Liberals, or which of them, would come back from the ordeal of a general election? But those eighty-six men below the gangway on the left of the Speaker were sure to come back. It may be doubted whether party Government of the kind known in former times could have gone on much longer had this disintegrating force remained unbroken. Each party as it came into power was obliged to study its demands. It was so in the brief administration of Lord Salisbury, until the beginning of 1886, when other influences began to prevail. The second administration of Mr. Gladstone was based upon the support of the Irish party. The same party has modified the policy, in some very essential particulars, of the existing Government, although some Conservatives may not yet be aware of it. There was no one who did not see that it was easier to get on with the friendship of the Irish party than with their animosity. I am not dealing with the political side of the question, but merely with the construction and action of the Nationalists in reference to the working of the House of Commons. From that point of view, it is undeniable that nothing so complete and so powerful as the Parnellite party had ever been seen in Parliament before, and it may be long indeed before anything to be compared with it is seen again.

Those who watch with observant eyes all that takes place on the great Parliamentary stage will soon perceive that a good deal of it is only acting after all, and that the actors, while professing intense devotion to their country, are keeping a very sharp look out on the

audience whose applause they are straining every nerve to gain. Their parts are frequently marked out for them by the omnipotent newspaper, and when they take a fancy to these parts, they soon become highly proficient in them. A newspaper editor or writer forms his own idea of a public man, and although it may not bear the least resemblance to the man himself, it soon becomes the sole conception which the public have of him. The newspaper artist is proud of his portrait, and keeps adding touches to it which make it more and more acceptable to the multitude. After a time, the original of the picture begins to model himself on this fancy sketch, always provided, of course, that it be sufficiently favourable. Perhaps he is told every morning that he is a prodigy of coolness and self-possession, and that the attacks of opponents pass over him like the idle wind. He works up to these cues; his manner becomes decidedly cool; he laughs openly in the faces of his opponents. The newspapers paint a figure on the looking-glass which they hand to him, and he takes it for his own visage. Several well-known men in the House of Commons have effected this sort of change in their identity within my short recollection. One of the anti-Parnellites was recently summing up the merits and failings of his late chief, and he said: "When Mr. Parnell did not appear in the House of Commons, and the Tory press got out stories of his mysterious disappearances, and referred to him as the one solitary man wrapping his cloak around him like Napoleon at St. Helena, or as the one strong man defying and despising everybody else, he of course read these things, and lived up to the level of his blue china." There is a great deal of truth in this. Few men in the House of Commons truly answer to the popular ideal, which is formed, as a rule, by the newspapers. Most of them ought to acknowledge, if they paid tribute where it was due, that they have been made largely by public writers. It is perhaps just as well that the public should see their idols through a veil.

The hardest of all places to fill in the present day, and the one which the press rarely idealises over-much, is that of leader of the House. In the brief Session before Christmas there was scarcely anything for the leader or any one else to do. If Parliamentary work were always like that, it would be nothing more than an agreeable and slightly ornamental addition to life. But this interval of peace arose from exceptional circumstances. As a rule, the leader lives the life of a slave. Order, method, the proper arrangement of business, have become almost unattainable. In former days, it was generally possible for the Government to come to an understanding with the leader of the Opposition as to the disposition of business, or the time at which a division should be taken. But now there are so many leaders to be consulted that no one knows exactly where he is. A bargain may be made with Mr. Gladstone, but that will

not prevent a certain section of his party from taking any course they think proper, without regard to what he has done. No great leader of a party would have submitted to such treatment as that in former times. It is hard to see what any leader can do to prevent it now. Respect for authority has gone with many other things belonging to the past. The difficulties in the path of Mr. W. H. Smith have probably been more complicated and unmanageable than those which any of his predecessors have had to encounter. It may be that they have not always proceeded from without. He has had to consult the wishes or the demands of a large section of the Liberal party, who, until recently, have always acted against the Conservatives, and who only act with them now upon the condition that they shall be allowed to direct Conservative policy on some intricate issues. The consequence is, as I hinted at the outset of this paper, that the Conservative party itself has undergone a vast change during the last five eventful years. It is still being "educated," and when the process is completed it is a pity that Mr. Disraeli cannot be brought back to look at it. He could not fail to be immensely tickled with the transformations and developments which have been witnessed since he departed from the scene. The fine old Tories who looked upon him as an adventurer—where are they standing now? What do they think of "confiscation" and "revolution" at the beginning of the new year? Have they had no hand in precipitating either, or both? Disraeli on his dear old friends and colleagues, and on some of his illustrious and brilliant successors, would have been well worth hearing. We are deprived of the pleasure of hearing him. But we see that many of his predictions are slowly being realised, and among them is that which concerns the management of the House of Commons. Whenever the time comes for Mr. W. H. Smith to close his career in that stormy arena, the judgment of every fair man will be that he has done well. He smoothed away many a difficulty, and never wantonly created one. His successor, whoever he may be, will do well to take note of the fact that the work required of him will call for a constitution of steel and the temper of an angel. Patriotism, indifference to self-interest, a love of fair-play, superiority to the meaner passions of mankind—these are the characteristics, as we know, of all our public men. We may assume that every leader of the House of Commons will possess them, or "live up to the blue china," however nature may have made him. But the good temper, the invariable tact, and the consummate patience displayed by Mr. W. H. Smith during the last five trying years are not at the command of everybody. They are not among the "actions that a man might play."

L. J. Jennings.

ENGLISHMEN IN AFRICA.

WHATEVER may be the conclusions with regard to Mr. Stanley's expedition at which the nation may ultimately arrive, after a patient study of the sombre and gruesome documents recently submitted to it, in such bewildering and sometimes in such contradictory instalments, there is one conclusion so obvious, yet, for that very reason, so likely to escape notice; so demonstrably true, yet certain to be so fiercely contested, and, hitherto, so rarely acted on; so humiliating to confess, yet so incalculably important for the fair fame, alike in the present and immediate future, of our vast and ever extending Empire, that I am anxious, while the interest in the question is, or ought to be, still at something like fever heat, to call pointed attention to it.

The conclusion I would draw is this. The commonplaces which one has heard a thousand times before, and never more frequently than during the last few weeks, such as that patriotism justifies and requires the "hushing up" of disagreeable truths; that it is the first duty of an Englishman when his countrymen are accused of evil deeds—not, to suspend his judgment, to hope as long as it is possible to hope, and to condemn them when proved—but, at all hazards, to deny or explain them away; that acts of violence and wrong which every one would condemn, if we were dealing with the stronger races of Europe and in the full light of day, are not so discreditable when we are thrown amongst the weaker and darker races of Asia and of Africa; finally, that the death of an English officer, especially if it be bravely met among striking and stirring incidents, wipes out, in the judgment of his countrymen, all the crimes that may have preceded it, and that he who brings them, however unwillingly, to the light, is at once ungenerous and unjust—these and other commonplaces of the kind are, I would submit, only not truisms because, as Coleridge

would have said, they are "*falsisms*," and they involve the deterioration, slow but sure, of all those qualities on which Englishmen, as an Imperial nation dealing with weaker races, have hitherto had most reason to pride themselves.

How deeply rooted and how widely spread such doctrines are, is apparent from the very circumstances under which the story that is now riveting the attention of the world, has been first revealed to it by Mr. Stanley. Mr. Stanley was aware *some two years ago*, in outline at least, of all the doings which he has only now flashed across the Atlantic. As leader of the expedition, he was inferentially and, in a secondary degree, responsible for all that was done during it. If crimes were committed by his subordinates, when he was hundreds of miles away, crimes such as one would fain hope few Englishmen in a position of responsibility have ever committed before; if tortures were inflicted by English gentlemen on the weak and the half-starved, and indignities offered even to the dead, such as it might have required the imagination of a Dante to shadow forth, and the pencil of a Doré to delineate, surely it was his duty, remembering that it was England which he represented, and her honour of which he was the guardian, to denounce them publicly, the moment he had satisfied himself of their reality and their extent, and to cut himself adrift—however gravely such a step might reflect on his original selection of his companions, and on the general conduct of the expedition—from any Englishman who had looked calmly on at the atrocities, or had contented himself with a mere verbal protest against them. Yet, there is good reason to suppose, had it not been for the publication of the personal attacks on him by Major Barttelot's brother, that neither he, nor any member of his chosen subordinates of the rear-guard would have ever thought it their duty to inform even their employers—the Emin Relief Committee—of the facts in full; much less, to reveal a syllable of what had happened to the world at large.

What do they say themselves? Lieutenant Troup admits that "Major Barttelot was cruel, terribly cruel;" "there is," he adds, "no doubt of that." Yet he plumes himself on not having said a word against him, "until somebody first made charges." Mr. Bonny with the candour which apparently marks everything he has written throughout, admits that, as regards a certain terrible accusation, he "thought it best to keep quiet," and that he "did not wish to mix himself up with it." While Mr. Herbert Ward speaks of "a generous conspiracy of silence," as regards Barttelot's atrocities. Generous indeed! Generous to whom?

Mr. Stanley's attitude speaks for itself; and I would submit that the leader who, first, denies the existence of certain atrocities, having in his possession at the time, overwhelming evidence that they are, in part at least, true; who carries about with him the fateful secret for

two years; and then, finally, discloses them, not so much in righteous and overwhelming indignation at the devilries that have been committed, as because the war has been transferred into his own country, and he is himself attacked on widely different grounds, has made himself, to a very serious extent, *particeps criminis*. Saddening and humiliating as are the disclosures themselves, they are, in my opinion, made more saddening and more humiliating still by the conditions under which they have at last been made.

Nor have there been wanting men in high stations at home—men who, in their private capacity, may be humane and kindly enough, but who have shown by their utterances that it is not the deeds of violence, but their detection, that they most resent. Officers of the army, partly, from a feeling of *esprit de corps*, which is honourable enough if kept within definite limits, and, partly, from the tendency to forget that professional zeal does not atone for the lack of the more essential moral qualities, are naturally inclined to take a similar view. Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., for instance, in a letter published in Major Barttelot's correspondence, and therefore presumably well weighed before it was published—after dwelling on Major Barttelot's social qualities and professional energy, concludes by the terribly suggestive sentence: "If I could have had five minutes alone with Assad Farran, or whatever his name is, I should be glad." In other words, the poor Syrian interpreter, whose misfortune it was to be present at repeated scenes of foul cruelty, which he was unable to prevent, and whose crime it is to have given an only too truthful account of them to outsiders, would be treated by this distinguished officer, if only he had him in his power for five minutes, in a manner which is perhaps best expressed by—an aposiopesis.

And here I would guard against a possible misconception. In the heat of the controversy which has raged round the story of the Rear Column, it is little wonder if many persons, stung to the quick by the report of horrors committed by members of an expedition which was started for philanthropic purposes, and was supported by men whose philanthropy is beyond suspicion, have asked indignantly—as if the question needed only to be asked to answer itself—what right had Mr. Stanley and his followers to carry martial law across Africa at all? Did they receive the right to flog and slay from the English Government or the Government of the Khedive; or, thinking themselves outside of all European law, did they act as legislators and policemen, judges and executioners, all in one? With such a line of argument I cannot sympathise. It proves either too little or too much; and, to make it hold good, we must go much further back, and condemn not Mr. Stanley's expedition alone, but all expeditions into barbarous and unknown countries, which are prepared, in the last resort, to have recourse to force. There is much to be said for and

against the abstract right of civilised men to force their way into uncivilised countries, to "discover" aborigines who knew well enough where they were all the time, and had no wish to be "discovered" by any one else; but it would take me too far away from my present object, if I attempted to weigh the good against the evil, and to show, what I believe to be the case, that, on the whole, if proper precautions are taken, the evil is outweighed by the good.

But what I would insist on is this, that, if it is right to go on such an expedition at all, it is not only right, it is absolutely necessary, to entrust its leaders with exceptional powers. An expedition like that for the relief of Emin Pasha—whatever other objects there may have been in the background, and some of these are now gradually oozing out—must have a large following, native and English. Mr. Stanley took with him some 650 souls—English, Zanzibaris, Somalis, Soudanese—not to speak of the 600 "carriers" or slaves to be supplied by Tippoo Tib; and such a following necessarily becomes a mob, unless its leader has extraordinary powers committed to him. He could not take with him, even if he would, and he ought not to take with him, even if he could, all the bulky and the clumsy paraphernalia of English law—a panel of twelve British jurymen, a bevy of clerks, solicitors, and judges, a library of English law books; and, even if he did, it would be exactly as illegal to administer English as any other law, in these wild and unknown countries. Any law, whether martial or, if the expression may be coined, "jungle," or merely "personal" law, is better than no law at all, and is absolutely essential to the safety and well-being of both natives and Europeans. The range of possible offences is unlimited, while the range of possible punishments is only too sharply defined by the conditions of the case. There are no gaols, no treadmills, no appliances for enforcing solitary confinement. One act of desertion, on the other hand, one act of wholesale theft, the example of one bold and influential mutineer, may imperil the existence of the whole force, and the only punishments possible are those which are sure, swift, and severe. In other words, there are two deterrents only, corporal punishment and death. To deny this, while we defend the policy and morality of such expeditions, is the part of a well-meaning but an illogical humanitarianism which defeats its own object. When, therefore, Mr. Stanley or Major Barttelot flogged men, or even put them to death, they did what *ex hypothesi* they had a strict right to do, and their action can be properly condemned only as being too severe, or not severe enough, for the particular case.

But severity may amount to cruelty, and cruelty may amount to demoniacal barbarity, if personal malice, or race hatred, or indifference to human suffering, or positive delight in seeing it inflicted, and, still more, in inflicting it oneself, accompanies the judicial act. And it is

because there is only too much reason to believe that such feelings did actuate Major Barttelot in his deeds of wild and almost incredible brutality, in the kickings, and the clubbings, and the floggings to death, or to what was almost worse than death, whereof it was not Africans alone, but English gentlemen who were the eye-witnesses, that the conscience of the English nation has been stirred to its inmost depths, and that it feels that it would gladly give up all the fruits of Mr. Stanley's expedition, if only what has been done upon it by individual Englishmen could thereby be undone. And it is because Mr. Stanley, knowing well what kind of man Major Barttelot was, knowing what he had done in Egypt, knowing his hatred to the natives of Africa, and being warned against him by those who had the best right to do so, selected him for his expedition, when he might have had the pick of all England from which to choose; because he put arms into his hands, and, when he was removed from all the restraints of civilisation, invested him with a vast responsibility, and then, when the natural result followed, abstained from condemning what had been done, and, two years afterwards, revealed it, not on public, but on purely personal grounds;—that the English people will always consider that there is a dark spot upon even his most splendid achievements.

Martial law is in itself so terrible a necessity, it is liable to such grave abuse: the sight of means to do ill deeds, among a people so widely different from our own, so often makes ill deeds to be done by all but those who are restrained by the highest moral and religious principles, that it is hardly too much to say that the first, second, and third requisite for him who should ever be allowed to wield such a weapon at all is a keenly sensitive humanity. More valuable this than the patience and the prudence, than the courage and the address, than the strength of body and the strength of mind, than the firm faith and the indomitable hope, which go to make up the ideal—an ideal which has, happily, been so often all but realised—of a great English explorer!

In all Imperial races, especially in those which have also strong colonising and commercial instincts, there is an element of the wild beast. The Phœnicians, in ancient times—the Portuguese, the Spaniards, and the Dutch in modern times—are conspicuous instances of this. It seems almost like a law of Nature that civilised men, when thrown amongst uncivilised, should assimilate themselves to their surroundings, and should catch something, and at times—as in the case of the Spaniards in America and the West Indies—a double measure of their ferocity and their barbarism. Great Britain is no exception to the rule. Indeed, in some respects, she is exposed to even greater temptation than any other nation. Our empire is so world-wide; we are brought into such close contact with natives of every stage and of

no stage of civilisation; our colonists are so hardy and so energetic; our traders so restless and so aggressive; our explorers so fearless and so resourceful; as a nation, we are so self-reliant, so self-contained, so conscious of our own superiority; the chances of detection and of punishment, in case of wanton cruelty in the outlying portions of our vast dependencies—the very portions, I would remark, to which the most enterprising and the least scrupulous members of the community tend to gravitate—are so infinitesimal, that we need to be saved from our baser, and recalled to our nobler selves, by every engine at our command.

And what engine can be compared, with this end in view, with Public Opinion? And how can Public Opinion ever be brought to bear in such remote corners of the earth, unless we lay it down as a fundamental axiom that, throwing all such maxims of false *esprit de corps* as I have enumerated above, to the winds, we should denounce and punish wherever it is possible—of course, with all allowance for attendant circumstances, but with all seriousness, and all severity—any and every act of greed, of injustice, of oppression? The atrocities committed by certain members of the Rear Column might have been all, or almost all of them, prevented, had this principle been frankly recognised. If the accounts which reach us may be relied on—and some of them, I would remark, notably those of Mr. Bonny and Assad Farran, bear every internal mark of truthfulness and accuracy—Major Barttelot himself, whether criminal or madman, was, once and again, restrained from a violent outbreak by the pertinent suggestion that "the English newspapers might get hold of it." When he heard of the cannibal orgies on the Upper Congo, he seems to have been thrilled by a spasm of emotion—not, at the horror of the deeds done, but at the thought that they might "cost him his commission," and Mr. Jameson, when he had seen and done his worst at Riba Riba, was certainly recalled to his better self—and it is clear that he, like Major Barttelot, had a better self—by the discovery that what he had seen and done was known and was condemned by the Belgian officers of the Congo.

But if the temptations to which we are exposed are greater than those of any other nation, so also, happily, on the other hand, is our experience wider, and the safeguards which a sensitive and enlightened public opinion at home may be made to lend us, are immeasurably greater also. For it may be said of England, without fear of contradiction, that, of all the Imperial races which have ever existed, there is not one—as the history of our Indian Empire, rightly viewed, will prove—which is more disinterested, more merciful, more just, more anxious to serve those whom she rules, and to rule by serving them. Panic, indeed, is always cruel; and, in times of great excitement and great danger, as in the Indian Mutiny, or the Jamaica Insurrection, it is

little wonder if some who were on the spot did deeds of which they were afterwards ashamed, and if many also, at home, clamoured for an all too sweeping and indiscriminate revenge. But the reaction is never long in coming; and it is found, when the conflict is over, that it is not those who have interpreted, perhaps only too faithfully, the passing popular passion; but it is the Cannings, the Outrams, the Lawrences—men who, in the prolonged life and death struggle, lost neither head nor heart, who have planted their memories most deeply in the affections of the English people.

It is a mere calumny to say, in face of our recent history, alike in Africa, in India, and in other parts of the world, that new countries cannot be explored, new trade routes opened out, immemorial rivers traced to their fountain-head, barbarous tribes influenced, controlled, civilised, assimilated, by men who have a conscience which is keenly sensitive to right and wrong, and who, to the robuster qualities which we usually associate with the pioneer and the discoverer, add the gentler and the more distinctively Christian virtues which we expect to find in the philanthropist and the missionary.

Mungo Park discovered and explored the Niger; Denham and Clapperton reached Lake Tchad and the Western Soudan; Rajah Brooke acquired and civilised part of Borneo; Gordon ruled the Egyptian Soudan, and led and moderated a great war in China; Speke and Grant discovered the Victoria Nyanza and "settled" the Nile; Cameron crossed Africa for the first time; Moffat spent a lifetime among the Bechuanas; Hannington faced torture and death in Uganda; missionary bishop after missionary bishop has thrown himself in a forlorn but cheerful hope on work and no uncertain death in Nyassa land; Livingstone exhibited in his own person, through a long lifetime, the very highest qualities alike of the explorer and the missionary; and all of them, so far as I am aware, without having done a single deed of violence at which any Englishman need blush. In the days, at all events of the earlier of these explorers, there were no telegraphs, no giant commercial companies, no "spheres," imaginary or otherwise, of European "influence" in a continent which was, almost as yet, undiscovered; there were no unlimited resources of men and money placed at the disposal of the intrepid explorer. Other African expeditions have in these later days been heroically undertaken, and carried through with marvellous, I would almost say with miraculous energy, tenacity and address, amidst the plaudits, the well-deserved plaudits, of an admiring world, and with results more striking, though hardly more important to geography and science. But they have been at an enormously greater expense, and they have left behind in their track too many burned or ruined villages, and too many bleaching human bones. It was on a modest £2000 that the "Nile was settled," by Speke and Grant, and the two men left behind them in

their "walk across Africa," a streak, as it were, of kindly light, and an example which future explorers, warned by the accompaniments, perhaps the inevitable accompaniments of semi-military expeditions, like Mr. Stanley's, will do well to follow.

Never, since, by a stroke of the pen, Pope Alexander the Sixth divided the undiscovered world into two portions, and, with true Pontifical liberality, gave all to the west of his imaginary line to the Spaniards, and all to the east of it to the Portuguese, calling forth the shrewd remark of the French king that "he should like to see the will of Father Adam before he assented to the arrangement," and, in the process, handing over whole continents to the treachery and ferocity of men like Cortes and Pizarro, has a large portion of the earth's surface been appropriated, and carved up with such splendid audacity, as has Africa been lately portioned out, among the jealous and scrambling nations of Europe, at the instance and under the auspices of Lord Salisbury. Perplexing questions may, no doubt, occur to us, as to the Right Divine of Lord Salisbury, or of anybody else, so to parcel out what does not belong to them; but, rightly or wrongly, for good or for evil, the "sphere of English influence" is, henceforward, to extend over something like an eighth of Africa; and it is the most pertinent, as it is one of the most burning of all Imperial questions, in view of recent revelations, whether Africa is once more, as she has been for centuries, though in a rather different sense, to be the prey of European nations, anxious only for their own enrichment, devastating her by their fire-arms, and decimating her by their flood of ardent and poisonous spirits; whether the "influence" at work is to be that of men like Barttelot and like Jameson, or of men like Gordon and like Livingstone; whether Africa is to be "exploited" by great commercial companies chiefly for their own benefit, or whether she is to be helped forward—Africa for the Africans—to a natural development of her own, redolent alike of the people and the soil.

R. Bosworth Smith.

MORALITY BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

LORD HERSCHELL'S motion in Parliament last Session on the subject of Judicial Sentences in Criminal Courts raised a question of no small importance. The matter is generally treated, as the House of Lords treated it on the occasion referred to, as though it concerned only the criminals and the judges. But it is the public who are most deeply interested, and until this is recognised there is little chance of a reform. A case was cited by the ex-Chancellor, where two prisoners convicted of similar crimes, and equally guilty, were sentenced, one to a long term of penal servitude, and the other to two months' imprisonment. Instances of this kind are not uncommon; but it is only an ex-Chancellor who would venture to assert that such inequalities are proof of error on the part of the judges. Humbler individuals, however intimate their acquaintance with the subject, must suppose that every judicial sentence is right. This, moreover, although they should happen to have a knowledge of the criminal and the crime more thorough and detailed than even the judge can reasonably possess. But though never presuming to question the decision of the judicial bench, they cannot fail to wonder at the amazing waste of time and labour and money devoted to attain results which might be reached so easily and so cheaply. Crimes of special gravity would always need the cumbersome and costly procedure of a trial; but in all ordinary cases the accused, on admitting his guilt, might be allowed at once to draw his sentence out of a lottery bag! The actual result would not be to any startling degree different from that which now perplexes the experts. The length of a sentence not infrequently depends rather upon the character of the Court, and the idiosyncrasies of the judge before whom the case is tried, than upon the "record" of the accused and the nature of his crime. There can be no objection, therefore, on prac-

tical grounds, to a proposal that the element of chance should be recognised and adopted in the mode I have suggested.

But behind the question of the inequality of sentences, there are other problems still greater and of more practical importance. We are a long way from having settled even the principles on which criminal legislation should proceed, and it is not surprising, therefore, if no settled principles govern the administration of the law. There are certain axioms, no doubt, which have gained general acceptance, but on examination they will be found entirely faulty. One such maxim finds expression in the familiar formula, "We deal with crime, not with vice." These words may fitly define the duties of a police magistrate, but when adopted by legislators, they are either extremely silly or utterly false. The duty of a legislature is to make vice criminal, in so far as public policy permits or requires it. And the neglect of this duty is responsible for many anomalies which are a disgrace to English law. Take one flagrant instance. A man may commit upon his daughter an outrage so monstrous that the calendar of crime contains but little that is more heinous—an outrage which is a capital felony by the common law of Scotland; but this is only "vice," and not "crime." *Per contra*, if he buys or sells less than 112 lbs. weight of old lead he commits a criminal offence. An instance of a wholly different kind will exemplify how entirely it is public policy, and not the distinction between vice and crime, which regulates our criminal legislation. A man may get as drunk as gin can make him, in any house in Blank Street, except No. 1, and this is only "vice." But if he gets drunk in No. 1, he is guilty of an offence, and may find himself in the lock-up forthwith. And the distinction is that No. 1 is a house specially provided by the State to supply him with the gin to get drunk upon.

But another great maxim of universal acceptance demands a fuller notice. "You cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament," is an axiom which seems to control both the Legislature and the Courts. On all occasions it is hailed as "making an end of controversy." What, then, is the meaning of this vaunted aphorism? It cannot be taken as asserting merely that statutes cannot change men's hearts. That would be a sententious platitude of no practical force whatever. Hearts are outside the jurisdiction of legislatures and magistrates. *They* have to do only with men's actions. It must therefore be taken to mean that a man's conduct is unaffected by outward restraints. But if there be one thing absolutely certain, it is that conduct is largely controlled by circumstances; that a man's acts are governed, and his character is moulded, by incentives to virtue, and the checks which hold him back from vice. There are numberless people now leading honest lives who would fall away to crime if a criminal career were made easy and safe. Children trained in the midst of vicious or criminal sur-

roundings almost inevitably become criminal or vicious, whilst the wholesome influences of a well-ordered home produce good citizens. Nor is this true only of the wicked and the weak. "Lead us not into temptation" is a prayer which the best of men may not with impunity despise; and the petition implies on the part of him who offers it the acknowledgment that strong inducements to evil would be fraught with danger which he shrinks from. In a word, it is one of the most certain truths in practical ethics that men *can* be made moral "by Act of Parliament," that statutory morality involves a principle which no one can afford to neglect, and that the morality of most men is to a large extent of this character.

It is of course an obvious corollary from this that severe sentences will deter men from entering on a criminal career, and the whole position will at once be challenged by appealing to the experience of the old *régime*, when sentences were of drastic and brutal severity. But the received argument based on that appeal is wholly fallacious. In the first place, it was not the hardened criminal that ordinarily fell a victim to the gallows. Poverty and the inability of weak natures of a certain type to resist a sudden temptation will always account for a number of petty crimes. Such persons are criminals in spite of their better instincts, and to this day the penalties imposed on them are too often of excessive severity. Offenders of this class seldom escape detection, while organised and systematic crime eludes the vigilance even of a highly trained police. And be it remembered, that in the days when the gallows claimed every felon as its due, a well-organised detective police force did not exist. The clever and experienced law-breaker incurred no greater risk of death than is faced by every man who goes tiger-hunting in India, or who follows any other perilous pursuit. Moreover, even in the improbable event of his being caught, the chances of a criminal trial under the old system were so entirely in his favour, that no one in whom the instinct of sport was strong—and it is only such men who make "good criminals"—was deterred by its dangers from a career so full of adventure and so fascinating to the social Ishmaelite.

If the gallows had been reserved for criminals of this character the death sentence would probably have remained as the punishment of those who outlawed themselves by deliberately following a life of crime. But the public sentiment was shocked by the fate of poor wretches who, in days of general poverty such as this generation can scarcely realise, were driven to crime as the only escape from hunger, and the death penalty was abrogated for all alike. Transportation as a substitute was a success, only because it ensured the perpetual banishment of habitual law-breakers. The present day substitute for transportation would be equally efficacious as a deterrent if only the sentences imposed on professional criminals were adequate,

instead of being, as is too often the case, so utterly inadequate as to become a direct encouragement to crime.

Take burglary as an illustration. The burglar is as really a "professional man" as the doctor or the engineer. His training is as special. The qualities essential to his success are as definite. There are scores of burglars who are tempted to try their hands at the business by the lightness of the penalties usually imposed when notorious criminals are caught; but common men go to the wall in every profession. The genuine burglar must be a man of courage, and of resource and skill, and a real enthusiast at his business. A man who "works" only for what he can get would have a better chance in any other line of life. The burglar, like the angler, has a soul for sport, and the "catch" is with him a secondary consideration, albeit an important one. Suppose, then, the case of a son, or nephew, or friend, or admirer of some successful burglar. Being "an advanced thinker," he is not embarrassed by religious scruples. He has a thirst for adventure, moreover, and a soul above working for his living. Just out of his teens, he contemplates fifty years of life, and even if he has to spend fifteen or twenty of these in gaol, the gain seems well worth the cost. But, like every gambler, he expects to win and not to lose, as the most expert of his heroes have done, and his intervals of prison labour will be more than balanced by long years of idleness and pleasure and plenty.

The picture is not a fanciful one. It is thus that many are tempted to a career of crime. A life sentence, like that imposed on the "Muswell Hill burglars" last year, of course upsets all such reckoning. But that is regarded by the fraternity as a scandalous outrage on fair-play. They look on it as a soldier would regard the use of poisoned bullets, or the massacre of wounded men. As a matter of fact, that sentence produced a profound impression on the criminals of London, and its effect continued until confidence was restored by public proofs that it might safely be regarded as an instance of judicial eccentricity.

But this is a digression. The inveterate criminal would not be deterred from crime by the fear of the severest sentence. The life is so fascinating, and he has such a fitting sense of the degradation of having to work for his living, that the gallows would not hold him back. It is wholly different, however, with the beginner. Crime is an inevitable blot on our civilisation; it can never be eradicated. But after a somewhat varied and not very brief experience, I am as certain as any one can be in regard to a question of this character, that organised and systematic crime might be stamped out in a single generation.

If statistics can prove anything, it is clear that crime is on the decrease: witness the annual reports of the Prison Commissioners and the Directors of Convict Prisons. This result, no doubt, is due to the combination of many causes. Four principal ones may be here specified.

First, it may be assumed that the many agencies at work to educate and help the poorer classes of the population in our large cities are bearing fruit. Secondly may be cited the temperance movement, and the growth of public opinion against drunkenness, that fruitful source of crime. Thirdly, the high standard of prison administration now attained under the Boards presided over by Sir Edmund Du Cane, claims full and generous acknowledgment. And lastly, increasing police efficiency is so obviously a prominent factor that no one thinks it necessary to call attention to it. But the proofs afforded by the statistics of recent years that crime is steadily diminishing, ought only to stimulate well-directed efforts to check it still more effectually. Unfortunately, however, the strife of political parties at present leaves but little leisure for the consideration of measures beneficial to the people. Political life in England is fast becoming a mere trade, as it has long been in America; but we are without the wise and beneficent checks which the American Constitution provides. We have no Supreme Court, like that at Washington, to control the demands of the electorate by vetoing every measure of unconstitutional change. The result is that such measures are likely to engross the time and attention of English politicians for years to come; and in the general screaming it will be increasingly difficult to get a hearing for questions of vital importance to the commonwealth.

What hope is there, for example, of securing attention to the pressing need of legislation on behalf of the waifs and strays of our streets, and the children of our criminals and paupers? Yet here it is that we can reach the very roots of the tree which produces such a fruitful crop of criminals. And, surely, the conscience of the nation cannot slumber much longer over this great question. We are, nowadays, too enlightened to recognise "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," but the divine right of vicious and brutal parents to make their children brutal and vicious like themselves is still guarded with scrupulous care. Here, for example, is an instance. A vicious and drunken woman lately sold her child to an organ-grinder, "and neither knew nor cared what became of him. As long as the organ-grinder could make use of the child by getting charity through him, by making it appear to be his own, he kept it, and then, when it became burdensome to him, he abandoned it in the street at Folkestone. Then the poor child, neglected and betrayed by its mother, is found by a clergyman and sent by him to Dr. Barnardo. Dr. Barnardo was not bound to take the child, but he does it in the fulfilment of his benevolent work to feed, nourish, teach, and clothe it, and finally to place it out in life." The quotation is from the recent judgment of the Master of the Rolls in the Gossage case. The Court of Appeal there decided that, by the law of England, this mother is now entitled to resume possession of her boy. "She was a bad woman," Lord Esher declared,

"and is now no better than she was before." But this is of no account. All the far-reaching power of the law must be used to restore to her the wretched child she has thus "neglected and betrayed." It is true that, in the particular case in question, the mother's ostensible object was to transfer the child from a Protestant to a Roman Catholic Home. But this is an accidental element of which the law takes no cognisance. The case merely confirmed the undoubted right of a parent, no matter how brutal, to resume possession of a child, no matter how shameful may have been the neglect and ill-treatment to which it has been exposed. I can picture some such victim of the law standing in the dock at the Old Bailey, convicted of serious crime, and I can hear him saying words like these: "Yes, I am a criminal, but at whose door is the real guilt of my crimes? I am just what the State has made me. I was innocent and happy once, and a career of usefulness was open to me, but your infamous laws stepped in and dragged me back to the want and misery and vice from which kind friends had rescued me. Those who are responsible for such laws ought now to be in the dock beside me."

It is a shameful admission to have to make, that the State does nothing to help, and something to hinder, philanthropic efforts for the rescue of poor hapless waifs like Harry Gossage. It recognises no asylums for them save the workhouse and the reformatory, and the result is the production of an amount of "statutory *immorality*" which is likely to become a great social danger. If some share of the money spent on judges and gaols were devoted to promoting institutions which really rescue and reform such children, fewer judges and smaller gaols would suffice. It is only persons who are acquainted with the work accomplished by institutions of this kind who can realise how thoroughly practical is this suggestion, or can estimate what a large proportion of the neglected child life of the metropolis, from which the great army of crime is now recruited, might be won over for honest industry.

The Act of 1889 for the protection of children was a bold step in the right direction, and it affords an answer to any objection on doctrinaire lines to further interference with parental rights. But that measure, while it goes very far indeed in some respects, avails little or nothing in cases such as I have indicated. It would be an insufferable check upon philanthropic effort on behalf of the young to require that no child shall be rescued unless its parent or guardian has been prosecuted to conviction for cruelty or neglect. In many of the worst cases, moreover, there is neither ill treatment nor abandonment in the statutory sense. Take a recent case as an example. A boy of nine years of age is brought to a police-station, and charged with stealing twopence from his own father. As the law now stands, the child is locked up for the night, and solemnly brought up at a

police-court next morning, there to be either returned to the care of the scoundrel who begat him, or else packed off to an industrial school as a criminal. Why should not the magistrate have power to remit the poor little waif to the charge of some approved institution that would save it at once from the father and from the reformatory? But the law ignores the philanthropist, and refuses to permit him to intervene.

Next to the young in years, the young in crime have the largest claims upon our compassion. Our gaols are no longer what they used to be—nurseries and hotbeds of crime. The Prison Acts of 1865 and 1877 changed all that. But notwithstanding the great reforms of recent years, there is urgent need of further changes in the interests of the class which I may describe as apprentices to crime; not necessarily first offenders, but persons who have not yet been merged in the criminal classes. There is no practical distinction at present between the prison treatment of the most hardened gaol-bird, and of the poor wretch who has been betrayed into an offence in circumstances, possibly, which call for pity rather than for punishment. It is a popular blunder to suppose that the addition of "hard labour" implies a dreadful aggravation of the severity of prison discipline. The difference is scarcely appreciable in many cases, and, in the case of female prisoners, for example, it is merely nominal. Certain prisons should be set aside in the principal centres of population, where offenders who are novices in crime should be treated mainly, if not altogether, with a view to their reformation. Workshops should be provided in connection with such prisons, to which prisoners might pass at once on their discharge, there to find employment until they can be again merged in the wage-earning classes of the community. The success of efforts in this direction by one earnest and practical philanthropist in London, with whose work I am specially acquainted, gives proof how much more might be done for the help and reclamation of offenders than has yet been seriously attempted. I refer to the work of Mr. Wheatley, of the St. Giles' Christian Mission.

The objection is often urged that putting the results of prison labour openly upon the market would be fraught with prejudice to the honest and industrious working classes. This objection is based on ignorance and selfishness; and the effect now given to it naturally produces the very mischief it seeks to obviate. Under the present system, prison labour must be "jobbed" secretly, and the traders who contract for its products are thus able to buy more cheaply than their neighbours, and of course to undersell them in the market. The real injury to labour is not that a carpenter or a cobbler should work at his trade when a prisoner in gaol, but that the furniture or boots he makes in prison should be sold at such a price that non-criminal labour cannot compete with him.

But no amount of prison reform will alter the fact that a first imprisonment is a crisis in the life of every one who suffers it. Mr. Howard Vincent's Probation of First Offenders' Bill was a natural result of his experience as head of the detective police of the metropolis. No one could hold such a position without being impressed by the need of legislation in that direction. Imprisonment should be the exception rather than, as it is at present, the rule, in the case of first offenders. But the Act of 1887 is too little used, even in cases to which it applies, and there are numberless cases which do not come within its provisions, which might with propriety and advantage be dealt with on similar lines. Even under the existing law a Court sometimes allows a convicted prisoner to enter into his own recognisances to come up for judgment if called upon, opportunity being given him to compensate the person aggrieved by his crime. Why should not such an arrangement be recognised by law? The award of compensation might be part of the penalty imposed, security being required to enforce the payment of it. The theoretical objections to such a proposal might, perhaps, be formidable, but the practical objections to it would be slight, and the advantages resulting from it would be very great.

Scarcely a day passes that our gaols do not receive victims of the present law, who might be otherwise dealt with in the interests of prosecutors and to the great benefit of the community. Young servants, for example, who are tempted to pilfer or steal by the almost criminal carelessness or neglect of their employers, are hustled off to prison, to come out in a few weeks or months with ruined characters and hopes, and then to drift helplessly to the workhouse or the streets. In such cases, if convicted persons can find solvent householders willing to give security for their good behaviour, no difficulty need arise. And others might be handed over to the care of some suitable Institution, empowered by order of the Court to enforce residence and work for a specified term. This is now done in an informal way in a few exceptional instances; it might be sanctioned by legislation, and carried out on a scale as extensive as the most sanguine of philanthropists could wish.

If "General" Booth proceeds with adequate resources to bring the pauperism of London within his "cab-horse charter," as he describes the duty of raising the fallen, he will attract the paupers of the world to the metropolis of the world in increasing hordes. If he wastes his energies in trying to reclaim the irreclaimable, he will find that the only cab-horse instinct they possess is the dangerous propensity to kick out at those who try to raise them. For such there is no hope, save in the Divine philanthropy of Redemption. But in the floating prison population of our towns he will find a sphere in which the philanthropy of the "cab-horse charter" will reap a rich and early

harvest. The only danger is lest the popularity of the scheme with which his name has now become connected should draw away support from those who have long laboured with devotion and success in this very field. These are public benefactors and deserve the gratitude of the nation, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the interest excited by "In Darkest England," instead of diverting the supply of needed funds, will bring them increased support in their beneficent and holy work.

Each of the topics I have thus touched upon, and others which I might introduce in this connection, would supply matter for a separate article. There are other questions also, of a wholly different kind, which must be dealt with in any general crusade against crime. I will only allude to two. First, the facility with which stolen goods can be disposed of in London and the chief provincial towns, is a principal incentive to offences against property. The problem this suggests is too large and too difficult for incidental treatment. I will dismiss it with the remark that while the pawnbrokers as a body are the best allies the police possess in detecting thieves and recovering their plunder, and without their co-operation police action would be ineffectual in cases too numerous to mention, on the other hand there is a dishonest minority in the trade who are no better than licensed receivers of stolen property. And, secondly, the haphazard system on which the criminal law is administered in England encourages lawbreakers by affording them immunity from punishment. The duty of prosecuting, which in Scotland and in Ireland is undertaken by the State, rests in this country upon the unfortunate citizen who is aggrieved by the crime. The result is that systematic crime goes unpunished year after year because no one will come forward to put the law in motion. This is specially noticeable in frauds of a certain kind where, though the gains of the criminal are considerable, the victims are so numerous that the loss incurred by each is comparatively small. But even in regard to crimes of the most commonplace character, such, for example, as picking pockets, the thief is sometimes not more eager to escape than is the person he has robbed. Instances are not uncommon where, after a thief has been secured, police vigilance is baffled in the effort to find the "prosecutor." Sometimes, indeed, even where valuable property is recovered, the owner is content to lose it rather than incur the dreaded penalty of having to undertake a prosecution.

All classes will be agreed in assigning the highest importance to preventive measures, aimed at checking the current that ever sets strongly from the direction of mere poverty and vice towards open and systematic crime. But measures of repression must by no means be neglected. At this point, however, unanimity ceases, and persons "of light and leading" will be found who have nothing but weak—I had almost said morbid—sympathy for hardened criminals. One

result is that certain important enactments for dealing with crime are practically inoperative. Some of the most valuable provisions of the Prevention of Crimes Act are almost a dead letter. Were I to explain why this has been hitherto so largely the case in the metropolis I should be trenching on delicate ground, and it would be specially invidious to criticise the administration of the law in other parts of England. I content myself, therefore, with noticing the public fact I have recorded, and pleading for a due administration of the existing law respecting police supervision and the punishment of habitual offenders.

And, lastly, it is absolutely essential that sentences should be adequate. I deprecate the suggestion that I desire a return to merciless penalties for ordinary criminals. On the contrary, I contend that the sentences too often passed on such offenders are scandalously excessive. I have already urged a radical change in the interest of "beginners," and I recall with pleasure my having framed the *projet de loi* which took shape in the Summary Jurisdiction Act, 1879, a measure which has done not a little to mitigate the severity of the criminal law. But all this leads me to say with the greater emphasis that the weakness now shown to hardened and inveterate criminals tends to encourage crime and to bring the administration of the criminal law into contempt. When a man who boasts of having committed a hundred crimes escapes with a sentence which turns him loose on society again after a few months' or years' imprisonment, is not the whole proceeding an utter farce? Such a man is far more deserving of the gallows than is many a wretch whom we hang for murder; and, as hanging is no longer possible, and banishment beyond the seas is obsolete, a term should be put to his career in the way the existing law provides.

Or if public opinion be not yet ripe for life sentences in cases such as I have indicated, these outlaws ought at least to be placed permanently under police supervision; and this, not merely in the interests of the public, but in pity for the criminals themselves. The outcry in some quarters against the system is based entirely on ignorance of its incidents and its effects. It is altogether beneficial to those who really desire to live reputable and honest lives. At this moment, in London at all events, a discharged prisoner under police surveillance has a better prospect of work and wages than the poor wretch who, with no brand of crime upon him whatsoever, passes from the workhouse to the streets to seek employment.

Supervision, I repeat, is a distinct and signal benefit to those who desire the help and guidance and restraint without which the "habitual criminal" returns, almost inevitably, to a course of crime. It works, in a sense, automatically. To those who give proof that they may be trusted, its restraints become almost nominal, while it is

a powerful engine for the punishment of the hopelessly depraved. If, in the words of the American "Declaration of Independence," liberty be one of the "inalienable rights" with which "all men have been endowed by their Creator," then a prison is an outrage upon humanity and an offence against heaven. But there is no country in the world where the policeman's "club" makes shorter work of these "inalienable rights" than the United States. In civilised communities the rights of the individual must be held in subjection to the good of the commonwealth; and if, by persisting in a career of crime, a man gives proof that his liberty is incompatible with the public weal, he should be placed in a state of social tutelage, for his own good, as well as for the welfare of the community.

Under the present system, it would often be better for the unfortunate victims of crime, and equally good for the public at large, if the police were allowed to compound with the criminal, and let him go free at once on the terms of his making restitution. But the victims are forgotten altogether. When Lady Blank loses her diamonds there is fuss enough, no doubt, though Lady Blank may deserve but little pity; for her own folly probably gave the thief his opportunity, and her husband's balance can supply the means to refill her jewel case. But what shall be said of humble homes robbed of all the owner's little household gods, cherished gifts, sometimes, from parents dead and gone or valued friends? The generous and bitter sorrow which these losses cause—and such cases are of daily occurrence—is well fitted to excite compassion. A burglary at Lady Blank's is a comparatively rare event, and, if the burglar be caught, he is pretty certain to get penal servitude. But there are scores of habitual house-breakers in London, men who never did an honest week's work in their lives, who prey upon the homes of humble folk, causing an incalculable amount of loss and bitterness and grief to respectable and worthy citizens. These criminals, however, are the *protégés* and pets of doctrinaire philanthropists, who seem to have no compassion left to bestow upon the numberless victims of their crimes.

If it be certain that men can be made "moral by Act of Parliament," it is no less certain that they can be made *immoral* "by Act of Parliament," and that this is the natural and immediate result of bringing the law into contempt. And the law is always deserving of contempt when it ceases to be "a terror to evil-doers," and tends rather, as in fact it now does, to encourage the evil-doer in a career of crime. For the young and the weak and the unfortunate, I appeal for consideration and compassion now denied them. But for those who deliberately and openly declare war upon society and the State, I claim the penalties of outlawry. And I make this claim, not only in the interest of society in general, and of the immediate sufferers by their crimes; I urge it also in the name of that large class of criminals

who are ever gravitating towards the circle of habitual crime, and who are now drawn in by the comparative immunity which habitual crime enjoys. So far as human influence can avail, the hardened criminal is hopeless; and if influences of a higher kind seem equally powerless in Christian England, it is the fault of England, and not of Christianity. In one sense, the conversion of a criminal must always be a miracle, but in many of our prisons it would be a miracle of the same kind as was the feeding of the Hebrew prophet in the days of Ahab, king of Israel. This, however, opens out questions far too large and too important for discussion here. They will force themselves to the front hereafter, when public opinion becomes educated on this subject, and refuses any longer to tolerate the misplaced leniency now extended to inveterate professional criminals.

R. ANDERSON.

EURIPIDES AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE great epochs of history change for the eyes of successive generations their colouring, but not their brightness; and that life of the ancient world which centres in Athens, and which our fathers chose as the type of human culture, gleams on us from some new vista in every pathway. A materialistic age, inclined to cast on classic lore something of the shadow that has fallen on its ancient ally, theology, finds, even in the very headquarters of the new learning, that in some sense "the old is better," and while the student (it may be) pores less earnestly over the ancient page, a crowd of idlers hurry to the representation in which our University enables us to realise through eye and ear what our fathers knew through the medium of laborious scholarship. In truth, the charm of Greek literature can no more wear out or grow stale than that of Nature itself, for it is the one absolutely original literature accessible to us, and although this very originality, to those who are nourished on the literatures which have sprung from it, may appear as commonplace, yet in the long run it keeps its place. Greece remains, in some sense, the model for those who know not her tongue or her history, and the means whereby her spell is brought home to these latter, as their number increase, is a new evidence of her power.

Euripides belongs to the autumn of Greek glory. But the age when that glory began and ended is to the history of the modern world as a mountain that soars through the seasons of half a year to a continent which can know these seasons only in slow succession. We watch the changes of Greek history as the traveller snatched up by the St. Gothard railway from the Italian landscape to the snowy peaks looks out on the magic-seeming transformation; the outlook changes with every interval of averted attention,

and after a short slumber one seems to wake in another world. A nation suddenly made conscious of its unity by the presence of the common foe, the glow of a rush towards a common centre, the sudden blossoming of poetry, art, genius, into forms that have remained the types of beauty for all ages—all this fills the half century that began with Marathon and Salamis, and makes that age unique in the history of the world. And if we imagine that Englishmen who could remember the Armada, and had witnessed the first performance of Shakespeare's "Henry V.," had lived to see a deadly war between England and Scotland, leaving our exhausted island ready to be the prey of some premature Napoleon—that we, in this nineteenth century after Christ, were looking back to a gleam of national life whose brightness was set off by intervening night—we put ourselves in the right attitude to understand the half century which succeeded that glorious age, and which includes the chief activity of our poet. His works may be marked by his country's progress towards dissension and decay. His first drama, which is lost, was brought out B.C. 455, about the time that Athens transferred to her own soil the Federal treasury of Greece, thus formally, as it were, setting a keystone to the claims which had roused Greek hatred and produced the resistance which shattered her power; his "Medea" appeared in the year of the first invasion of Attica by the Peleponnesians (B.C. 431), and the play with which we are now concerned can be dated only by an allusion in its concluding lines to the promontory of Rhium, which was the scene of an Athenian victory (B.C. 429). He is the poet of the Peleponnesian war, but we must not remember that fact without also remembering that he is said to have been born on the day of Salamis. One whose life is thus measured has seen an amount of national vicissitude impossible at any other period of the world's history, and reflects in his works the emotions which belong to both the rise and the close of a national life.

Euripides was only forty years younger than Æschylus, a poet who embodies perhaps more than any other that ever lived, if we except Dante, the sense of the supernatural—a poet who seems to breathe the atmosphere of religious awe, and who, when he records the literal narrative history of his country's triumph over Persia, does not lose that atmosphere. Two writers separated by less than half a century would in any review of English literature appear as contemporaries. But Euripides is as remote from Æschylus as Byron is from Milton. Indeed, the late seventeenth century is much less remote in spirit from the early nineteenth than the years of our poet's birth from those of his death. The day of Salamis takes its place beside the passage of the Red Sea. No event of history testifies more clearly to a righteous government of this world; a decision that order shall prevail against disorder, that a handful of men,

when they represent the cause of freedom, shall be victorious over myriads. It makes us feel that the Hellene, no less than the Hebrew, belongs to a chosen race. But if the trust in that dominion can be shaken by anything that *happens*, the spectacle of the twin powers of Greece tearing each other to pieces on the morrow of their common salvation may well shatter it to dust. We see that it did so for the contemporaries of Euripides. "The course of events," said Pericles—whom our poet survived for twenty-three sad years—"is as capricious as that of human fancy, *so that we ascribe to fortune whatever goes against reasonable anticipation.*" * The historian who records the speech never utters a single word which betrays the belief in any Divine power whatever. Yet he may have known a brother historian whose page opens to us the dim, dewy dawn of a nation's life, where unfamiliar forms fail to startle us, and the visions of the night seem to linger. If we remember that Euripides might have known both the religious, imaginative, credulous Herodotus, and the cold, sceptical Thucydides, we hold a clue to all that is most characteristic of him, and to much that is common to him and the thought of our own day. The utterance of a writer who belonged to such a time will give rise to many contradictions, and perhaps contain some. Euripides wrote the "Ion," we are told, to pour scorn on the gods of his country; he is also said to embody that strain of Greek thought and feeling which was taken up into Christianity, so that an able and candid opponent of Christianity (M. Ernest Havet) claims for him a place far nearer St. Paul than that of any prophet of the Old Testament. It is not by scoffing at one form of faith that we prepare the way for another, and no poet could speak, as Euripides does, of "the One, Himself unseen, who seeth all," † in a merely dramatic sense, But the ages of faith and of doubt were in Greece contained in the space of an individual lifetime, and a single mind, if sympathetic to various impulses, could not but mirror both.

If we turn to those fragments of our poet which, as is natural to passages preserved by quotation, contain what is of most interest to the general reader, we find him almost ready to echo the scoff of Pericles, and eager to repudiate it.

> "Oft is my heart of bitter doubt the prey,
> If God, or chance, o'er mortal lot holds sway,"‡

says some personage in a lost play, and we may find a direct answer by only a slight adaptation of two other Fragments,§ and an indirect answer in many:

> "Hear me, all ye no Sacred Power who know.
> *God is.* He looks from Heaven on mortal woe."

* Thucyd. A. I., 140. † Frag., 960. ‡ *Ibid.*, 1013. § *Ibid.*, 825 and 959.

We cannot, of course, decide with entire certainty on the relation to the views of the writer in the case of any dramatic fragment, yet we may feel ourselves tolerably safe in saying that in both these we hear the voice of the poet himself. The "Ion" was produced at a time of national discord, and that invasion of doubt which is its shadow on the inner world. But doubt means yearning in Euripides. He longs for a reign of righteousness on earth; he hopes for "some other form of life," * where this ideal shall be realised. "Who knows if what we call death be in truth life, and life in truth death?" asks another personage in a lost play,† whom we may accept as expressing his own deepest thought, and all the more because Aristophanes twice picks out ‡ this passage for a jeer. It is a characteristic fact concerning Euripides and one which recalls his strong attraction for his contemporary Socrates, that the name of Conscience is said to appear for the first time on his page.§ He who first named that faculty which speaks of a duality at the root of our being where there should be a unity, may well have been a favourite of the teacher who taught men that through doubt lies the road to knowledge, who has always helped them to keep hold of the belief that beyond doubt and knowledge alike lies the realm of Faith.

We gather up all that is most characteristic of our poet when we say that among his countrymen he is in an especial sense the singer of woman. Man and woman, in all ages, stand opposite to each other as symbolising the great antitheses of all thought and life. It is not only as strength opposed to weakness that we must contemplate their opposition: in the inward world that opposition is often inverted, and it is the inward world, the individual world, that opens on us in the page of Euripides. But the sympathy with woman will always mean sympathy with the weak; the woman, in the ancient world, stands near the slave, and we find sympathy in Euripides for both. "The name of slave," says in this play one who bears it,‖ "may be a shadow on the truest of men," and the war in which Greek enslaved Greek must have given a new meaning to a sentiment doubtless as old as slavery itself. And it is on this side that we feel his sympathy with woman. A modern poet has put in the mouth of a heroine whom he has adopted from Euripides a lament which might be taken directly from his model.

> "Against the gods I strive not—but I know
> The woman's destiny is to endure,"

says Goethe's Iphigenia, and the play before us vividly echoes the feeling there expressed.

* "Ion," 1067. † The "Polyidus," also in the "Phryxus."
‡ Ran, 1079 and 1477. § By M. Havet, "Le Christianisme et des Origines."
‖ "Ion," 854, 855. The sentiment is almost repeated in more than one of the Fragments.

We may take as its motto the lines which have made the name of Euripides familiar to those who know nothing of him but his name—lines which it is significant to remember are written by a woman:

> "Our Euripides the human,
> With his droppings of warm tears,
> And his touches on things common,
> Till they rose to touch the spheres."

Few dramas contain more of the pathos suggested by those lines. In Creusa, the mother of Ion, we have a representation of the sufferings of woman as a symbol of the doubts and struggles of humanity. A mother before she was a wife, the victim of the violence of a god, her infant lost to her, and, as she supposes, devoured by wild beasts in the cavern where her maiden shame has forced her to leave him (a combination of ideas which is of itself a curious jumble of old and new, possible only to such an age). Here at once stands a type of the anguish of countless generations of deceived and forsaken mothers, and also of all who, finding their hard lot the appointment of irresistible Power, look up to Heaven, and find no comfort there. We see her first on the threshold of the god who has wronged her—the temple of Apollo at Delphi—come with her husband to inquire for their waning hope of some infant that shall still the fierce craving in her hungry heart, and satisfy her husband's desire for an heir. Through the "droppings of warm tears" that well up from this inexhaustible spring, she first sees her son, the devout young sacristan, who finds it blessed to be a doorkeeper in the house of his god. If Euripides could have read the Book of Samuel in his own tongue, we should have seen in Creusa a Greek adaptation of the part of Hannah, the "woman of a sorrowful spirit drunken, but not," as Eli had imagined, "with wine." The dates forbid us to trace the common features of the narrative to the Septuagint, but we need no documents to trace it to a common ideal. Here, in Hannah and Creusa, are the Hebrew and the Greek mother, side by side, the one consecrating her son to the temple service as the offering of a glad and grateful heart; the other yielding him to that service unconsciously and reluctantly, and when she meets him on the temple steps, not knowing that he is her son. The comparison opens out a vista which the critic of a Greek poet has no excuse for following, but we cannot pass it without a rapid glance. He who learns to appreciate the antagonism and sympathy in the Greek and the Hebrew has a clue to all the deepest problems of the past, and surely to many of the future also.

A more superficial reflection, but one which is less superficial than it appears, forces itself on the reader of the "Ion" in the scene which introduces the mother and son. No modern writer wishing to defer their recognition would reveal their kinship so plainly to the

spectator. Greek poetry knows nothing of that spirit of curiosity, to stimulate and satisfy which is a principal object of modern fiction. It is possible that the same mental development which has led on the intellectual side to the world of physical science has, in the world of imagination, taken this line, which demands in all that we can call a story some exercise of the faculty which *discovers*. The Greek, on the other hand, as little wanted to be guessing riddles in the world of the imagination as to be solving problems in the world of the senses. It is only Euripides, the modern among the tragedians, whose dramas possess anything that we can call a plot, and even they have not that quality which almost belongs to the idea of *a plot* in modern fiction—some doubt in the mind of the reader or spectator as to the actual facts of the case before him. The story of a Greek play was meant to be like a statue seen at the end of a corridor, as in former days the Venus of Milo in the Louvre; the general design was to be apparent from the first, details were to be gradually added, but *surprise* was never to mingle with admiration. It is a curious illustration of this difference, that in this play Hermes appears to supply, in a quite unnecessary Prologue, the explanation which a modern writer would keep for the last page. If we take the modern point of view, we shall see nothing but stupidity in the hero and heroine (as Voltaire did in a similar situation in the "Œdipus" of Sophocles) in not recognising that they are mother and son. The pathos of their unconsciousness is as much deeper, as in truth, if we forget the world of the novelist, it is more natural.

The unconscious approach of the mother and son, well separated by the Cambridge text into the first act, has all the distinctness of a movement in music. *L'on ne connaît jamais parfaitement*, says Madame Swetchine, *que celui que l'on devine*. How slender may be the experience which leads one human being to say, or to be ready to say, to another, "I want you"! A few minutes' interview between the son who yearns for his mother, and the mother who yearns for her son, make them almost one; and the outburst of wrath which intervenes between their first mutual yearning and the satisfied embrace on which the curtain falls, presents us with that relation of fierce antagonism which is in truth but love inverted. The husband of Creusa has learnt from the Oracle that the first person who meets him on quitting the temple is his son, and he greets the young sacristan on the temple steps with a delight as perplexing as unwelcome to its object. Ion is as much repelled by the man he falsely supposes to be his father as he is attracted by the woman he does not know to be his mother, and though mingled argument and entreaty compel his consent, we see that his repugnance to a home in the palace, which opens to receive him, is in no respect overcome, and that it is with a heavy heart he accepts his brilliant future. Creusa, on learning that

her husband, instead of receiving, as she had hoped, a promise of their common parentage to a child yet to be born, has found a son of his own, is filled with burning wrath at the contrasted fates of the lost babe, whom she believes the prey of wild beasts, and the good fortune of this interloper; she rushes to thoughts of vengeance and attempts the life of the youth lately so very near her heart. But the god watches over his son, and preserves him alike from death and from murder. His ritual piety saves him from tasting, at a solemn banquet, the cup from which, it being sullied by an inauspicious omen, he can make no libation to the god; and the sudden death of a tame pigeon who dips its beak into the spilt wine, reveals the plot which has threatened his life, and leads to the discovery of the Athenian princess as his murderess, and her condemnation by the Delphic judges. After this the whole play seems to us to go wrong. No modern hero intended to retain his hold on the sympathies of the spectators would be allowed to show any part of the fierce rage with which this votary of Apollo hunts to the altar a woman who was indeed, in intent, his murderess, but whom he knew to be maddened by temptations he had himself foreseen and described, and who was at any rate a defenceless creature at his mercy, such as in any modern fiction would have been made an object of magnanimous pardon, or of reluctant and dispassionate condemnation; and though perhaps the ancient view is more natural in some sense, it is further from the world of poetic truth. The appearance of the Pythoness on the scene with his cradle and tokens of his parentage, clumsy as is the device by which their long concealment is accounted for, is the occasion of a tender protest against his fierce, revengeful spirit, full of Christian feeling and that peculiar spirit of Greek temperance which is, at times, so closely allied with it. We know, indeed, nothing in classic poetry, unless perhaps in Virgil, where the approach is so near. Still, on the whole, we feel the end both careless and commonplace. The recognition and reconciliation of the mother and son, the bundle of perplexities which seem, as it were, suddenly flung at us, and the sense of impatience produced by the appearance of Athena as *Dea ex machinâ* on the scene, are all so disappointing that (to express at once our reverence for and dissatisfaction with our poet) they affect us much as the conclusion of "Hamlet." Or let us rather express our criticism through a reminiscence. An authoress, whom it does not seem to us unnatural to name beside Euripides—Charlotte Brontë, to give her the name she lost so short a time before she died—ended her last novel with an ambiguous sentence, to veil from her father, who had an old man's shrinking from a tragic ending, her real meaning in finishing "Villette." "Leave sunny imaginations hope," she wrote, "let them imagine the rapture of rescue from peril, the wondrous reprieve from dread, the fruition of return." A friend, present at one of the innumerable discussions to which

that sentence gave rise thirty-seven years ago, reported the debate to her and asked for her decision. "Which side did you take?" asked Charlotte Brontë before answering the question. "I thought," said her friend, "that the whole story would have been in a wrong key if it was to lead up to a happy ending." The words, which were heard with a pleasure which showed that the world's homage had not deadened a welcome for any true appreciation, recur now as the criticism of a tragedy in which, after every element of disaster has been given, we suddenly find that everybody is to live happy ever after. Surely there is a more harmonious issue somewhere hid away in Fableland! Creusa, we have no doubt, was in fact successful in the attempt to poison her unknown son; the tokens of his parentage, brought on the scene to interrupt an outburst of her triumphant vengeance, first revealed to his murderess his relation to her, changed triumph to remorse, and proved a surer death-blow than that decreed by the Delphic judges. Surely the death of an innocent son, at the hand of guilty mother, would teach that lesson which lies at the heart of the play—the essential blindness of hatred—far more forcibly than the sudden transition from fierce mutual invective to that oblivious embrace which throws back a shade of unreality on the attempt at mutual destruction so readily forgotten. And with this change, so we cannot but think, we should keep a stronger hold on the historic clue to the play—that parable of the mutual ignorance of kindred which was set forth for all time with such deadly significance in the Peloponnesian war. The mutual efforts of destruction of a mother and son who are each hungering for the other at heart, reveal to us the secret anguish of a divided Hellas, smitten and smiting, but feeling at every blow the severed bond. They, who had together repelled the barbarian—they, who shared a common tongue, a common faith, a common inheritance of glorious memories—were now spending all their energies in a rivalry of malignant effort. Yet all the while, so we may translate our poet, the hostile kinsmen were pining for a day when Judah should no more vex Ephraim, nor Ephraim Judah, and the secret desires of their noblest men are symbolised by the yearnings of a mother and the son so hungrily craving for each other, that they only need to know their kindred to rush into each other's arms.

The play will bring home the description we have quoted from our greatest poetess, more vividly to those who know the "Ion" in the closet than to those who watched the representation at Cambridge. Beautiful and attractive as it was, it touched no spring of tears. We owe much to the young actors who, as it were, illuminate for our eyes the page that frowned on their fathers, and we can hardly wish that they should be able to suggest the throb of yearning and the sigh of regret that mingle in the music of the poet they have interpreted for us. They bring us his grace and loveliness; it would

be a capacity dearly bought if they were able to reproduce his pathos. If they had done so, perhaps some suggestions of the play would have been too importunate to leave room for enjoyment. In after-years the actors of 1890 will know that "serrement du cœur" which some lines of this play almost reproduce in the hearer who has ever felt it. May they then recall this tale of women's wrong with a sympathy untainted by compunction! May Creusa, the forsaken and unwedded mother, hurrying from the babe to whom she dare not give more than a parting embrace, stand for ever between the men who reproduced her story in their youth in this mimic guise and all weak womanhood. The desire may seem too solemn to associate itself with the grace and music of the Cambridge spectacle, but it could have been remote from no spectator who had entered into the spirit of the play, and only the sense of those aspirations which it may suggest from this point of view could make possible sympathetic attention to such a story set forth by such actors. Let us trust that it may be to some among them the warning which our poet elsewhere expresses in the awful words:

Οὐ Κύπρις μόνον
Ἀλλ' ἔστι πολλῶν ὀνομάτων ἐπώνυμος·
Ἔστιν μὲν ἅδης, ἔστι δ' ἄφθιτος βία,
Ἔστιν δὲ λύσσα μαινάς.*

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

* Frag. 145, in the Glasgow edition of 1821. It is quoted by Plutarch, who is the authority for many of these Fragments.

PUBLIC LANDED ENDOWMENTS OF THE CHURCH.

MY object in this paper is to show that a very large proportion of the landed estates of the archbishops, bishops, and capitular bodies was given to them out of national property by Anglo-Saxon kings and their respective Witenagemóts. Certain writers boast that the Church of England never received any of her endowments from national sources, and that no part of her present endowments is national property. I contend that these statements are opposed to facts which appear in Anglo-Saxon charters. These instruments conveyed large portions of *folcland*, or *national property*, to the above corporations. And the charters changed the folcland into *bocland*. To get a correct knowledge of this very important subject, I shall subsequently give a brief sketch of the nature of *folcland*, and its transference into *bocland*, or charter land.

None of these charter-grants seem to have been given to parishes. But the parochial incumbents and curates receive over £800,000 per annum from the Common Fund of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in augmentation of incomes, &c. Now the Common Fund is annually replenished from the revenues of the episcopal and capitular properties, a part of which was granted out of national property, and which since 1840 have been vested in the Commissioners by various Acts of Parliament, for the special purpose of making provision for parochial spiritual destitution. The Common Fund is made up of five-sevenths of capitular and two-sevenths of episcopal endowments—a fact which indicates that the capitular estates have furnished very substantial parochial endowments. The episcopal estates have furnished less than one-half of what the capitular estates have done, partly owing to the high incomes granted by Parliament in 1836 to the

archbishops and bishops, and partly owing to the comparatively small episcopal revenues of ten of the Sees, the result of Reformation plunder and episcopal mismanagement and misappropriation of trust property. The chapters were free from these blemishes. At the time of the Reformation, the Church lost a large part of the national property, as well as of the private endowments. In other countries, the property taken from the Church and monasteries furnished funds to support the poor. In England it was transferred to private individuals, and a Poor-Law Act was passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth placing the support of the poor on the ratepayers. If the Church property thus taken away at the Reformation had been utilised for the support of the poor in England and Wales, an annual income would have been produced quite sufficient for this purpose even up to the present time.

Folcland.

Folcland was the property of the community, or national property, —*terra fiscalis*. So long as it remained folcland, it could not be alienated in perpetuity. It was subject to many burdens from which bocland was exempt. Its possessors, who had only a life interest in it, were bound to assist in repairing royal vills, had travellers quartered upon them for subsistence, extended hospitality to kings and great men in their progress through the country, furnished them with carriages and relays of horses, and extended the same assistance to their messengers and servants. For breach of these conditions the possessor of folcland was liable to forfeiture or fine. On his death the king could dispose of it to another. Freemen of all ranks and conditions held folcland, and every possessor of folcland was desirous of converting as much as possible of it into bocland.

Bocland.

Bocland was free from the above burdens. It was land held by book or charter. It had been severed from the folcland by an Act of the Government, and was thus converted into an estate of perpetual inheritance by a written instrument, attested by the king and the members of his Witenagemót. Any grant of folcland by the king without the consent of his Witan was void. The following case proves this statement. Baldred, King of Kent, had given to Christ Church, Canterbury, the Manor of Malling, in Sussex; but the king having offended his nobles, they declined to ratify his grant, and therefore the grant did not take effect until King Egbert, in A.D. 838, restored, with the consent of his Witan, the manor to the church. There is hardly a Saxon charter creating bocland which is not said

to have been granted by the king with the consent and leave of his nobles and great men—"cum consilio, consensu et licentia procerum," or with some similar expression. Even when the king himself received a grant of folcland, he had first to receive the consent of his Witan. Ethelwulf booked twenty hides of folcland to himself in his private capacity, but he had to obtain the consent of his Witan. Offa did the same. The grants of bocland to the Church were given by the Witenagemóts to the recipients as trustees of national property with usufructuary rights. The word bocland is mentioned but once in the Domesday Survey, and in this sense.

It may be said that the lands granted to the Church by the Anglo-Saxon kings had been a part of the "Terra Regis" of Domesday. To this I reply that a great part of the Terra Regis was folcland, or public property of the State, and the king was only the usufructuary possessor. But he had distributed this State property with the license and consent of his Witan. We have an important definition of Terra Regis at p. 75 of the "Exon Domesday," viz., "The demesne land of the king *belonging to the kingdom.*" And we find a similar definition in the "Exchequer Domesday."

With regard to the Anglo-Saxon charters by which the lands were transferred to the Church, I am indebted for my information to two valuable volumes, and a part of a third, published under the title "Cartularium Saxonicum" (1885–1890), by Mr. Walter De Gray Birch, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. The work is in course of progress. The first charter is dated A.D. 430, and the last published is A.D. 972. In order to complete the collection to A.D. 1066, I collected my materials, from 972 to 1067, from Kemble's "Codex Diplomaticus," in six volumes (1839–1848).

As regards the number of manors, hidage, and annual rentals in the Exchequer Survey, I have carefully collected my statistics from the two folio volumes, copies of the original survey, printed by the king's command, A.D. 1816.*

The episcopal and capitular incomes stated in the general summary are taken from the Parliamentary Returns.

I have given in detail, as specimens, the national property granted to the Sees and Chapters of Canterbury, York, Winchester, and St. Paul's, London. With regard to the other Sees and Chapters, I have given a summary of each. At the end will be found a general summary, useful for reference.

* The counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham are not described in the survey, neither is Lancashire under its proper title. But Furness and the northern part of the county, as well as the south of Westmoreland, with part of Cumberland, are included within the West Riding of Yorkshire. The lands between the Ribble and Mersey are placed in Cheshire, and part of Rutlandshire is described as in the counties of Northampton and Lincoln.

Public Grants to Canterbury.

Year in which land was granted.	Number of Hides.	Place.	County.	By whom granted.	Number Witnesses to the Charter.	Title in Charter.
616	17 hides	Adisham	Kent	K. Eadbald	None	King of Kent
680	70 hides	Pageham, with 8 appendages	,,	Caedwalla	4	Kg. of Wessex
687	4 ,,	Geddingge and Wdetun	,,	,,	4	,, ,,
774	5 ,,	Higham	,,	Offa	24	K. of the Angles
774	3 ,,	Lydd	,,	,,	22	K. of all Angles
791	8 ,,	Otford	,,	,,	—	,, ,,
791	2 ,,	Sandhurst	,,	,,	—	,, ,,
791	1 ,,	Orgarswick	,,	,,	—	,, ,,
791	15 ,,	Ickham	,,	,,	None	,, ,,
793	60 ,,	Linga Heyes	Middlesex	,,	27	King of the English
	30 ,,	Twickenham on right bank of Thames				
799	30 ,,	Charing	Kent	Cenulf	28	K. of Mercians. This land the king restored to the Church; Offa had taken it away from Jaenbert
	10 ,,	Bryning				
	4 ,,	Humbing				
799	4 ,,	Gedding	,,	,,	9	K. of Mercians
801	12 ,,	Tenham	,,	,,	26	Archbishop of Canterbury recovered this land for the Cathedral Ch.
805	2 ,,	Bocholt	,,	Cuthred	31	K. of Kent
805	Land	Benestan	,,	,,	—	,, ,,
809	7 hides	Berham	,,	Cenulf	12	K. of Mercians
809	25 jugera	Ibbington	,,	,,	—	,, ,,
811	2 ,,	Rainham	,,	,,	20	,, ,,
	2 ,,	Gravene				
812	44 ,,	Ibentia, &c.	,,	,,	17	,, ,,
814	30 ,,	Binney on the River Stour	,,	,,	7	,, ,,
814	10 hides	Bexley on the River Cray	,,	,,	9	,, ,,
821	1 ,,	Solebertingland	,,	,,	6	,, ,,
815	Lands	Coppanstan, Gretaniarse, and Scealefordan	,,	,,	None	,, ,,
822	5 hides	Meleton, near Kemsing	,,	,,	18	,, ,,
822	8 ,,	Godmersham	,,	Beornulf	None	,, ,,
823	Lands	Within the City of Cant.	,,	Cenulf	,,	,, ,,
	55 jugera	Outside ditto				
831	5 hides	Botwell nr. Hayes	Middlesex	Wiglaf	15	,, ,,
833	7 jugera	Near Limming	Kent	Ethelwulf	14	K. of Kent
833	88 hides	Malling	Sussex	Athelstan	28	Archbishop
941	35 ,,	Wingham	Kent	Edmund	—	Ceolnoth recovered Malling manor for Cant. Cath. K.
941	11 ,,	Terrings	,,		—	
949	26 ,,	Reculver	,,	Edred	19	
957	40 ,,	Ely	Cambridge	Kg. Edwig	38	
959	382 houses	Vill. of Sandwich	Kent	Egelredus	—	Baldred had granted it previously, but as the Witan would not consent, the grant did not take effect.
964	7 hides	Lymmage	,,	,,	—	
980	1 ,,	Preston and Eylwartone	,,	Edmund	—	
1001	25 ,,	Cliffe	,,	Ethelred	—	
1003	Lands	Inside and outside the walls of Canterbury	,,	,,	—	

The public property here described amounted to 546 hides, with jugera=21 hides—total, 567—and with the village of Sandwich and other lands not measured. In Domesday the See and chapter had together 856 hides or solines in ten counties, viz., Kent 312, Suffolk 20, Sussex 180, Surrey 49, Middlesex 161, Hertfordshire 6, Buckinghamshire 75, Oxfordshire 15, Hampshire 4, and Essex 34.* The private endowments therefore amounted to 289 hides. Werehard, a priest, gave, A.D. 832, 290 hides of his own private property to Christ Church, Canterbury. Henry VIII. gave the Archbishop all the property of the dissolved Priory of St. Martin's, Dover, with a gross rental of £232 per annum.

PUBLIC GRANTS TO YORK.

Date.	Number of Hides.	Place.	County.	By whom granted.	Number of Witnesses.
903	Lands	At Agemundernes	Lancashire	Athelstan, Kg. of West Saxons	59
—	80	Sherburn	Yorks	,, ,,	—
—	32	Beverley	,,	,, ,,	—
—	30	Bishop Wilton	,,	,, ,,	—
—	66	Ripon	,,	,, ,,	—
958	24	Southwell	Notts	Edwig or Edwy	37
958	10	Sutton between Blyth and the River Idle	,,	Edgar	48
—	30	Newbold	Yorks	,,	—
963	20	Sherburn	,,	,,	27
1033	43	Partington	,,	Cnut	31
	335				

In Domesday the Archbishop and Cathedral Church hold 1137 hides, viz., the former, 945, the latter, 192. In Yorkshire there were 872, of which 323 were waste; Lincolnshire, 82; Gloucestershire, 92; Notts, 59; Leicestershire, 32. Annual rentals, £358. I can trace only 335 hides in the charters as public property. Drake and other historians of Yorkshire state that the Northumbrian princes bestowed considerable revenues on the church of York. Many valuable Anglo-Saxon charters were destroyed during the Danish invasions. The city of York was burnt by order of William the Conqueror, and the lands ravaged from the Humber to the Tees; hence so many hides described in Domesday as *waste*. After carefully considering this matter, I am of opinion that some 1000 hides of the 1137 came from public property, and that the rest came from private sources, of which Prince Ulphus's donation of 39 hides of land in the city and suburbs of York became the most valuable.

* Of these the See had 646, with an annual rental of £1507 19*s.* 6*d.* The Cathedral Church had 210, with a rental of £645 4*s.* 6*d.*

PUBLIC GRANTS TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Date.	Number of Hides.	Place.	County.	By whom granted.	Number of Witnesses in the Charter.	Title in Charter.
No dates.	20	Tillingham	Essex	Ethelbert	None	King of Kent
	8	Barling	,,	Kg. Eadweard	,,	
	5	Chingford	,,	,,	,,	
	6	Yardley	,,	Kg. Athelstan		
	2	Luffnell	,,	,,		The charter has no date, and states that King Athelstan *confirmed* these 106 hides to the monastery of St. Paul's, London
	10	Belcham or Beauchamp with Witcham	,,	,,		
	8	Heybridge	,,	,,		
	12	Runwell	,,	,,	9	
	30	Adulvesnasa	,,	,,		
	10	Drayton	Middlesex	,,		
	10	Neosdune with Willesdone	,,	,,		
	8	Barnes	Surrey	,,		
	10	Sandon with Rhode	Herts	,,		
796	15	Nastock	Essex	King Edgar	24	
Total	154					

BISHOPRIC OF LONDON.

In A.D. 704, Sueabread, King of Essex, granted to the bishop 30 hides of land at Twickenham, co. Middlesex; 30 witnessed the charter.

In 942, King Edmund granted the bishop lands in the island of Suthereye; 30 witnessed the charter.

In Domesday the bishop possessed 127 hides in Essex, 46 in Herts, 97 in Middlesex; total, 270.

St. Paul's had 85 hides in Essex (in charter 116), 74 in Middlesex (in charter 20), 38 in Herts (in charter 10), 8 in Surrey, 5 in Beds; total, 210. The communa, 139½ hides; prebendal estates, 70½. The communa = 25,080 acres = £157 13*s.* 4*d.* rental per annum = 1½*d.* per acre in A.D. 1086. Fifty-six hides of the prebendal estates came from private sources.

I have traced only 30 hides of the bishop's property, and 154 hides of St. Paul's, to public sources. I am unable to find out where the island of Suthereye is.

DURHAM.

In Domesday the Bishop of Durham held, in six counties, 60 manors and 24 sokes, and 369 hides of land, 130 of which were waste. But Northumberland and Durham were not included in the survey.

Guthrum, King of Northumberland, granted to the bishop, with King Alfred's approval, all the territory between the rivers Tyne and Were, and this was subsequently extended to the Tees. The whole territory between the Tyne and Tees, granted to the bishop and Church by Guthrum, Alfred, Ecfrid, King of Northumbria, and others, was called

St. Cuthbert's patrimony, and all was national property, or folcland. The valuable minerals of St. Cuthbert's patrimony have been and are still the gold mines of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, with which they replenish annually their Common Fund. The net income which the Episcopal and capitular estates of Durham bring in to the Common Fund is about £270,000 per annum after paying the annual incomes to the Bishop and Chapter and all expenses, or about one-fourth of the net income of the Common Fund. The parochial clergy of the diocese have been immensely benefited from the Common Fund. Their incomes are not less than £300 a year each, and all have parsonage houses; and the curates in the mining districts are partly paid out of the same fund.

The endowments of the See and Church were not separated until Carilepho became bishop, in 1080. The lands which he gave to the Church turned out to be the most valuable, from the minerals they produced. Before 1836, the great wealth of this church was squandered in golden canonries, each worth £3000 per annum, given away to bishops and other favourites who did no duty for this money. All that is now changed for the better through the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

The property of the See and Church of Durham, as stated in Domesday, was but small compared with the actual amount possessed, because Durham and Northumberland were not surveyed. In Lincolnshire the See had 75 hides; Yorkshire, 236 (130 were waste); Beds, 13; Essex, 40; Northampton, 2; and Berks, 3. Total, 369.

PUBLIC GRANTS TO WINCHESTER.

Year in which the Land was granted.	Number of Hides.	Place.	County.	By whom granted.	Number of Witnesses to the Charter.	Title in Charter.
633	100	Chilcombe	Hants	Cynegils	—	King of Wessex
639	43	Alresford & Worthy	,,	Cynewale	—	,,
672	100	Downton	Wilts	,,	—	,,
688	60	Farnham 50, and Bentley 10	Surrey	Cedwalla	—	,,
737	100	Taunton	Somerset	Ethelheard	6	,,
	4	Withiglea				
	3	Cearn				
749	10	Cleran or Clere	Hants	Cuthred	6	,,
749	5	Thruhham	NewForest	,,	6	King of the West Saxons
749	1	Eppelhyrste				
749	1	Hwitanleage				
825	15	Alton [Priors]	Hants	Egbert	11	,,
826	30	Calbourn in Isle of Wight	,,	,,	9	,,
826	20	Droxford	,,	,,	37	,,
838	40	Shalfleet in Isle of Wight	,,	,,	9	,,
854	30	Brightwell	Berks	Athulf (or Ethelwulf)	18	,,
854	19	Wanborough	Wilts	,,	,,	,,

WINCHESTER—*continued.*

Year in which land was granted	Number of Hides.	Place.	County.	By whom granted.	Number Witnesses to the Charter	Title in Charter.
854	8	Rushton	Somerset	Athulf	28	King of the West Saxons
	8	Stoke St. Mary, near Orchard Portman	Devon			
854	20	Hinton Ampner	Hants	,,	18	,,
854	133	Taunton	Somerset	Alfred	28	,,
	10	Bruna				
880	8	Rimpton, near Taunton	,,	,,	14	,,
No date	50	Chiseldon	Wilts	,,	5	These were exchanged for 100 hides of land at Cholsey, Hagborne, and Basilsleigh, co. Berks
	60	Hurstbourne	Hants	,,		
900	50	Hurstbourne Prior	,,	Edward	None	
	50	Merchamme				
*900	10	Stoke by Hurstbourne	,,	,,	21	In exchange for land at Ceolseldene, &c.
901	10	Bishop's Fonthill	Wilts	Earl Orlaf	33	The Bp. and Priory of St. Swithun granted these 60 hides of land to King Edward in exchange for liberties which the King granted to Taunton Monastery
*904	20	Stoke, near Shalbourne	,,	The Bishop	36	
	10	At Crawancumbe				
	10	At B'sh'pCompton				
	20	At Banwell				
904	40	Bishop's Waltham	Hants	Edward	33	
928	12	Stoke	,,	Athelstan	38	
933	10	Newton	Wilts	,,	24	King of the West Saxons
934	30	Enford	Hants	,,	37	,,
934	10	Chilbolton	,,	,,	None	,,
934	10	Ashmansworth	,,	,,	,,	,,
938	25	Titchbourne	Hants	,,	16	,,
939	15	Overton [East Overton]	,,	,,		,,
940	30	Pewsey	Wilts	Edmund	36	King of England
957	7	Heaton	S'thampt'n	Edwig	None	
959	10	Brighton	,,	,,	42	
960	10	Bishopstoke on the R. Itchen	,,	Edgar	13	
960	7	Harwell	Berks	,,	17	
961	5	Avington	,,	,,	8	
961	7	Easton on River Itchen, near Winchester	,,	,,	32	
963	24	Wasing	,,	,,	20	
975	15	Bleadon	Somerset	,,	14	
975	3	Maddingley	Cambridge	,,	27	
979	5	Sutton	Hants	Ethelred	8	
980	7	Havant	,,	,,	42	
991	10	Stockton	Wilts	,,	47	
994	10	Fobbafuntan	,,	,,	7	
1033	3	Hille	Dorsets.	Cnut	7	
1043		Portland				
1044	15	Pitminster		Edward the Confessor	34	
1044	30	Witney	Oxfords.	,,	34	
1045	8	Southampton	Hants	,,	30	
1046	6	Hannington		,,	10	

Total . 1422

* Land exchanged.

The See and Church of Winchester received the largest amount of public property, amounting to 1422 hides. The grants are contained in 44 extant charters. In Domesday the amount is 1200 hides, viz., 664½ to bishop and 535½ to church. Two hundred and twenty-two hides seem to have been lost or taken from the church before 1066. In discussing the matter of public or national property, it is very important to note that we have lost a large number of valuable Anglo-Saxon charters which contained particulars of the conveyance of this property. Therefore we must regard as a minimum the quantity of land conveyed in extant charters. The records of Winchester have been the most complete of all the dioceses in England. In Hampshire the bishop had 287½ hides, church 388; Wilts, 110 bishop, church 147½; the bishop had in Cambridge, 15½; Somersetshire, 92; Berks, 31; Bucks, 39; Oxford, 44½; Sussex, 40; Herts, 5. Total yearly rental £1476, for the 1200 hides in Domesday.

Chilcombe was rated in Domesday for only one hide, whereas the estate was 100 hides, which number I adopt here. The annual rental was £100. The general average rental for one hide in Domesday was one pound per annum.

Wells.

When King Ina founded, about A.D. 704, the Collegiate Church of Wells, he endowed it with 50 hides in and around the village of Wells. In 767 King Cenulf granted 11 hides by charter. But Edward the Confessor was its best benefactor. When Earl Harold and his father Godwin were banished by the Confessor, he bestowed on the Church of Wells, in A.D. 1065, Harold's estates in Somersetshire, amounting to 210 hides. The church thus received 271 hides of public property. In Domesday the Bishop of Wells possessed 282 hides in 18 manors in Somersetshire. The first Bishop of Wells was consecrated A.D. 909, and he and his successors enjoyed the endowments of the church.

I have no hesitation in saying that the 282 hides of Domesday were public property. According to Mr. Eyton, the Somersetshire hide=250 modern acres; therefore 282 hides=70,500 acres, which would be worth £70,000 net rental per annum at least, at the present time, for bishop and cathedral church. But what are the actual annual rentals? £30,000, including tithes. More than £40,000 per annum of public endowments must have actually been taken from this church in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth.

Carlisle.

Four of our kings after the Norman Conquest granted manors, advowsons, and tithes to the priory of Carlisle, which was the cathedral

church. In 1133, Henry I. created the bishopric of Carlisle; Henry III. gave the manor of Dalston. The church had already the manors of Carlton and Bris-caihe. Edward I. gave the tithes of extra-parochial lands within the forest of Englewood, and several churches with their tithes. At the dissolution, the priory's revenues were valued at gross £482, net £418; the bishop's at gross £577, net £531. But Henry VIII. incorporated a Dean and Chapter in place of the priory, and granted them all the manors they possessed—viz., fifteen manors in Cumberland and one in Northumberland, with possessions in 126 other places, and the rectories and advowsons of 22 churches. Henry VIII. also granted them all the revenues of the priory of Wetherall, they paying certain accounts. This was all public property.

Chester.

In Domesday Survey, the church of St. Werburgh has 28 hides in 21 manors. In A.D. 958 King Edgar granted by charter 17 hides in four places. Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, and some of his successors richly endowed the church with extensive estates. This was not national property. In 1541 the See and Chapter were founded and endowed out of the revenues of the dissolved monastery. I can trace only 17 hides of national property.

Chichester.

In A.D. 683, Caedwalla, King of Wessex, gave 87 hides of land to Bishop Wilfrid in various villages in the peninsula, to found an abbey at Selsey. King Nunna in 714 granted 11 hides, and in 725, 20; Osmund in 770 granted 15; Offa in 772 granted 8; Cenulf in 801 granted 25; Athelstan in 930 granted 4; Edmund in 945 granted 6; and Edwig in 956 granted 60; total, 236. About 60 hides of Caedwalla's grant have been covered by the inroads of the sea. In 1075 the See of Selsey was removed to Chichester, and the endowments followed the bishopric. In Domesday the bishop and canons of Chichester possessed in Sussex 175 hides. I consider that all this land came from public property.

Ely.

When Queen Ethelreda founded the monastery of Ely, in A.D. 673, she endowed it with lands in the island which were her own private property and amounted to 600 hides. Two hundred years after, Burrhed, King of Mercia, having defeated the Danes, seized the island of Ely, and annexed it to the crown of Mercia. But Saxon kings could not have disposed of such property as modern English kings

have done. The former held the property as trustees, and were only usufructuary possessors. It is important to note this fact, because when Bishop Ethelwold, of Worcester, was commanded by King Edgar to rebuild the monastery, the king endowed it with 55 hides and several villages in Ely, as public property held by the Crown, and also granted the manor of Hatfield, in Herts, of 40 hides in extent, and 50 hides in Suffolk. The bishop himself purchased, partly with the king's money, about 100 hides as additional endowment.

Owing to numerous private benefactions the monastery became very wealthy, as is known from the Domesday Survey, where 535 hides are recorded in 128 manors and 79 other places in six counties, viz., Cambridge, 210; Suffolk, 109; Huntingdon, 38½; Norfolk, 73½; Herts, 49; and Essex, 54½; total, 534½. I have traced 109 of these hides as public property.

Exeter.

King Athelstan granted to this church, in A.D. 938, 8 hides in four manors in Devonshire, and each of the four charters was witnessed by fifteen of the Witan. In A.D. 932 he endowed St. Peter's at Exeter with twenty-six villages. King Edward the Elder gave the Bishop of Crediton three manors. It is important to note the union of bishoprics with that of Exeter. In 905 King Edward the Elder erected two sees, (1) St. Peter's, Bodmin, for Cornwall, (2) Taunton, for Devonshire. In 978 the see at Bodmin was transferred to St. German's, and Taunton was removed to Crediton. I 1040 the see of St. German's was transferred to Crediton, and thus the two were united into one bishopric. In 1050 Bishop Leofric removed the see from Crediton to Exeter. This will give an idea how the episcopal property of Exeter increased. King Edward the Elder endowed with manors of folcland the two sees which he created in A.D. 905. And these endowments, with others, followed the bishoprics to Exeter, so that at the time of the Domesday Survey, the Bishop of Exeter was possessed of 343 hides, in 52 manors, in nine counties.* The Confessor had largely endowed the bishopric. I have no hesitation in saying that the 343 hides came from national property. But matter for serious consideration is contained in the facts that the average annual income of the see in 1850 was only £1508, and that of the church £11,483! The episcopal estates were shipwrecked after the Reformation. The capitular estates were not touched.

Gloucester.

Ethelred, King of the Mercians, in A.D. 671 granted by his charter 300 tributarii or hides of land at Gloucester, and 300 cassati or hides

* In Devonshire, 126½ hides; Cornwall, 101; Sussex, 79½; Surrey, 4½; Gloucester, 7; Berkshire, 9; Oxford, 6; Hampshire, 5; Norfolk, 4½; total, 343.

at Pershoram to Osric, his nephew, then his viceroy of the Wiccii, for the purpose of founding and endowing a monastery at Gloucester. In Domesday, St. Peter's, Gloucester, possessed only 100½ hides in sixteen manors and three counties, viz., Gloucestershire 97, Hereford 3, Worcester ½, total, 100½. Of these 100½ hides I can trace only 41 to public sources: the remainder no doubt come from private donors. I cannot state what became of Ethelred's foundation grants, which certainly were very extensive. I think none of the 41 hides belonged to the original grant, which doubtless was all lost, that is, assuming Ethelred's charter to have been genuine.

In 1541 the new Bishop, Dean and Chapter were partly endowed out of the revenues of the dissolved monastery.

Bristol.

In 1140, the first Lord Berkeley founded and endowed St. Augustine's Abbey, Bristol. Several of his successors added to the endowments, which were all private property. The gross annual revenue at the dissolution was £767. In 1542 the bishopric and chapter of Bristol were founded and partly endowed out of the revenues of the dissolved monastery. Henry VIII., in his new bishoprics and chapters, had, when necessary, supplemented their endowments from the revenues of other dissolved monasteries throughout the country. All that was public property. These were Bristol, Gloucester, Peterborough, Chester, and Oxford. I omit Westminster. Peterborough alone was not supplemented, as the revenues of her dissolved monastery were more than sufficient to endow the new bishopric and chapter. Therefore, the present revenues derived from the estates of the above bishoprics and chapters have, to a large extent come from the public property of the State.

See and Chapter of Oxford.

The See was created in 1541, and Henry VIII. endowed it out of monastic property with six manors in Oxfordshire and two in Bucks, with other lands, rents, rectories, and advowsons. The gross annual value was £382, net £342.

As regards the revenues of the Cathedral Church of Oxford, we must go back to 1525, when the king transferred the endowments of twenty-one suppressed monasteries, amounting then to £2000 per annum, to Cardinal Wolsey, who founded "Cardinal College" for a dean, 100 canons, 13 chaplains, professors, and 186 other persons. Wolsey endowed it from the above and other public revenues. The endowment of the chapter in 1542 was £723 net per annum. All the revenues of See and Chapter came from public property; certainly not from *private property*.

The chapter property is now so much mixed up with the collegiate property, that no return of revenues had been given in 1852. But the rack-rented value of £723 in 1542 was £17,352 in 1852—*i.e.*, twenty-four times its value; twenty-four is always my factor in such calculations.

This agrees with the value stated in 30 & 31 Vict. c. 76, under which Act the governing body of Christ Church set apart every year £17,000 to be under the exclusive control of the Dean and Chapter, in order to pay the salaries of the dean, canons, chaplains, &c., except the fabric fund. This £17,000 a year is from the public or national endowments of 1542.

The bishop's endowment in 1542 of £382 then should in 1852 produce £9168 per annum, but the average was only £1753, a loss of £7415 per annum! How was this? Queen Elizabeth, through the influence of her unprincipled courtiers, stripped the see in 1559 of almost all its property, and so great was the poverty in which the queen left the see that Charles I. granted Bishop Bancroft and his successors £100 per annum out of his forest at Shatover and Stow Wood, with license to unite the vicarage of Cuddesden to the rectory. But the chapter property was not touched by the queen.

Hereford.

In A.D. 680 the See of Hereford was founded. The endowments were small until Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, had been cruelly murdered when on a friendly visit at King Offa's Court. Milifred, King of the Mercians, erected, in 825, the Cathedral Church in which Ethelbert's remains were deposited. The church was then richly endowed with landed estates by King Milifred, and some of his successors, out of the public property of the Mercian State. These endowments are recorded in Domesday as 407 hides in sixty manors and in five counties, viz., bishop 98, church 309. The original endowments were held in common by the bishop and church; then they were gradually divided, as in other old bishoprics, between bishop and chapter. In Herefordshire they held 293 hides, Shropshire 56 (of which 33 were waste), Gloucestershire 30, Worcestershire 25½, Essex 2, total 407. All this was public property.

Lichfield.

The bishopric of Lichfield was created and endowed by Oswy, King of Mercia, in A.D. 656, and in 680 the bishopric was divided into five dioceses. In 789 Lichfield was made an Archiepiscopal See, but the title ceased in A.D. 802. In 1075 the See was transferred to Chester, and in 1102 it was again changed to Coventry, where there was a

wealthy church. During these various changes, the bishopric received from the several kings endowments of lands from State property. In Domesday the See possessed 192 hides, in forty-one manors and twenty-four other places, and in six counties, viz., Staffordshire 109 (of which twenty were waste), Derbyshire 29, Cheshire 14½, Shropshire 13½, Warwickshire 12, Herts 14; total, 192. All this was public property.

Lincoln.

Kynegils, King of the West Saxons, gave Dorchester, now a village about seven miles from Oxford, to Birinus, where, in 635, he fixed his See, and built a church. The bishopric extended over the two large kingdoms of West Saxony and Mercia. In course of time eight bishoprics were formed out of this bishopric. In 683 the bishopric of Dorchester was transferred to Winchester. But the bishoprics of Leicester and Lindsey (called Sidnacester) were transferred to Dorchester in 874 and 949 respectively, and were there united under the title of the See of Dorchester. In 1085 Remigius, Bishop of Dorchester, transferred his See to Lincoln. I have explained these changes, in order to show that Lincoln possessed the endowments of the bishoprics of Leicester and Lindsey, which were given them by the Anglo-Saxon kings who created them in A.D. 680, in addition to the endowments which were given *after* their union. Domesday tells the tale where the bishop's endowments were.

Here are the eight counties. The bishop held for himself and Cathedral Church 364 hides in Oxfordshire, 39½ in Bucks, 74½ in Leicestershire, Huntingdonshire 55, Cambridge 30, Beds 10½, Nottinghamshire 28, Northamptonshire 8¼, Lincolnshire 187; total, 796¾, in 106 manors, 39 sokes, and 3 inland. All this was public property or folcland in the kingdoms of Mercia and East Anglia, which was granted by various kings with the consent of their Witans.

Manchester.

The bishopric of Manchester was founded in 1847, and the bishop has since then received his income of £4200 per annum out of the Common Fund of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. But the property of the Dean and Chapter, amounting to gross £30,000 per annum, net £27,000, is parochial property. In 1889, £19,074 was distributed *in augmentation of incomes* to 109 rectors in Manchester parish in which this property arises, making their net total £40,000, or an average of £366 net per annum each. The Dean and Chapter receive £5700 per annum out of the same property. It is probable that this property will realise gross £60,000 per annum as a maximum, net £55,000. The result is that some of the Manchester rectors have over

£1000 net per annum, and a very large number from £600 to £800 a year net.

Norwich.

Felix, having converted the East Angles, was consecrated their first bishop in A.D. 630, and placed his See at Dunwich in Suffolk. Elmham, called North Elmham in contradistinction to South Elmham in Suffolk, was given to Bishop Felix by King Sigebert. In 673 the diocese was divided into two; one bishop resided at Dunwich for Suffolk, and the other at North Elmham for Norfolk. In 870 they were united, with North Elmham as the bishop's residence. In 1075 the See was removed to Thetford, and in 1094 to Norwich.

In Domesday the bishop possessed 178 hides, in 68 manors 6 Berewicks and 46 other places, in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. The greatest benefactor to the bishopric was William Galsagus [Belfagus or Beaufo], Bishop of Thetford (1085–1091), who possessed immense private property. He was the Conqueror's chaplain and chancellor, with whom he was in such great favour that he gave and confirmed to him and his heirs above 30 manors in fee in the county of Norfolk, besides lands and rents in about 40 other towns, most of which he left to the See at his death. Ralf de Bellafago, sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk in Henry I.'s time, seems to have been his son. In Domesday, the actual property which belonged to the See in 1086, and which was national property, was, in Norfolk, 53 hides in 19 manors and 6 Berewicks, yearly value £165 12*s.* 4*d.*; in Suffolk, 96 hides in 2 manors, yearly value £36 8*s.*

The Conqueror gave Bishop Galsagus in fee [De Feudo] in Norfolk, 96 hides, yearly rental or valet, £171 5*s.* 10*d.*; in Suffolk, 14 hides, yearly rental or valet, £23 10*s.* 6*d.*; total, 110 hides, yearly rental or valet, £194 16*s.* 4*d.* It was the greater part of this, his private property, which he left to the See at his death. Therefore only 68 hides can be claimed as national property, with a yearly rental in 1086 of £202. On the death of Galsagus, the See possessed 178 hides, with a yearly rental of £396 16*s.* 8*d.* Out of this property, Bishop Herbert Losinga, in 1101, endowed the new Cathedral Church with land, about 25 hides, amounting to about £90 per annum, and 7 churches. This property was increased by subsequent grants of bishops and other benefactors.

Peterborough.

In A.D. 664, Wulphere, King of the Mercians, founded and endowed the monastery of Medeshamstede, subsequently changed to Peterborough.

He endowed the abbey with lands of 42 villages and lands in 25

other places. The charter is dated 664, and was witnessed by 4 kings, the brother and 2 sisters of King Wulphere, 5 bishops, 2 presbyters, 1 abbot, 5 princes, 5 thanes, and others. His brother Ethelred, who succeeded him in 675, completed the endowment by granting, A.D. 680, 30 hides at Leugttricdun. The endowment then included all the Nassaburgh Hundred of Northampton which now bears the name. It was then all folcland or public property.

In Domesday the abbey possessed 328½ hides in 71 manors, 11 sokes, and 9 Berewicks in six counties, viz., Northamptonshire 200 hides, Lincolnshire 87, Leicestershire 19, Hunts 15, Notts 5, and Beds 2½. At the dissolution Henry VIII. divided the revenue into three parts. The first he reserved to himself, amounting to £700 per annum; the second part he assigned to the new bishop, and the third to the new cathedral body. Therefore these two corporations received two-thirds of the revenues arising out of the 328½ hides. Their endowments have therefore come from public property.

Rochester.

There are twenty charters granting 109 hides of public property to the Bishop and Cathedral Church of Rochester. King Ethelbert granted land in the city of Rochester in 604, Eadbert 10 hides, Sigired 20, Offa 27, Egbert 14, Ethelbert 1, Cenulf 3, Ethelwulf 6, Alfred 10, Edmund 3, and Ethelred 15; total, 109.

In Domesday the bishop possessed only 55½ hides in 17 manors in three counties—viz., Kent 44, Suffolk 10, and Cambridge 1½. The bishopric lost 53½ hides. Here was a poor bishopric and church, and yet among the principal plunderers of the 53½ hides was the Conqueror's own brother, Bishop Odo, the wealthy Earl of Kent.

Ripon.

The bishopric was founded in 1836. The Bishop of Durham transferred towards its endowment landed property producing £1800 net per annum. The Archbishop of York transferred land producing £500 net a year. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners gave £2200 out of the episcopal fund. His income of £4500 has thus come from public property, because the episcopal properties transferred were, to a great extent, portions of folcland originally given to the Sees, and the Commissioners' grant comes now from the episcopal and capitular properties vested in them by Parliament.

With regard to the revenues of the Cathedral Church of Ripon; at the dissolution all the lands of the monastery of Ripon fell into lay hands.

In 1604 King James refounded the church, and endowed it with £274 per annum out of the Crown lands or the public property of

the State. This property produced a gross annual rental of £4910 for the seven years ending 1852.

The revenues of the bishopric and church have therefore come from public property.

Salisbury.

In A.D. 705 Sherborne was made an episcopal see which comprised the following six counties, viz., Dorset, Berks, Wilts, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. In 904 this diocese was subdivided, and only included afterwards the first three counties. A few years after, the See of Wiltshire was formed, with its seat at Ramesbury. In 1060 Wilton was united to Sherborne, and in 1076 Bishop Herman translated the united Sees to old Sarum. It is absolutely necessary to give this brief sketch in order to understand the direction and source of the endowments which followed the Bishop of Salisbury. The bishops and monks of Sherborne received the following endowments out of folcland or the public property of the State, with the consent and approval of the respective Witans. King Kenewal granted 100 hides, Edgar 5, Ethelwulf 36, Athertus 8 hides at Tavistock and 12 at Up-Cernel, 20 at Stalbridge and 8 at Cumton; Kenulf 6, Cuthred 47, Kenefulf 80; Offa granted 52 hides at Poterne and 90 hides at Ramsbury, Egbert 98, Sigibert 12, Ina 25, Geroncius 5, Edred 7; total, 611 hides given by 12 kings. These grants are found in the Cottonian Library, British Museum; Faustin A. 2, fol. 23. Let us compare these endowments with those in Domesday. There the Bishop of Salisbury held 463 hides, and the monks of Sherborne 100 hides in 9 manors—total, 563. The difference is 48 hides between those recorded in the charters and in Domesday, and these possibly were lost between 705 and 1086. In Dorsetshire the bishop held 138½ hides in 12 manors; Wilts, 267 in 5; Berks, 25½ in 3; Oxford, 20 in 1; Somersetshire, 8 in 2; Lincolnshire, 3½ in 3; total, 462½ in 26 manors. The revenues of the monastery of Sherborne were confiscated at the dissolution.

Worcester.

The bishopric was founded A.D. 679, and the Cathedral Church was erected in the same year. The first endowment of this church on record was in 690, when Ethelred, King of the Mercians, granted 84 hides in Worcestershire; Ethelweard, viceroy of the Wiccii, granted 12, and Eanberht, another viceroy, 40; Ethelbald, King of South Saxons, 3; Ethelred in 736, 20 hides; Offa, King of the Mercians, granted 304 hides in 27 places; King Cenulf, 84 in Worcestershire; King Bertwulf, 25 in Worcestershire; King Burgred, 39 in Gloucestershire; King Ceolwulf, 6; Athelstan, 20; and Enwig, 5; total, 642. All this was public property granted by these kings with the consent and approval of their respective Witenagemóts.

In Domesday the See and Cathedral Church possessed 676½ hides, or 34½ more than I have stated. But three places named in the charters have not had the area of the lands stated. The bishop had 54½ hides in 6 manors in Warwickshire, and 84 hides in 5 manors in Gloucestershire. The Cathedral Church held 480½ hides in 64 manors in Worcestershire; 58 hides in 2 manors in Gloucestershire. There were many hides of land waste in Worcestershire.

The 677 hides were public property.

Westminster Abbey.

Sebert, King of the East Saxons, built a church, about A.D. 604, on Thorney Island, on the ruins of an old temple of Apollo. Widmore fixes the foundation between 730 and 740; but King Sebert was buried in the church, which is a strong fact to show that he was the founder.

King Sebert endowed the church with 3½ hides around the monastery, and 19 hides at Stanes. Ethelred, King of the Mercians, granted 68 hides in Surrey, including 28 at Battersea; King Offa, 10 hides in Middlesex, including 5 hides between Tyburn and St. Andrew's Church; Alfred, 2½ hides; King Edgar granted 85 in Herts, Middlesex, and Surrey; Edward the Martyr, 22 in Middlesex, Ethelred II., 29½; Edward the Confessor, 32 in Berks, Herts, and Middlesex; he also confirmed 17 hides about the monastery, which include the 3½ granted by Sebert. The total hidage which I can trace as public property is 285 hides. In Domesday the abbey possesses 565 hides in 51 manors in 15 counties, viz., Essex 43, Middlesex 99½, Herts 44, Surrey 52½, Northampton 5½, Bucks 18, Worcestershire 200, Staffordshire 3, Lincolnshire 12, Sussex 3, Hampshire 4, Berks 5, Gloucestershire 69, Beds 6½; total, 565; of these, 280 hides were given from private property.

Windsor Chapel.

Edward III. in 1351 refounded the old Royal Free Chapel in Windsor Castle, in connection with the Order of the Garter, and granted to it two manors and eight advowsons. Henry IV. granted nine manors, three priories, four advowsons, and parcels of lands in three counties. Edward IV. granted two manors. Total given by these three kings, thirteen manors, twelve advowsons, three priories, and parcels of land. John, Duke of Suffolk, gave a manor or advowson, and certain yearly rentals.

There is no doubt that the lands, &c., granted above by the three kings were a part of the Terra Regis, common or public property, of which they were only usufructuary possessors. This property produced in 1534 a net revenue of £1602 per annum, and in 1852, £17,091 a year, on beneficial leases.

General Summary.

The following table shows the landed estates which were in possession of the Archbishops, Bishops, Cathedral, and other Churches at the time when the Domesday Survey was taken, and also the total values of their annual rentals in 1086. It also shows the hidage of the public or national property held by these respective corporations as embodied in Anglo-Saxon charters, and finally it shows the average annual rentals of all the episcopal, capitular, and collegiate church estates in 1850 and 1852.

	Domesday Survey.				Total Hidage in Domesday.	Total Annual Rentals in 1086.	Total Hidage of Public or State property granted in Charters.	Bishops. Average Annual *net* Revenue for the seven yrs. ending 1850.	Churches. Average Annual *gross* Revenue for the seven yrs. ending 1852.	Total.
	Bishops.		Churches.							
	Manors.	Hidage.	Manors.	Hidage.						
Canterbury	61	697	34	159	856	£2,071	567	£25,866	£20,115	£45,981
York	141 M 70 sokes	1137*	Included	in Bp.'s	1137	358	1,000	12,859	3,614	16,473
London (St. Paul's)	51	270	32	210	480	583	184	16,513	12,500	29,013
Durham	60 M 24 sokes	368†	Included	in Bp.'s	368	198	368	26,786	58,337	85,123
Winchester	45	665	39	536	1,201	1,476	1,422	12,215	16,457	28,672
(Bath) and Wells	18	282	Included	in Bp.'s	282	320	282	5,676	4,650‡	10,326
Carlisle	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3,131	5,529	8,660
Chester	—	—	21	28	28	14	17	3,636	5,664	9,300
Chichester	9	159	1	16	175	148	175	3,725	4,639	8,364
Ely	—	—	128 M 79 other places	534½	534½	803	109	7,791	11,766	19,557
Exeter	52	343	Included	in Bp.'s	343	478	343	1,508	11,483	12,991
Gloucester	—	—	16	100	100	92	41	4,591	7,986	21,075
Bristol	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		8,498	
Oxford	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1,753	17,352	19,105
Hereford	11	98	49	300	407§	304	407	4,540	6,278	10,818
Lichfield	41 M 24 other places	192	—	—	192	98	192	3,408	3,167	6,575
Lincoln	106 M 42 sokes	797	Included	in Bp.'s	797	700	797	4,057	9,017	13,074
Manchester	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4,200	—	4,200
Norwich	106 M 6 berewicks 16 other places	178	Included	in Bp.'s	178	397	68	5,653	9,280	14,933
Peterborough	—	—	71 M 20 other places	329	329	291	200	3,509	6,022	9,531
Ripon	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4,434	4,910	9,344
Rochester	17	55½	Included	in Bp.'s	55½	199	55½	1,516	10,596	12,112
Salisbury	26	463	Included	in Bp.'s	463	462	463	5,094	5,304	11,298
Worcester	11	138½	66	538½	677	441	677	8,873	9,530	18,403
Westminster	—	—	51	565	565	519	285	—	31,204	31,204
Windsor	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	17,091	17,091
Totals		5843		3325	9,168	£9,952	7,653			£465,238

* 323 waste. † 130 waste. ‡ Wells church. § 33 waste.

Remarks on the General Summary.

In Domesday, the bishops and cathedral churches possessed 9168 hides of land in England, of which 7653, or more than four-fifths, were given by Anglo-Saxon kings out of folcland, or the public property of the community. The total rentals in 1086 were £9952 per annum.

About 500 hides were waste which then paid no rent. When cultivated, their rental was about £528, making total rentals £10,480. To get the *rack rentals* at the present time of a rental of £10,480 in 1086, we multiply by 216, and the amount is £2,263,680 net. The factor 216 is thus found. I have carefully calculated that the rack rental of land in 1534, when the Church property was valued, was nine times the rental of 1086; and in 1836, twenty-four times the rental of 1534. I say rack rents, in contradistinction to rents on beneficial leases. The former were three times more than the latter as regards Church leases. When the monasteries were dissolved, a large number of advowsons and rectorial tithes was handed over by Parliament to Henry VIII. Bishops and chapters were compelled to surrender some of their best landed estates to the Sovereign, especially to Elizabeth, in exchange for the rectorial tithes. In some cases there was no *quid pro quo*. Still, what was given to the bishops and chapters in exchange was national property. The gross annual rentals of all the episcopal and capitular properties for the year 1889 were £1,484,000, net £1,130,000. Of this amount, 28 archbishops and bishops received £152,200, and 30 cathedrals £154,000.* Five thousand six hundred and forty beneficed clergy received in augmentation of their incomes out of these revenues £816,000. Add to this the millions of capital paid since 1840 out of the revenues of the Common Fund towards the erection of some thousands of new parsonages and the repairing of others. Fully four-fifths of all this property originally came from national sources. And yet we are told that the Church of England is not indebted to the State for any of her endowments!

From the same national property for the year 1889, archdeacons received, quâ archdeacons, £12,254; £33,290 was paid for the Establishment expenses of the Commission; solicitors, who a few years ago had £20,000 a year, received £10,684; surveyors, £7640; architects, £1341; and £181,540 was paid for expenses connected with the management, &c., of the estates vested in the Commissioners, including the episcopal estates placed by the bishops under their management.

Lord Hartington, in a speech delivered at Derby on July 12 last, said: "Our ancestors had devoted a considerable share of public property to provide for the spiritual and moral instruction of the people," and also spoke of "State endowment for moral and religious instruction." The *Church Times*, referring to this speech, accuses his lordship of "ignorant or mendacious claptrap." This accusation is in truth and fact more applicable to those who assert the contrary. Lord Hartington was correct, and the *Church Times* wrong.

HENRY WILLIAM CLARKE.

* The cathedral and collegiate churches also received £146,000 additional from other sources, including the landed estates with which they are re-endowed, and which now form no part of the Common Fund.

KOCH'S TREATMENT OF TUBERCULOSIS.

NOW that the smoke of the tremendous salvo of journalistic artillery with which the announcement of Professor Koch's discovery was received is clearing away, it is becoming possible, in the words of Matthew Arnold, to "see things as they really are," and to form some kind of forecast as to the issue of this latest phase in the war of medical science against disease. Notwithstanding the carefully guarded terms in which Dr. Koch himself spoke of the results of his investigations, it was inevitable that exaggerated hopes should have been excited in the minds of persons untrained in the judicial weighing of scientific evidence, and only too willing, for their own sake or that of others dear to them, to be convinced that an effectual remedy had at last been found for consumption. And, indeed, the enthusiasm of the medical profession itself, especially in Germany, seemed to justify this belief. Never, so far as I know, has anything like it been seen in the history of medicine; in this, as in other fields of human activity, discoverers and inventors have generally been the victims of ridicule and neglect, when they have not been taken out and stoned. In the present instance, however, we have the extraordinary spectacle of whole colleges of learned pundits,

> "so prudent held and wise
> And wary, that they scarce received
> As gospel what the Church believed,"

not merely accepting the Berlin professor's own words, but building fabrics upon them which the foundation by no means justified. This may seem strange to those who do not know that there are medical as well as theological superstitions. It is especially in the province of treatment that "weak-hinged fancy" is apt to manifest itself. A few days seldom pass without an infallible remedy for something or other being discovered, and the praises of the new *catholicon* are sung in the medical papers by all the superior young men to whom a new name is the Shibboleth of scientific progress. After a time a "dying fall"

becomes perceptible in the chorus; discordant notes make themselves heard, and, before long, the ex-panacea has none so poor to do it reverence.

When Dr. Koch's discovery was welcomed with such exaggerated enthusiasm it was evident to many practitioners who, like myself, had lost their therapeutical illusions, that disenchantment would speedily follow. The pendulum has begun to swing to a corresponding length in the opposite direction, and Dr. Koch may be temporarily deposed from the pedestal which he has lately occupied. After a time, however, public opinion will recover its equilibrium, and the world, in St. Augustine's famous phrase, will judge the whole question with certainty. When the details of the method have been perfected by experience, and when the capabilities and limitations of the remedy and the conditions of its use are accurately known, it will no doubt take its place among the most effective instruments at our disposal for the suppression of disease. It is safe to predict, however, that even when it is accepted by the majority of civilised men as a remedy of sovereign virtue, there will still be not a few fanatics who will see in it nothing but a "leprous distilment" which corrupts the blood and breeds disease instead of curing it.

In justice to Dr. Koch, it should be pointed out that he is in no way responsible either for the unfounded expectations to which his discovery has given rise, or for the sensational manner in which it was revealed to the world. All who know him agree in describing him as a man of the strictest intellectual honesty, who is careful to avoid rash deductions and hasty generalisations to a degree that is very rare even among scientific inquirers. Instead of rushing off to the nearest medical society, to deliver himself of every half-formed embryo of a new idea, as is the fashion nowadays, Koch would apply the Horatian precept to scientific, as well as to literary, work. In the present instance, he has done so almost literally, for it is more than eight years since he began to seek for a means of checking the ravages of the tubercle bacilli, and there is no doubt that he would have held his peace till his researches were completed, had he been allowed to do so. It is no secret that he was driven into premature publicity by pressure from his official superiors; but I hear from a friend who has just returned from Berlin that he has vowed that nothing shall induce him to say anything more till he has put the last touches to his work, be that a few weeks, or a few months, or many years hence. The irresponsible eloquence of "Our Own Correspondent" (who in medical matters too often rushes in where angels fear to tread) helped largely to bewilder the public mind; the consequence is that much bitter disappointment has been caused, and many victims of consumption have had their sufferings needlessly aggravated by a fruitless journey in the depth of winter to one of the worst climates in the world. Nor is the medical profession altogether blameless in the matter. The remedy

has more than once been tried in utterly unsuitable cases—whether from misguided enthusiasm or scientific curiosity, I do not presume to say—and already some "calamities of surgery," to use an euphemism of Sir James Paget's, have occurred, and the lymph has killed the patient, as well as the bacillus which preyed on him. What is still worse, there seems to have been an inclination to hush up these untoward effects of the new treatment.

But the discovery has not everywhere met with an enthusiastic reception—in some places not even with common fairness; because Koch thought it advisable to withhold for a time the details of his process, a few cynical pedants have endeavoured to place the remedy on the same level as Cockle's pills or Holloway's ointment. In France, indeed, there appears to be a tendency in some quarters to look at the whole question from a national, rather than a scientific point of view, and there is a disposition to treat Koch's elixir as if it were a German spy. From a consideration of these various circumstances, it is to be feared that the reaction which has already set in may possibly prevent mankind from reaping the full benefit of Professor Koch's labours for a long time to come. The only way to prevent so serious a misfortune is to educate public opinion on the subject. For this purpose, I have thought it might be useful to endeavour to put the matter in its true light, by stating in plain language the nature of the problem which Dr. Koch set himself to solve, and showing how far he has succeeded. This will, at any rate, give readers the materials for forming a correct judgment in the matter, and will help to dispel the misleading halo of the miraculous with which popular enthusiasm has surrounded the question.

It is unfortunate that the new treatment should generally be spoken of in this country as the "Consumption Cure," for that is just what it is not. The beneficial effects of the remedy have, so far at any rate, been much less marked in consumption than in other forms of tuberculous affection; and, indeed, it is difficult to conceive that it could display its full activity in a lung riddled with abscesses, without destroying the patient as well as the disease. Before attempting to estimate the potency of the new remedy, however, it is necessary to have a clear notion of the evil which it is intended to combat. For this purpose, some explanation of the origin, nature, and effects of *tubercle* will be required, and I will endeavour to present the principal results of modern research on this subject without perplexing the reader with needless technical details.

Consumption is one of a group of diseases which, differing widely from each other in their outward and visible signs, have this one point in common, that they are all of tuberculous origin. Tubercle is a peculiar formation, different from anything that is found in the body in a condition of health. It is in fact a new growth which first becomes visible to the naked eye as a tiny nodule, grey in colour, and

of a cartilaginous hardness. This slowly increases in size, but in the very act of doing so undergoes a curious degeneration into a yellow cheese-like material. In course of time the natural structure of the part attacked may be actually transformed into a large mass of this substance. The further life-history of the individual tubercle varies according to the nature of the tissue on which it has quartered itself, and other circumstances. It may solidify into a hard, dry, sometimes even chalky, mass, or it may disintegrate, melting away into a thick, curdy fluid, and leaving a chronic abscess where there was a tumour. The last-mentioned process is the ordinary course of tubercle in the lungs. There is first the *deposit*, as it is often called—more strictly the first sprouting of new growth—in the lung, usually at the upper part of the organ. This increases in size till a solid accumulation of greater or less size is formed; this is the stage of *consolidation*. Finally, the tuberculous mass breaks down, and a *cavity* is formed. The internal surface of this cavity is an active ulcer, by which the lung is still further excavated, the destruction of tissue that is going on being fairly represented by the amount of purulent material expectorated. Any blood-vessels that happen to be in the way are laid open, as a leaden pipe is nibbled by rats; hence the blood-spitting, which is so alarming a feature of the disease.

This may be called the typical course of tuberculous disease. It would be impossible within the limits of a magazine article to give anything like a detailed description of the ravages wrought by tubercle in the different organs and tissues which it may attack. In some cases it is less actively destructive and less rapid in its course than in others, and, of course, the symptoms vary greatly, according to the part affected. So much is this the case, that it was long before many diseases of undoubtedly tuberculous nature were recognised as having anything in common. It is only within the last few years that the inflammations of joints, so painfully familiar in children's hospitals, have been traced to their true source, and it is only the other day that lupus (which gnaws the parts it fixes on like a *wolf*) was identified as "consumption" of the integument. Many of the manifestations of that constitutional taint, designated by the vague term scrofula, are now known to be really tuberculous, and, indeed, probably the best definition of scrofula that could be given would be that it is a condition of the tissues which makes them fall an easy prey to tubercle if they are exposed to its attack. But although the pathological features of all these maladies are identical, some of them do not appear absolutely the same in their nature, lupus of the larynx being a disease which differs from throat consumption both in its appearance and in the course it runs.

To Koch belongs the credit of having solved the mystery in which the origin of tubercle was involved. In 1882 he proved that it is caused by the action of a microscopic organism, the *bacillus tuberculosis*,

whose name is at present in all men's mouths. This tiny parasite, which measures about one ten-thousandth of an inch in length, is in shape like a little rod; it burrows in the tissues like a mole, throwing up its mound of "grey granulations" wherever it is at work. When it finds food to its liking it multiplies with great rapidity. Fortunately for the human race, however, it can only flourish in a suitable soil; in a perfectly healthy body it finds itself in the position of Polonius at supper, "not where he eats, but where he is eaten." For among the living elements of the body there are cells called "phagocytes," which play the part of sentinels; these arrest suspicious germs and "mak' sicker" that they shall give no further trouble by devouring them.

Koch showed conclusively, with regard to the *bacillus tuberculosis*, (1) that it is present in every case of tuberculous disease, and can always be found if looked for in the proper way and with sufficient perseverance; (2) that it is never found except in association with such disease; and (3) that if cultivated outside the body and grown pure, that is to say, free from admixture with other organisms, it invariably engenders the disease in any animal (not by nature insusceptible of tuberculous infection) into whose blood it is, so to speak, sown. The proof that the bacillus in question is the actual exciting cause of tubercle must therefore be held to be complete, and it is now accepted as such by nearly all scientific men.

The cause of the disease having been ascertained, it was natural to expect that the discovery of a remedy would follow as a matter of course. Modern chemistry has placed at our disposal a number of substances which have undoubtedly the power of killing germs, and the only difficulty seemed to be how to bring the bane within reach of the antidote. All manner of antiseptic agents, warranted to "smash, shatter, and pulverise" the most ferocious microbes, were tried in vain; like Toinette, in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," they ought, according to all the rules of art, to have been killed, but they persisted in refusing to acknowledge themselves beaten. The reason of the failure of these attempts to discover a remedy for tuberculosis was, as Koch pointed out,* that the problem was attacked from the wrong end. The experiments were made from the outset on man, whereas they should first have been made on the bacillus, by seeking for something that would check its growth outside the body. This is what Koch did, and, as he tells us, he found that a large number of substances, such as various ethereal oils, and compounds of cyanogen and gold, arrest the growth of tubercle bacilli. But it is not enough to be able to kill or scotch the parasite in a test-tube; the living body is the real field of battle, and accordingly Koch followed up his success against what we may call the abstract bacillus by attacking it

* Address on "Bacteriological Research," delivered at the International Medical Congress held at Berlin last August.

in the concrete, that is, in tuberculous animals. Here, however, the substances referred to seemed to have altogether lost their power. At last his perseverance was rewarded by the discovery of an agent by means of which the growth of the bacilli within the body could be prevented. So potent is this remedy, that, to quote Koch's own words, "guinea-pigs which, as is well known, are extraordinarily susceptible to tuberculosis, if exposed to the influence of this substance, cease to react to the inoculation of tuberculous virus, and in guinea-pigs suffering from general tuberculosis even to a high degree, the morbid process can be brought completely to a standstill without the body being in any way injuriously affected."*

The next step was to try the effect of this powerful substance on man; and I, for one, think it is a pity that Dr. Koch was not allowed to carry his experiments on the human subject to the same degree of completeness as those on guinea-pigs before the results were made public. We should then, in all probability, have had a carefully tested and perfected method of dealing with tuberculosis placed at our disposal, and much of the disappointment that is beginning to find expression on all sides would have been avoided. At present, nearly everything connected with the new treatment is more or less uncertain and tentative, and there is reason to fear that a good many lives will be sacrificed on the altar of clinical experiment before the limits of its usefulness are definitively established.

Before discussing the results of the treatment, as they have so far been observed by various medical practitioners who have tried it, it will be well to consider carefully Koch's own statements as to the effects of his remedy on human beings. He says † that while the injection of an average dose (1 centigramme) of the fluid under the skin of a healthy person produces no particular effect, in a patient suffering from any form of tuberculosis it causes fever of greater or less intensity, with the usual accompaniments of such systemic disturbances. In addition to this, the remedy has a specific action on tuberculous processes of every kind, which shows itself in the form of what is practically an attack of acute inflammation of the affected parts. This effect is most marked in lupus, where the whole process is visible to the naked eye, and is also distinctly seen in diseased glands, bones, and joints, but is less obvious in the internal organs, especially the lungs. In the last-mentioned cases the general reaction predominates, but "we are justified in assuming that here, too, changes take place similar to those seen in lupus cases."‡ The fluid is, therefore, according to Koch, in the first place "an indispensable *aid* to diagnosis." To put his teaching into the form of an aphorism, No reaction, no tubercle. With regard to the remedial effect of the fluid, he says that it does *not* destroy the bacilli, but only the tissue in which they are embedded. In some parts the diseased tissue "becomes necrotic,"

* *Loc. cit.* † *Deutsche med. Wochenschrift*, November 14. ‡ *Ibid.*

and is "thrown off as a dead mass"; in other parts it seems to "melt away." But it must be clearly understood that in these masses of dead tissue living bacilli may remain, and "may possibly enter the neighbouring still living tissue." This, especially when taken in conjunction with the fact that it is, as a rule, only when the disease is situated on the surface of the body that the dead mass can be "thrown off" without the aid of surgery, in itself constitutes a very serious limitation of the curative power of the new remedy.

The results of the treatment in Koch's own hands—or, to speak more accurately, under his eye—were as follows:—In two cases of lupus of the face the spots became completely cicatrised after three or four injections: other cases improved in proportion to the duration of the treatment. In cases of tuberculosis of glands, bones, and joints, there was "speedy cure in recent and slight cases, slow improvement in severe cases." With regard to pulmonary consumption, patients in the first stage were "all free from every symptom of disease, and might be pronounced cured," within a period of from four to six weeks. Other cases of greater severity "were almost cured"; in the last stage of phthisis no real improvement took place. Dr. Koch concludes by saying that incipient phthisis can be certainly cured by his remedy, though even here he is careful not to guarantee that the cure will be lasting. Moreover, he does not seem inclined to trust exclusively to the new treatment, even in the early stages of consumption, for he attaches considerable importance to such "adjuvants," to use a medical term, as mountain climate, fresh air, diet, nursing, &c.

I have thought it right to set forth Koch's views as far as possible in his own words, for he is a man who well weighs every syllable before he utters it, and is not likely to be carried away by enthusiasm into making any statement which he is not prepared to substantiate. It will be noticed that though he speaks with a good deal of reserve as to the effect of the remedy in bad cases, and as to the permanence of the result in all, he yet uses the word "cure" with regard to several conditions in which other methods of treatment have up to the present been but indifferently successful. On the whole, coming from so cautious a man, his statements must be pronounced to be highly encouraging, and it is not to be wondered at if to the public they seemed to herald the dawn of a new era in medicine.

The treatment has now been tried by many of the leading physicians and surgeons of Germany, and by several well-known practitioners in England, France, Italy, and Spain. Koch's description of the immediate effects of the injections has been confirmed by every one who has witnessed them. It is of course far too soon yet for a final judgment to be pronounced as to the curative value of the new remedy, but materials are accumulating day by day, and with respect to some elements of the question, professional opinion has already taken definite shape. There can be no shadow of doubt that in Koch's fluid

we have an agent of tremendous power. Only those who have seen the effect of the injection of a minute quantity of it can have any conception of the physiological earthquake which it causes. It seems to run through the system, searching out every nook and corner for tubercle, which it drags from its hiding-place into the light of day. A young physician-assistant to Professor Ewald, of Berlin, who supposed himself to be quite healthy, injected some of the fluid into his own body, out of scientific curiosity; the tell-tale reaction followed, and on examination he was found to have slight, but unmistakable, disease of one lung. The fluid has a true elective affinity for tubercle; neither on cancer nor any other disease has it any effect at all. Dr. Koch informed Sir Joseph Lister that the undiluted fluid probably contains only about a thousandth part of the really active ingredient. If, therefore, one milligramme of the fluid is injected—and this is the dose which is not unfrequently given to begin with—only one millionth of a gramme of the active principle enters the system. From the effects of this inconceivably minute quantity some idea may be formed of the almost "uncanny" energy which the substance would display if let loose, so to speak, in the fulness of its untamed strength. The statement attributed to M. Pasteur that no venom from a snake, if administered in such small doses, could produce such effects, is no exaggeration.

The power of the new remedy for evil, if rashly used, is, therefore, undeniable; and from what I have already seen of its effects, when given in properly regulated doses, I am disposed to think that its potency for good, within certain limits, is not less conclusively proved. It is premature, however, to speak of *cure*, even in cases of lupus, which, by universal consent, is the affliction in which the beneficial effect of the remedy has been most clearly displayed.

In lupus of the larynx, I have already seen marked benefit result from two or three injections, and in laryngeal tuberculosis ("consumption of the throat"), the improvement has also been pronounced, but the enemy is still within the gates. In pulmonary phthisis, again, there has been alleviation of symptoms, such as cough, expectoration, night sweats, and so forth, but it is impossible to speak yet of positive cures. It is necessary to repeat that Koch's own statement as to the curability of consumption amounts only to this, that it can be cured "in the beginning." This, however, is nothing more than rational medical treatment and hygiene are able in most cases to effect if the disease be not too far advanced. Indeed, unassisted Nature often does it by herself, as is often proved years afterwards by the unimpeachable evidence of the post-mortem room. In many of the reports with which the medical journals are at present inundated, it is stated that the patients express themselves as "feeling better." This I do not attach much importance to, as most patients feel better when their hopes are

excited by the prospect of cure, and consumptive persons are notoriously sanguine as to the results of treatment of any kind.

Of the dangers of the treatment it is unnecessary to say much. The fatalities which have occurred have sometimes been due to the fact that patients in the last stage of consumption have, with the proverbial tenacity to life of dying men, urgently requested to be injected, and in this way those who might have lived a few weeks have died in a few days. In one case reported from Innsbruck, a young woman only slightly affected with phthisis is said to have rapidly succumbed to a small dose of the fluid. In dealing with so potent a remedy, especially in the early stage of its employment, such results must be occasionally met with, and even at a later period may be expected as the result of idiosyncrasy. Such a remedy should always be used with the utmost circumspection, and only when the conditions offer a distinct prospect of improvement. When the patient is in the last stage of consumption, when he is worn out by his long suffering, when there is organic mischief of the heart or kidneys, or when the tuberculous disease is in a closed cavity (like the skull, for instance), I agree with Professor Senator that Koch's treatment should on no account be used.

To sum up: I believe that Koch's fluid is an agent of the highest possible value for the *detection* of tubercle, a remedy of great potency for certain of the slighter manifestations of tuberculosis, a palliative for some of the distressing symptoms of the severer forms of the disease, and a deadly poison in advanced or unsuitable cases. Probably when more is known as to its mode of action it will be possible to do more good by its means, with less risk of harm, than is the case at present. A wider sphere of usefulness will no doubt be opened up to it when practitioners have learnt how to combine other methods of treatment with it to the best advantage. A few months ago, Professor Tillmanns, of Leipzig, performed the unique surgical feat of removing a lung which had become hopelessly diseased. The patient recovered, not only from the operation, but from the disease, and in a few months had lost the appearance of an invalid to such an extent that Dr. Tillmanns failed to recognise him when he called. This case seems to me to open up great possibilities for the combination of Koch's treatment with surgery, but speculation on this tempting subject would take us too far afield.

One obvious defect in the treatment is that, whether or not it cures the disease actually present at a given time, it leaves the patient just as susceptible to tuberculosis as he was before. Hence there are endless possibilities of relapse either from the bacilli which are left behind, like the eagle renewing their youth, or by fresh infection taking place from without. The patient may therefore have to spend his life in almost constant subjection to treatment. It must be remembered that in the case of Pasteur's wonderful discovery, by which he renders cattle and sheep insusceptible to malignant pustule, the immunity only

lasts for about a year. This period is amply sufficient for fattening animals, but would be of little use in the case of human beings: it is impossible to say what the effects on the system might be if the poison had to be administered every year.

Possibilities of the utmost benefit to humanity are, however, in view, for after a time we may not only be able to cure consumption, but to prevent it in the way vaccination protects against small-pox. Dr. Koch has succeeded in making guinea-pigs invulnerable to tubercle, and this happy result may yet be attained by him in the case of man. MM. Charles Richet and J. Hericourt, who have lately been working at the subject in France, claim to have solved the problem so far as rabbits are concerned, and perhaps they also will be able to confer the same immunity on the human subject. There is a grand race going on between the French and German savants, but, comparing records, Koch is undoubtedly first favourite.

I have said nothing as to the probable nature of the remedy, and, in accordance with the advice of the wise man who observed that "you should never prophesy unless you know," it might be well to leave the matter alone. But from what has been ascertained of the effect on bacilli of the chemical substances which they themselves produce, I think it likely that Koch's fluid contains one or more of those poisons. Dr. Koch will no doubt reveal his secret when he is satisfied that the proper time has come for doing so; and that will no doubt be when the arrangements for producing it of uniform strength and perfectly pure quality are completed.

I cannot bring these remarks to a close without a feeling of sadness, almost of shame—that of the many important discoveries which have been made in the domain of medical science in recent years, so few are associated with the names of Englishmen. This country, which once stood in the forefront of scientific medicine, is now slowly following in the wake of both France and Germany. This is due in part to the opposition which well-meaning but mistaken persons have offered to biological research in England, but still more to the apathy and indifference to anything but their own material interests which have characterised the policy of our two leading medical corporations for many years back. The College of Surgeons, which is by far the richest body of the kind in the world, does hardly anything to encourage scientific investigation, but divides the bulk of its large revenues among the members of its governing body and their satellites. A representative form of government for this institution would at once put an end to the misapplication of funds, and would ensure a considerable portion of its income being spent in promoting original research. English medical science would in this way be soon restored to the proud position it once occupied.

MORELL MACKENZIE.

THE CERTAINTIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

WITH very much in Dr. Abbott's article on "Illusion in Religion"* I heartily agree. Looking back from our own intellectual standpoint upon the religious thought of past ages, and even upon that of our own day, we cannot doubt that with the highest truth error has frequently been associated. And since this error has often been confidently accepted as truth, we are compelled to admit that with knowledge of the truth has often been mixed a large element of illusion. Moreover, in view of this prevalent illusion, unless we are very wise or very foolish, we shall be slow to say that all the illusion is with others, and that our own conceptions of religion are absolute truth. Far more probable is the suggestion that into all human thought about the Unseen illusion enters. Yet, though probably universal, it is none the less dangerous. To reduce within the narrowest limits possible this element of illusion is one chief task of religious thought, and especially of scientific theology.

I also agree with Dr. Abbott that, in order to eliminate illusion as far as possible from our own conceptions of religion, each one is bound to sift with utmost care his own most cherished conviction, even when the search may "compel the seeker to reject traditions sacred to the majority of those around him, and perhaps to incur some social disesteem in so doing." Illusion in a matter so important as religion is excusable only when it lingers with us in spite of honest and resolute effort to dislodge it.

Even with regard to the method of disillusion I agree with Dr. Abbott so far as he goes. Nothing can be better or more beautiful than his wise words on page 738: "We must move in that direction in which, as we go forward, we gradually discern an increase of moral and spiritual sunshine for our souls, and in which—while true to ourselves,

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, November 1890, p. 721.

and to our sense of intellectual as well as moral truth—we can find stimulus and encouragement in righteousness, power to control our passions, freedom from base and servile terrors." The moral sense is the supreme arbiter of human life. That which appeals to, and elevates, our inborn sense of right cannot but be true, at least in its main outlines; and that which is morally hurtful cannot be other than false.

In this paper I shall endeavour to supplement Dr. Abbott's article by showing that, inasmuch as Christianity claims to rest on historical facts, the methods of historical criticism afford us another means, in addition to the great criterion just noted, of testing the truth of religious opinion. This additional test is the more needful because the judgments of the moral sense are pronounced in that secret chamber in which the man dwells alone, and in which therefore personal prejudice is apt to rule. Our only safeguard in matters of religion, as in all others, is the coincidence of testimony of different kinds. Our faith in the Unseen can rest securely only upon objective historical evidence, confirmed by the approval of the Judge enthroned within. Only such beliefs as bring with them external credentials, and are also verified by their influence on our moral life, can we accept with confidence as true.

The most conspicuous objective evidence for religious opinions is their manifest effect on those who hold them. Dr. Abbott represents some one as asking, "If Buddhism or Mohammedanism is found to convert the majority of mankind, is Christianity to be counted false?" But his reply to this question is not the most effective. What are the facts of the case? Every Moslem and every Buddhist nation is, and for centuries has been, sinking into helpless and hopeless decay. The only progressive nations in the world are Christian nations. And it is hardly too much to say that of these every one bears marks of progress. Even the non-Aryan nations which have accepted Christianity—*e.g.*, the Hungarians—have left far behind the Aryan Persians and Hindoos. This monopoly of progress, during long ages, by the Christian nations is a fact as wide as humanity, and demands explanation. And it sets aside at once as needless the question suggested by Dr. Abbott.

As to numbers, a good authority on the religions of the world makes the Hindoos and Buddhists and Mohammedans, added together, to be fewer than the Christians.*

For an explanation of the immense superiority of all Christian nations to all others, we turn to the story of the rise of Christianity. It arose suddenly, in the first century, out of an obscure national religion. That century witnessed a religious impulse unique in the history of the world, an impulse which turned back the whole course of human society from the corruption to which it was hopelessly drifting

* Monier Williams on "Buddhism," Preface, p. xvii.

into a new path of progress—moral, intellectual, and material. This unique impulse is attributed by all who recognise it to one unique personality. Indisputably, it is due to a Syrian artisan, who was laid in His grave before He had reached His prime.

To this unique personality, the position of the Christian nations to-day and the influence of Christianity upon the world written in unmistakable characters on the records of the centuries, give immense importance. We ask, Who and what was Jesus of Nazareth; what did He teach, and what is the secret of the effect of His teaching upon the world?

Fortunately, materials are at hand which enable us to give, with considerable confidence, an answer to this question. We turn at once to the Christian documents. We have thirteen letters bearing the name of Paul, the most conspicuous of the early missionaries who carried the Gospel of Christ to foreign lands. All these were accepted long before the close of the second century, in places so far apart as Egypt, Gaul, Carthage, without a shadow of doubt as written by the great Apostle. They were accepted as in the main genuine, in the middle of that century, as we infer from replies by early Christian writers, even by opponents of the traditional teaching of the Church. And these external testimonies are confirmed by abundant internal evidence. So complete is this proof that at least four Epistles, those to the Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians, are accepted by all modern scholars, even by some who reject his teaching about Christ, as written by the Apostle Paul. Consequently, in these four Epistles, we shall see reflected the opinions about Christ of the most conspicuous and effective of the early Christian teachers. With the Epistles of Paul may be compared other documents differing widely from them both in phraseology and modes of thought, and thus revealing an independent origin, yet of extreme antiquity. We have four memoirs of Christ which were accepted by Irenæus (A.D. 180) and all subsequent Christian writers with complete confidence as written by Apostles of Christ or by their companions, and standing apart from all similar writings as authentic, and in some sense official, accounts of the life and teaching of Christ. He speaks of the First Gospel as written by "Matthew the Apostle";* of the Third, as written by "Luke, a follower and disciple of the Apostles";† of the Second, as written by "Mark, an interpreter and follower of Peter";‡ and of the Fourth, as by John, a disciple of the Lord."§ And his numerous quotations leave no doubt that the Gospels as he had them were in the main identical with our present copies. He adds, "So great is the certainty about the Gospels that even heretics themselves bear testimony to them; and from them each one endeavours to confirm his own teaching."‖ Moreover, Irenæus is followed by

* "Against Heresies." book iii. 9. 1. † *Ibid.* ch. 10. 1. ‡ *Ibid.* § 6.
§ *Ibid.* ch. 11. 1. ‖ *Ibid.* § 7.

the unanimous and confident testimony of all later Christian writers. This unbroken unanimity in the latter part of the second century, in accepting these four memoirs and no others, is complete proof that our Gospels were then old, that they cannot have been written later than the beginning of that century. In the Fourth Gospel, the external evidence that it was written by an intimate associate of Jesus is supported by strong internal evidence. We have also a narrative of the founding of the early Christian Churches universally attributed to the author of the Third Gospel. That it contains no mention of the Epistles of Paul, is complete proof that it was written before those Epistles had become famous. The First Epistle to the Corinthians is quoted expressly by Clement of Rome at the beginning of the second century.

That the Epistles of Paul and the Gospels as we now have them are practically the same as when they left the hand of their writers, is placed beyond doubt by the great number and the marvellous agreement of the manuscripts in various languages which have come down to us, some of them from the fourth century. It is true that these manuscripts, numbering many hundreds, present numberless variations, and that some of these variations are important. But let any one take the most corrupt manuscript he can find and compare it with a modern critical edition, or with the Revised English Version.* For the purpose we have in view he will detect no difference whatever. The comparison will assure him that in the extant copies he has before him substantially the very words of the Apostle and the Evangelists.

On this point I may quote Westcott and Hort, whose "New Testament in Greek" differs from the traditional text more than does any other critical edition. On page 561 of vol. i. they say: "If comparative trivialities, such as changes of order, the insertion or omission of the article with proper names, and the like, are set aside, the words in our opinion still subject to doubt can hardly amount to more than a thousandth part of the whole New Testament."

With the abundant materials available for determining the text of the New Testament, we may compare the scantiness of the materials for correcting our copies of the masterpieces of classical Greek literature. Our text of the plays of Sophocles is based chiefly on one manuscript not so early as A.D. 1000, and on some nine or ten others of much later date and less value. Yet even this scanty apparatus leaves us in no doubt that we have before us the work and thought of the great dramatist.

Such are the materials for our historical research touching the actual teaching of the Author of the great religious impulse which changed the whole current of human life and history. We have four letters

* This comparison is rendered easy by a collation of fifty cursive manuscripts published by Scrivener in his edition of the "Codex Augiensis."

written undoubtedly by the founder of the Churches of Europe, and four memoirs of Christ written not much later than the beginning of the second century. And our copies are practically identical with the original documents.

To these letters and memoirs we now turn, in order to reproduce the impression made by Jesus upon His earliest followers. Every page of the Epistles of Paul reflects the writer's profound reverence for Christ. In speaking of Him there is no trace of that sense of equality which no human distinctions can altogether efface. To speak of himself as "a servant of Christ" is felt to be high honour, and makes it impossible for Paul to seek the favour of men.* He glories † in being led captive in the train of so mighty a conqueror.

Not unfrequently Paul speaks of Christ as "the Son of God." He says‡ that God "spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all"; suggesting a father who gives up his own son to save others who are not his sons. We read of "God sending His own Son in the likeness of the flesh of sin." § This can only refer to the birth of Christ; and, if so, implies His pre-existence as Own Son of God. Similarly, pre-existence is implied in the phrases, "He emptied Himself," ‖ and "He became poor." ¶ In a document closely related to the Epistles of Paul, Christ is called the "Son" of God in contrast to Moses, who is only a "faithful servant." ** In an epistle †† written probably by Paul, Christ is said to be earlier than angels and the universe, and we are told that by His agency these were created. And before His tribunal ‡‡ Paul and all other men must in the Great Day stand and be judged. Christ will raise the dead. §§ These quotations prove beyond a shadow of doubt that Paul looked upon Christ as immeasurably greater than the greatest of men, and as occupying a close relation to God shared by no other. That Paul held this belief our evidence compels us to accept as assured historical fact.

In order to eliminate from this conception of Christ the Pauline element, we turn now to other documents which manifestly were not written by Paul, and apparently not under his influence. The teaching attributed to Christ in the First Gospel differs widely, in spite of subtle links of inner contact, from the teaching of Paul. Instead of "justified by faith apart from works of law," ‖‖ Christ is reported to say, "If thou desirest to enter into life, keep the commandments." ¶¶ The conspicuous teaching of Paul is absent: other teaching has taken its place. In the First Gospel we have an independent witness about the teaching of Christ.

* Gal. i. 10. † 2 Cor. ii. 14. ‡ Rom. viii. 32. § *Ibid. v.* 3.
‖ Phil. ii. 7. ¶ 2 Cor. viii. 9. ** Heb. iii. 5.
†† Col. i. 16. The genuineness of the Epistles to the Philippians and the Colossians I have discussed at some length in my recently published Commentary on them.
‡‡ Rom. ii. 16; 2 Cor. v. 10. §§ Phil. iii. 21.
‖‖ Rom. iii. 28, 30; Gal. ii. 16. ¶¶ Matt. xix. 17.

This new witness represents Christ as claiming expressly and frequently the honour paid to Him in the Epistles of Paul. He speaks of God as "My Father"; and declares to a nation which boasted its knowledge of God that "no one knoweth the Father except the Son, and he to whom the Son is minded to reveal Him."* Yet after this stupendous assumption He adds, "I am meek and lowly in heart": and we feel at once that these words are true. Christ accepts from Peter† with warm approval the lofty title, "the Son of the Living God." Twice‡ a voice from heaven accosts Him as "My beloved Son."

The meaning of the phrase "the Son of God" is expounded by a parable§ in which the greatest earlier teachers are described as "servants," and Christ as the Master's "Son." Elsewhere,‖ He is spoken of in plainest language as the Judge of the world. The same conception of Christ, but somewhat less fully, is given also in the Second and Third Gospels.

In the Fourth Gospel we have again the same portrait of superhuman dignity. Christ claims to be the only Way¶ to God; and "the only begotten Son"** of God. His voice†† will summon all the dead from their graves to judgment. He receives with approbation from Thomas the august title, "My Lord and my God."‡‡ At the beginning of the Gospel the writer declares that the Word who afterwards became Flesh "was God," and that by His agency was made whatever has been made.

From this wonderful agreement even in details of these five very different witnesses, an agreement not in any way contradicted by any early Christian documents, we learn that Christ left in the minds of the first generation of His followers the same conception of Himself—viz., as immeasurably superior to angels and to men, and as occupying a place of unique nearness to God. We all feel at once the great difference between the position of the King's son and that of the greatest of the King's servants, between the prisoner who trembles at the bar and the judge who sits in dignity upon the bench and pronounces judgment. Christ is represented by each of these five early witnesses as the Son and the Judge. Such honour was never else paid by man to a contemporary man. This conception of Christ is an historic fact attested by complete evidence and of the utmost significance.

Very significant also is another fact attested by all Christian literature—viz., that a conception of Christ practically identical with that delineated above has been held in all ages by a vast majority of the servants of Christ. It was embodied in the great historic Creed formulated at Nicæa and Constantinople. Dr. Abbott reminds

* Matt. xi. 27. † Ch. xvi. 16. ‡ Ch. iii. 17; xvii. 5.
§ Matt. xxi. 33–40: a close parallel to Heb. iii. 5.
‖ Matt. xiii. 41; xvi. 27; xix. 28; xxiv. 30; xxv. 31.
¶ John xiv. 6.
** John iii. 16. †† Ch. v. 29; vi. 39, 40, 54. ‡‡ Ch. xx. 28.

us that the bathmen of Alexandria wrangled over a theological term. But the careful student of the history of doctrines and of the religious life of the world will bear witness that in all ages the faith embodied in the term *homoousios, of the same substance with* the Father, has been the cherished belief of nearly all those who have done most for the spiritual and moral benefit of mankind. The comparative influence upon their fellows of those who have held, and of those who have rejected, the superhuman and superangelic dignity of Jesus is another fact of the utmost importance.

In the above indisputable facts we have a firm historical platform from which to approach the actual teaching of Christ about Himself. Only three possibilities are open to us. Either all the early followers of Christ whose opinions have come down to us, and the immense majority of Christians in all ages, and nearly all those who have done most to spread Christianity, have utterly misunderstood His teaching about Himself, and have fallen into most serious error touching His relation to God; or Christ claimed for Himself a dignity to which He had no right; or the belief of His followers was correct. This alternative we shall for a moment consider.

The question at issue is of infinite importance. For the last of these three suppositions implies that there is with the Father from eternity One personally distinct from, yet most closely related to, Him, His own and only Son. If so, we have in the Godhead eternal society and order and harmony, the eternal archetype of all human society and order and harmony. The first and second suppositions are practically a denial of this eternal companionship, an assertion that in God there is only eternal solitude. In other words, the alternative before us involves our entire conception of God.

It is at once evident that the first and second of the above suggestions are suggestions of despair. Bold must he be who dares to charge with error so serious about the nature of God and about the dignity of Christ the great Apostle whose writings have in all ages been to the most thoughtful and to the best of men the highest stimulus to intellectual and moral culture. But if any one thinks that either of these two suggestions is less in conflict with all the facts of the case than is the third suggestion, let him do so knowing clearly what his judgment involves. If we cannot accept them, we have no alternative but to believe that the Christian documents present a correct picture of the claims and the real dignity of Christ, that He is in very truth the only begotten Son of God, the Creator of the Universe, and the future Judge of all mankind.

Other historical evidence now demands attention. We ask at once, How came the carpenter of Nazareth to make on the pupil of Gamaliel the profound impression so conspicuous on every page of his Epistles? What had Jesus done, so much above all that Paul could

do, to lead captive in willing bondage the author of the wonderful Epistle to the Romans? The answer is ready. Paul accepted Jesus as infinitely greater than all men, because he believed that He had risen from the dead. Of this we have complete historical proof. Upon the objective fact of the resurrection of Christ the Apostle stakes everything. "If Christ is not risen, we are found out to be false witnesses of God, because we have borne witness against God that He raised Christ."* That he refers to a bodily resurrection, is made certain by the analogy, in the same chapter, of the bodily resurrection of believers.† The resurrection of Christ as a manifestation of the power of God and as the historic ground of the Christian's hope is a most conspicuous feature of the Epistles of Paul.‡ It moulded his entire thought. Similarly, each of the Four Gospels tells of the grave found empty on the second morning after the crucifixion, and of Christ as risen. And in the Book of Acts the resurrection of their Master is again and again said to be a chief element of the Apostles' teaching.§ No historic fact is better attested than that the preaching and the courage both of the Galileans and of Paul were inspired by belief that their Lord had in bodily form risen from the dead. Indisputably, but for this belief there had been no Gospel preached and no Christian Churches.

The resurrection of Christ and the superhuman dignity claimed for Him must stand or fall together. None will admit these claims, whether they suppose them to have been actually made by Christ or only by His deluded followers, unless they believe that the body laid dead in the grave was raised to life. And none who believe that He trampled under foot the king of terrors, before whom all human distinctions fade, will deny Him to be greater than the greatest of men. Practically we have only one alternative. Either Christ rose from the dead and is divine; or He did not rise, and is only human.

Let us for a moment test these suppositions, by assuming them in turn to be true.

If in Christ the Creator of the world assumed human form, and lived and died and rose from the dead, the greatest facts of human history are fully explained. The faith of the Apostles is explained by the truth of that which they believed; and the conversion of Paul by the truth of that which he eventually accepted as true. The survival of the Gospel in spite of deadly hostility, its spread, its salutary influence, and the superiority to-day of the nations which have accepted it, will not surprise us. For the Gospel declares itself to be a power of God, for salvation to all who believe it.

On the other hand, if Christ did not rise, we must suppose that

* 1 Cor. xv. 14, 15. † See *vv.* 35, 43, 44.
‡ Compare Rom. i. 4; iv. 24, 25; vi. 5, 9; vii. 4; viii. 34; x. 9; xiv. 9, &c.
§ So Ch. i. 22; ii. 24, 31, 32; iii. 15, 26; iv. 10; xiii. 30, 31, 34; xvii. 31, &c.

while His body lay rotting in the grave His followers believed that it had returned to life and risen to heaven, and that this delusion came to be shared by a colleague of His murderers, a man of culture and of well-balanced judgment; that while He was only the best of men, His most intimate friend and the converted Pharisee believed Him to be the Creator and the Judge of the world. We must also believe that this double delusion became the mainspring of a life of devotion to the highest interests of men, that it spread to all lands, and has continued to our day; and that wherever this delusion has been mistaken for truth there has been sustained progress, and that wherever it has not been thus accepted, there is stagnation and decay.

Shall we congratulate or commiserate the Nazarene? His most intimate disciples have perverted His teaching into that from which He would have shrunk back with horror as blasphemy. And a mere man has been exalted above the loftiest archangel.

In short, every hypothesis which denies the claims put forth for Christ by His immediate followers reduces the history of Christianity to a tissue of impossibilities. And the failure of these hypotheses compels us to accept as true the only alternative.

The one serious objection to the faith of the early Christians is that it seems to involve a suspension of the forces and laws of Nature. But the resurrection of Christ does not involve that these forces were suspended even for a moment, but only that certain natural forces which now work in all the dead, and which reduce to dust what was once a living body, were in the case of Jesus in some sense neutralised, or rather deflected from their ordinary course (as in our bodies certain chemical forces are constantly neutralised or deflected by the presence of animal life), by the presence or return of a higher life; so that what would have been in all others a final separation of body and spirit was in Him a transient sleep. It is true that the resurrection of Christ cannot be explained by the operation of the natural forces known to us. But no more can the first origin of life. For the lifeless constituents of our planet to wake up into life, as they must have done in the beginning of life, is as contrary to the observed sequences of Nature as for a dead body to return to life. The one is as much or as little a miracle as the other. In the origin of life, which has completely changed the face of our globe, and which cannot be explained by the forces which now maintain the life then given, we have a very close parallel to the origin of Christianity in the revival * of the dead body of Christ; and a complete answer to the frivolous objection that the dead never rise again.

* Compare 1 Pet. i. 3, "Begotten us again by the resurrection of Christ from the dead."

Such, in scanty outline, is the historical evidence touching the Author of the great religious impulse which has transformed and saved the world. The subjective evidence by which this historical proof must be tested is to be found in the inner life of each one. And it is incapable of complete statement. But a multitude which no one can number, of every nation and every age, bear joyful witness that the distinctive faith of the Apostles about the dignity of their Master has been to them, not only a light gilding the darkest paths of life and even the gloom of death, but the most powerful upward moral influence they have ever known. In other words, the inward experience of their own moral life has confirmed the teaching of the Apostles and Evangelists. This coincidence of evidence outward and inward removes from them all doubt that the teaching thus doubly attested is true.

Throughout his entire article Dr. Abbott seems to me to underrate the Christian documents and to mutilate their testimony about Christ.

He speaks about the uncertain authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and about the doubts which gather round the Second Epistle of Peter. But these doubts do nothing to weaken the evidence which has convinced all scholars that the four great Epistles came from the pen of Paul, and therefore reflect his actual opinions about Christ and the Gospel. Nor do these doubts invalidate the proof given above that the Four Gospels are not later than the beginning of the second century. They do not touch the argument of this article, which rests on the very close agreement, even in modes of expression, of five independent witnesses.

Dr. Abbott also refers to the variations in the manuscripts of the New Testament. On this point I have already quoted the able editors, Westcott and Hort. And their testimony may be confirmed by any one who will compare, in the many passages I have quoted, various manuscripts or versions or editions. Reference is also made to the doubtful authorship of the last twelve verses of the Second Gospel, and we are told that these verses are "the earliest evangelistic evidence as to the resurrection of Christ." The earliest documentary evidence of the resurrection is in ch. xv. of the First Epistle to the Corinthians; and about the authorship of this Epistle there is no doubt. The evidence afforded by the Gospels is of worth chiefly because it confirms the confident testimony of the great Apostle. Every textual critic will admit that the variations of existing manuscripts do nothing to lessen the historical worth of the Gospels and of the Epistles of Paul.

We are also reminded that "our Lord Himself spoke in parables, poetic hyperbole, or metaphors, which were misunderstood often by the multitude, and sometimes by His own disciples." This is a salu-

tary caution. But in the above argument parables and metaphor have been introduced only where they confirm the often repeated teaching of plain prose. Make all possible allowance for modes of speech, and the remarkable agreement of our five witnesses compels conviction.

On page 731 of the article we are considering we have a reproduction of the teaching of Christ. "His method was simply to declare that God was veritably our Father, and to illustrate this proclamation by His own life and conduct, by being what He was; not to argue, nor to demonstrate, nor to work signs in heaven by which whole multitudes, including the Pharisees, would have been irresistibly convinced; not even to announce Himself to be what He was, so that men might have accepted His message on authority." And much in the same strain. One is tempted to ask, From what source did Dr. Abbott derive this picture of the teaching of Christ? Let any one take one of the Gospels and read it through, and then compare it with this outline. Certain features he will recognise. But the most distinctive features of Christ, as portrayed in the earliest Christian documents, and as compared with other teachers, are absent from this modern outline. It is indeed "Hamlet," with Hamlet left out.

What Dr. Abbott would have said about a similarly defective account of the teaching of Mohammed, I do not know. But I cannot refrain from reminding him of his own good advice, on page 726, "To test and try our most sacred books and traditions (so far as the intellectual and critical appreciation of them is concerned) by the same severe laws of criticism, and in the same cold, dispassionate temper in which we would test the Koran, or a Greek play, or a book of Thucydides."

Certain indications that the writers of the Synoptist Gospels understood Christ to announce His own speedy return, I have no space now to discuss. The chief are Matthew x. 23, xvi. 28, xxiv. 34, and their parallels. Much less definite are 1 Corinthians xv. 51, 1 Thessalonians iv. 15, 17. These bear strong witness to the early date of the documents in which they occur, to the fact that Christ actually announced His return to judge the world, and to the deep impression made upon His hearers by the personality of Christ. Even if, in this small detail of time, the eagerness of His disciples misinterpreted the Master's words, this error does nothing to lessen the significance of their firm faith that a man whom they had seen face to face would indeed return to pronounce sentence on all ranks and conditions of men.

Nor is the significance of their faith that Christ had risen from the dead lessened by the discrepancies in the accounts of the resurrection. For discrepancies are always easily accounted for by the imperfection of human observation or record. In the case before us, the agree-

ment of independent witnesses can be accounted for only by the truth of that in which they agree.

In conclusion, I must again assert that in the Christian documents we have reliable evidence about the teaching and claims of Jesus, and that all intelligent inquiry about Him must begin with grammatical and historical investigation of these documents. Unless our ship is securely anchored here we shall certainly drift along the currents of our own imagination. On the other hand, I readily admit that the results of this investigation can claim our moral allegiance only so far as they commend themselves to our own moral sense, to the supreme Judge enthroned within. In all ages the picture of Christ portrayed in the New Testament has secured the homage of nearly all those whom their fellows have counted to be the best of men. And to-day, to most of those who are labouring to save and raise the lost, that image of the Eternal Son of God, who to save man became man, and lived and died and rose from the dead, is the brightest light they have ever seen. To them the agreement between the evidence written on the ancient documents and on the page of history, and that which they find in their own inner life, is complete proof that this vision of the Son of God is no illusion.

On the other hand, if we have never felt our need of a Saviour greater than the greatest of men, of an authority able to silence the condemnation pronounced against us by our own moral sense, and of a moral power able to rescue us from the bondage of our own sins, we shall never recognise in the Nazarene anything more than the greatest human excellence. But in that case the Christian documents, the origin of Christianity, and its effect upon the world, will be a contradiction to all the observed sequences of human life, an enigma which no man can solve.

JOSEPH AGAR BEET.

DEAN CHURCH.

IN the beginning of this year I was called upon, at short notice, to put down in this REVIEW some obituary impressions of the late Dr. Ignatius von Döllinger. I now venture, on still shorter notice, to pay such tribute as I can to the memory of the late Dean of St. Paul's. In the interval Lightfoot, Liddon, Newman have passed away. The extinction of five such luminaries in the ecclesiastical firmament is a rare event in the course of one year. They had much in common; but it might be said of each of them that "his soul was like a star and dwelt apart." The greatest of them, taking him all round, was undoubtedly Dr. Döllinger, greatest in intellectual range and in extent and minute accuracy of erudition. His learning was vast and various, but was ever at his command in its smallest details. His large library filled several rooms opening into each other, most of the shelves holding two rows of books, one behind the other. In the room next the one in which Dr. Döllinger himself worked it was my privilege to have a table whenever I went to Munich; and when I wanted a reference, no matter what the subject, he could tell me in a moment where to find it, and if I did not light upon it at once he would jump up with an agility hardly impaired by the weight of more than fourscore years and a half (last time I saw him), and put his hand upon the volume, even when a row of books stood in front of it. His spare form and exuberant vitality seemed to defy the ordinary law of decay. He knew not what illness was till the prevalent influenza seized him; and even that he shook off with comparative ease and was in a fair way towards recovery, when, rashly venturing on his usual cold bath, he received his death-stroke. Döllinger had a great admiration for Newman, who was about a year his junior, but he thought him a rash controversialist, sometimes

damaging his own cause more than his opponent's. I happened to be at Munich when a letter was published from Dr. Newman against Anglican Orders, the validity of which he impugned on *à priori* rather than on historical grounds; not because any historical flaw could be proved, but because God was not likely to commit the custody of His sacraments to such careless stewards as the Anglican clergy were alleged to be. "That argument," said Döllinger to me, "is more fatal to Newman's Roman Orders than to his Anglican, for nothing could exceed the confusion and carelessness in such matters which prevailed in Italy in mediæval times." And he proceeded to give a number of illustrations, adding: "The fact is, Newman's knowledge of the first four centuries of Christianity is unsurpassed; but there are few men of ability and learning so ignorant as he of the history of the Middle Ages, and that explains much." It is indeed curious how one-sided Newman's reading was—how much it was governed by his prepossessions. I remember asking his opinion some years ago on a pamphlet which argued that the Athanasian Creed was probably written by St. Augustine. He wrote back that he was not competent to give an opinion, as he was "not acquainted with St. Augustine." Of course, he must have meant that he had not made a study of St. Augustine. Yet it was a sentence from that great Father that shook Newman's faith in the English Church, and was the most potent cause of his conversion to the Church of Rome. The incident marks so characteristically the contrast between the cast of Newman's mind and Church's, that it is instructive to notice it. Cardinal Wiseman had written an article on the Donatist Schism, with an application to the English Church. Newman "read it, and did not see much in it." But one of his friends called his attention to St. Augustine's phrase, "Securus judicat orbis terrarum," quoted in the article. The friend "repeated those words again and again," says Newman; "and when he was gone they kept running in my ears. They were words which went beyond the occasion of the Donatists. . . . . What a light was hereby thrown upon every controversy in the Church! . . . . Who can account for the impressions which are made on him? For a mere sentence, the words of St. Augustine struck me with a power which I never had felt from any words before. To take a familiar instance, they were like the 'Turn again, Whittington,' of the chime; or, to take a more serious one, they were like the 'Tolle, lege; tolle, lege,' of the child, which converted St. Augustine himself. 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum!' By those great words of the ancient Father, interpreting and summing-up the long and varied course of ecclesiastical history, the theory of the *Via Media* was absolutely pulverised." Truly an amazing proposition! St. Augustine was writing against a handful of Christians in Africa who had separated from and excommunicated the rest of Christendom because the Catholic Church

continued to hold communion with men whom the Donatists accused of flagrant sin. It was a question of morals, not of faith, which was in dispute, and St. Augustine argued that Christendom at large (*orbis terrarum*) was a safe guide in such a matter, the *onus probandi* being on those who seceded from the ecclesiastical body and condemned it. That is true as a general principle; but St. Augustine did not even propound it as a general principle; the context restricts the phrase to the particular case of the Donatists. Yet in Newman's vivid imagination it suddenly assumed the portentous significance of a divine oracle proclaiming the infallibility of the Church of Rome.

The process of reasoning, the mental attitude towards great issues, revealed by this episode in Newman's religious development is quite foreign to the intellectual *ethos* of Dean Church. I cannot exhibit the difference better than by a quotation from the Dean's fine sermon on "Responsibility for our Belief":

"It is said, and rightly said, that we must follow truth wherever it leads us. Any one who believes in truth at all must say it. But I think that following truth is sometimes confounded with yielding to the immediate pressure of an argument—which is a very different thing. For I am sure it cannot be too much remembered—what the history of every controversy shows; and every controversy and argument has a most curious history, full of strange turns and eventful surprises—that the form and pressure of an argument at any particular time has much in it of what we call accident. . . . . Further, though argument is the natural means of getting at the verdict of reason, it is only a means and step, part of a process more complex and subtle than itself. For reason is wide and manifold, and waits its time; an argument is partial, one-sided, and often *then* most effective when least embarrassed by seeing too much; and one link left out, one fact overlooked, one step missed, may vitiate the most triumphant argument, as one element forgotten vitiates the whole of a long and intricate calculation. Again, the weight of an argument, like the significance of an event, is itself determined by many things without it. It will appear very different to the old and the young; to the happy and to the miserable. Very different to the same mind in the intoxication of success and popularity, or in the depression of failure and rebuke; in the whirl of society and the sunshine of an easy life, or on the bed of sickness, of hopelessness, of death; *before* and *after* travel, with its enlargement or its dissipation of mind; in the free air of the mountains and the sea, or within the bounds of a quiet and narrow study. Its force varies as a man is surrounded by those who take for granted one set of assumptions and conclusions, or by those who oppose them or are indifferent. . . . . Let us believe what all experience shows, the large part which the qualities of our moral nature, its self-discipline and refinement, must have in all questions which touch what is moral and spiritual: how profoundly, how indirectly, intellectual work is influenced by modesty, reverence, honesty. Be patient, be just, be tolerant, be hopeful, be humble. In our greatest differences, and in proportion as our own convictions are deep, let us not be afraid to be equitable, considerate, generous. . . . . And remember what an element *time* is in all growth; how much *time* alone does in making troubled questions run clear; how often what perplexes us to-day is all explained to-morrow; how what is tangled by dispute and confusion of thought may become unravelled by simply waiting. By simply

waiting our horizon widens—widens almost without our knowing it. . . . . Those who undertake to woo Truth by their own courage and venture, must not stumble at her conditions. They must not think it strange if for that Divine Bride they have to serve the seven years, and then the seven years more."

But what of those who have sought Truth loyally, yet have not found it when the end has come? Dean Church had no difficulty in facing that question. Be sincere with your intellect, he said. Play no tricks with it; "do not shrink from its full play, but be watchful over the heart and its temptations."

"I should be disloyal to Him, whom I believe in and worship as the Lord of truth, if I doubted that such seeking would at last find Him. Even if it do not find Him *here*, man's destiny stops not at the grave; and many, we may be sure, will know Him *there* who did not know Him *here*. Be the stages what they may, as rough, as strange, as prolonged as they often seem to be, true and earnest seeking cannot be in vain; they will lead the honest and good heart to the truth, and at last to the light it longs for."

I have quoted this long passage because it gives the key to Dean Church's character. Indomitable love of truth, sincerity, humility, equity, generosity, patience—these formed the ethical soil in which his mind was rooted. Consequently, he never lost his balance in any of the surging controversies of the last fifty years; while others, some of them men of great name, gave up hope and left the field—some for Rome, some for Agnosticism, some for weary Indifferentism. And even of those who remained, some, not excluding the most distinguished, were more than once frightened or hurried into rash courses. Dr. Pusey prevailed on the bulk of his party to join the *Record* and the Evangelical party in denunciation of "Essays and Reviews," and of the nomination of one of the Essayists (the present Bishop of London) to the See of Exeter. He afterwards hastened to denounce as heterodox the concordat on the *Filioque* agreed upon at the Bonn Conference in 1875 by a distinguished assembly of Old Catholics, Oriental, and Anglican divines (including Dr. Liddon). But in all the controversies of his time Church kept a clear, cool head, knowing "how much time alone does in making troubled questions run clear." And time has vindicated his wisdom. He felt the magic of Newman's personal influence; he admired and loved him; he more than any one else quashed by the Proctors' veto the University condemnation of Tract 90. Yet in the cataclysm of Newman's secession, which at the time seemed to shatter the High Church party, and which made even Pusey and Keble tremble for the issue, Church's faith and courage never wavered. Convinced of the truth of his position, he awaited the result with confidence. His attitude was equally brave and confident in the Gorham controversy, the "Essays and Reviews" controversy, the Ritualistic controversy, and the comparatively insignificant controversy about "Lux Mundi." In all

these controversies he deprecated an appeal to law courts or popular passion, however much he may have disapproved of the conduct of those who had provoked the controversy. He believed that "Truth was greatest and would prevail" in the end—believed it so entirely that he was not afraid to let Truth enter the arena of public discussion and abide by the ordeal of fair combat; not immediately perhaps, but in the long run.

I have compared and contrasted in some respects Newman and Church, master and disciple, albeit a very independent disciple. It was my privilege—and a great privilege and pleasure it was—to enjoy Cardinal Newman's friendship for the last five-and-twenty years of his life. He wrote to me with great frankness and freedom on questions of the day, and I subjoin a quotation from one of his letters which illustrates my theme, and is exceedingly interesting in itself. I shall quote nothing to which either he or any friend of his could object. A rumour had reached me that he was engaged on a book on the mutual relations of Faith and Reason, in connection with "Essays and Reviews," and having had occasion to write to him on another subject, I took the opportunity of referring to this rumour. He said in reply:

"I assure you I look with the most anxious interest at the state of Oxford, the more so because I anticipated its present perplexities; and it was one of my sorest trials in leaving it, that I was undoing my own work and leaving the field open, or rather infallibly surrendering it, to those who would break down and crumble to powder all religion whatever. As to the authors of 'Essays and Reviews,' some of them at least, I am sure, know not what they do. One of them I may still call my friend, and for two others, though I do not know them, I feel great respect. These, I trust, are urged by a sincere feeling that it is not right to keep up shams. Yet did they really see the termination, or rather the abyss, to which these speculations lead, surely they would see that, before attempting to sift facts, they ought to make sure that they have a firm hold of true and eternal principles. To unsettle the minds of a generation when you give them no landmarks and no causeway across the morass is to undertake a great responsibility.

"The religion of England depends, humanly speaking, on belief in the Bible, the whole Bible, &c., and on the observance of the Calvinistic Sabbath. Let the population begin to doubt in its inspiration and infallibility—where are we? Alas! whole classes do already; but I would not be the man knowingly to introduce scepticism into those portions of the community which are as yet sound. Consider the misery of wives and mothers losing their faith in Scripture; yet I am told this sad process is commencing.

"What I have said is not a gratuitous intrusion of my own thoughts upon you, but is virtually an answer to your question about myself. The volume in question, I know, is levelled at Revelation as a whole, but is especially a blow at the Old Testament. Now the plenary inspiration of Scripture is peculiarly a Protestant question; not a Catholic. We, indeed, devoutly receive the whole Bible as the word of God: but we receive it on the authority of the Church, and the Church has defined very little as to the aspects under which it comes from God, and the limits of its inspiration. Supposing, for argument sake, that it could be proved that some passage in

the Pentateuch about Egyptian history were erroneous; nay, let the universality of the deluge over the globe, or the literal interpretation of Genesis, be, for argument sake, disproved, it would not affect a Catholic, for two reasons:—1. Because the Church has not made them points *de fide;* and 2, because not the Bible, but the Church, is to him the oracle of Revelation; so that, though the whole Scripture were miraculously removed from the world as if it had never been, evil and miserable as would be the absence of such a privilege, he would still have enough motives and objects for his faith. Whereas to the Protestant the question of Scripture is one of life and death.

"You see then, much as I grieve at what is taking place, I feel no call on me to interpose in the controversy. And the more because *we* shall have a controversy of our own—viz., with Atheism. My own belief is that, if there be a God, Catholicism is true; but this is the elementary, august, and sovereign truth, the denial of which is in progress. May He Himself give grace to those who shall be alive on that terrible day to fight His battle well."

In reply I said, *inter alia*, that I did not think the religion of England did depend on "the observance of the Calvinistic Sabbath," and on the popular view of "the plenary inspiration of Scripture"; that I saw no sign of the decay of Christianity; that since he had left her, the progress of the Church of England had been forward, not backward—so much so, that the battle which he had thought lost when he left us had been practically won. How could he account for that fact, if the Church of England was no part of the body of Christ, and the Spirit of God was not energising within her? One sentence from his long answer will suffice for my purpose here. "As to your question about the growth of Church principles in the Anglican Church, I rejoice in the *fact;* but as to the *why*, there is another hypothesis besides that of serving as a note to the Apostolicity of Anglicanism; it may be to prepare for a large addition of members to the Roman Catholic Church."

I saw him the year after the Vatican Council, and he asked me whether I thought that one of the effects of the Vatican decrees would be to prevent conversions from the Church of England. I answered in the affirmative. "That is my own opinion," he said. I reminded him of his suggested explanation of the growth of Church principles in the English Church since his secession. He shook his head sadly, and said: "The ways of God are inscrutable."

The fact is, Newman's strong feelings and fervid imagination tended to make him see facts and their correlations, not as they were, but as he desired them to be. He first made up his mind; and then, with perfect sincerity, singleness of purpose, and consummate controversial skill, he accommodated the facts to his theory. He has confessed this himself in his description of his position as an Anglican. "I was angry with the Anglican divines," he says. "I thought they had taken me in; I had read the Fathers with their eyes; I had sometimes trusted their quotations or their reasonings; and from reliance

on them, I had used words or made statements which by right I ought rigidly to have examined myself. I had thought myself safe while I had their warrant for what I said. I had exercised more faith than criticism in the matter. I was in a humour certainly to bite off their ears." Writing to Keble in 1840, while still Vicar of St. Mary's, he said: "I do not think that we have yet made fair trial how much the English Church will bear: I know it is a hazardous experiment—like proving cannon. Yet we must not take it for granted that the metal will burst in the operation. It has borne, at various times, not to say at this time, a great infusion of Catholic truth without damage." "The *arguments* which I have published against Romanism seem to myself as cogent as ever; but men go by their sympathies, not by argument:" and he "feels the force of this influence himself." St. Augustine's "Securus judicat orbis terrarum" was still ringing in his ears; and as, under its influence, he felt the *Via Media* theory, which he had built without due examination on the Anglican divines, quaking under his feet, he set himself to construct another theory that would enable him to get round the "arguments against Romanism," which were still "as cogent as ever" to his intellect, by reconciling history to his "sympathies." This was the theory of Development—a theory to which, as expounded by Newman, the Church of Rome refused to commit herself, and he was advised to publish his book before he was received into her communion. There is, of course, a legitimate theory of the development of Christian doctrine, when the development follows by logical necessity from what went before it. The Nicene Creed is thus logically contained in the Apostles' Creed, and was therefore no addition to the faith of Christendom. But Newman's premisses carry him beyond this point. His argument makes it impossible to set any definite limits to the enlargement of the Christian Creed.

Here then we have a temper of mind as earnest, indeed, as Dean Church's in the painful quest of truth, but lacking the Dean's humility, caution, patience, and intellectual conscientiousness. Newman, attracted by his sympathies, jumped to his conclusion, and then sought for arguments with which to justify the process to his own understanding. This was, in effect, to adopt the Catholic faith on rationalistic grounds, and to undermine the foundation of Christianity as an historical religion. Dean Church, on the other hand, combined in a rare degree the historical and critical faculties. His Essay on Dante alone stamps him as one of the first critics of any age; and his volumes on Anselm, Bacon, and "The Beginnings of the Middle Ages," his singularly brilliant and comprehensive sketch of "The Early Ottomans," must make every one who has read them sigh that a mind so powerful, so discriminating, so amply furnished with knowledge, and in command of a style at once so dignified and attractive, did not find time to leave

behind him some monumental work on history, in addition to the fragmentary monographs which show how well equipped he was for the task. It was therefore impossible for Dean Church, with his historical instinct and discipline and knowledge, to accept any view of the Church which he could not reconcile with the facts of history. And those facts taught him not to be dismayed or discouraged by the seeming failure of good causes, by the triumph of wicked men, by worldliness and corruption in the high places of the Church. The history of the Church had all along been fulfilling the parable of the drag-net which enclosed good and bad fish alike. The chequered career of the noble Anselm was but a picture of the Church at large in miniature. Her progress is not in a straight line, but zigzag, turning her back sometimes, like the Alpine climber, on the point for which she is making, yet in fact progressing steadily, in spite of appearances, towards her destined goal. "It was her own fault," the Dean tells us, "if the Church gained little by the compromise" extorted from the King by Anselm, and here is the lesson which he finds in the story of the long struggle :

"In one sense, indeed, what is gained by any great religious movement? What are all reforms, restorations, victories of truth, but protests of a minority; efforts, clogged and incomplete, of the good and brave, just enough in their own day to stop instant ruin—the appointed means to save what is to be saved, but in themselves failures? Good men work and suffer, and bad men enjoy their labours and spoil them; a step is made in advance—evil rolled back and kept in check for a while, only to return perhaps the stronger. But thus, and thus only, is truth passed on and the world preserved from utter corruption. Doubtless bad men still continued powerful in the English Church. Henry tyrannised, evil was done, and the bishops kept silence; low aims and corruptions may still have polluted the very seats of justice; gold may have been as powerful with Cardinals as with King Henry and his Chancellors."

Yet, on the whole, the victory was with Anselm, and so the cause of truth and justice moved on, though slowly, and the good fight has been maintained along the centuries, and will be maintained "till He shall come, to whom alone it is reserved to 'still' for ever 'the enemy and the avenger,' and to 'root out all wicked doers from the city of the Lord.'"

It is plain that Dean Church was not the type of English churchman from which converts are made. He saw nothing in the history of the Church of England since the Reformation which had not its analogue in her previous history and in the history of other parts of Christendom at different times. He knew history too well to be carried away by a specious theory, however brilliant, or cast down by a reverse, however formidable at the moment. Had he meditated a step like Newman's, and then felt as Newman did on the eve of his secession, that he would thereby be "undoing his own work"—admittedly a good work—"and leaving the field open, or rather infallibly sur-

rendering it to those who would break down and crumble to powder all religion whatever," he would at once have suspected a flaw in the reasoning which had conducted him to so disastrous a conclusion, and would have remembered St. Paul's warning that it is not right to "do evil that good may come," especially when the evil is certain to affect multitudes, while the good is problematical and reaches to oneself alone.*

To say that Church made an ideal Dean is, in his case, a commonplace. It is not too much to say that he would have dignified and adorned and elevated to an ideal standard any office committed to his charge, from the small village in Somersetshire, where he spent the happiest years of his life, and where his body by his own desire rests, to the Primacy of the English Church, of which he had, or might have had, the refusal. He gave one the impression, more than any man I have ever known, of saintliness, of a life detached from this world and having its roots in the unseen. To him it was an intense reality, not a mere phrase, that "the things which are seen are temporal, and the things which are not seen are eternal." You felt that he judged human conduct in everything by the test of how it would look when death approached. Worldly honours had thus no attraction for him, and he shrank from them, not so much because he feared their alluring temptation, as because his genuine humility made him self-distrustful. It was with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Gladstone at last, aided by the entreaties of others, prevailed on Church to exchange his village home for the deanery of St. Paul's. To him the promotion was a sorrow and a sore trial, and he never ceased to pine for the sweet seclusion, in the midst of rural sights and sounds, where he had disciplined his soul by diversified study and meditation and writing, and, not least, by self-denying labours among the poor of his little flock, after the din and turmoil of Oxford controversy, and the great sorrow of Newman's secession. He seriously wished more than once to resign his deanery, not merely because he sighed for the country, but because he, the ideal Dean, believed himself unfitted for the post. And there came another motive later. He was very anxious to see Dr. Liddon removed from Oxford, both because he saw that Oxford was depressing him unduly, and also because he felt that a man of Liddon's power and unique position should, for the Church's sake and his own, be placed in a position of responsibility. When it became evident, therefore, that Dr. Liddon was not to be a bishop, Dean Church was desirous of making way for him in the deanery of St. Paul's—a sacrifice which friends prevented, and to which Dr. Liddon himself would have been the very last to consent. As some legends have grown round Dr. Liddon's name in connection with bishoprics, there can be no harm now in giving the facts. There is no truth in the rumour that the

* "I will never do what I know to be evil, and shrink in fear from what, for aught I can tell, may be good."—*Apology* of Socrates, xvii. 29.

Queen ever vetoed his nomination to the episcopate. No offer of a particular See was made to him till the year of his death, when he was offered the See of St. Albans. Some years previously, when two Sees happened to be vacant, the Prime Minister of the day begged the Dean of St. Paul's to find out privately whether Liddon would permit his name to be submitted to the Queen. Liddon at once refused, and even declined to take such an offer into his serious consideration. Whether he would have made the same answer had a particular See been offered to him I know not; but I am sure that he would always have refused an offer in the air. I remember his answer to myself when I left Dean Church and himself to decide for me in an offer of preferment which I had refused and been asked to reconsider. "You must remember," he said, "that when a definite offer is made to you it is a distinct call, and that there is therefore as much responsibility in refusing as in accepting it."

But it was not from moroseness, or fretfulness, or misanthropy, or disappointment, that Dean Church turned his back on the transitory attractions of this world. No man delighted more than he in the innocent enjoyments and amusements of life; no laugh was merrier than his; no eye delighted more in the varied and manifold beauties of Nature, as his writings abundantly show; no one engaged with keener zest and joy in the intellectual interchange and play of good conversation. In his admirable sermons on the "Gifts of Civilisation," he admits that the Church and Civilisation may stand apart as antagonistic forces, but argues that this need not and should not be. He shows how "great moral habits strike their roots deep in a society" even external to the Church.

"Civilisation has many shapes and means many things. But let us speak fairly, as we know it. Civilisation *to us* means liberty and the power of bearing and using liberty; it means that which ensures to us a peaceful life, a life of our own, fenced in from wrong, and with our paths and ends left free to us; it means the strength of social countenance given on the whole to those virtues which make life nobler and easier; it means growing honour for manliness, unselfishness, sincerity—growing value for gentleness, considerateness, and respect for others; it means readiness to bear criticism, to listen to correction, to see and amend our mistakes; it means the willingness, the passion, to ameliorate conditions, to communicate advantages, to raise the weak and low, to open wide the gates and paths for them to that discipline of cultivation and improvement which has produced such fruit in others more fortunate than they."

In his Lectures (in the same volume) on the great religions of the East, the Dean admits that the high state of human nature, here described, owes much to the overshadowing of the Christian atmosphere which surrounds it, and cannot exist except sporadically, and on a comparatively small scale, outside the frontiers of Christendom. But something is still lacking to it.

"The heroic mind and the Christian mind are shown not simply in the loss of all things—in giving up this world, in accepting pain and want—but in doing this, if it must be done, for that for which it is worth a man's while to do it; for something of corresponding greatness, though unseen; for truth, for faith, for duty, for the good of others, for a higher life. And this view the words of the New Testament keep continually before us."

It was this life, inculcated and described in the New Testament, that the Dean made the standard of his own life and strove to impress on others. For, highly as he appreciated the gifts of civilisation in all their attractive forms, he saw the peril which lurked in that fascination:

"We trust that the Christian spirit can live and flourish in society as we know it, different as it is from the first days. But it is clear that as society goes on accumulating powers and gifts, the one hope of society is in men's modest and unselfish use of them; in simplicity and nobleness of spirit increasing, as things impossible to our fathers become easy and familiar to us; in men caring for better things than money and ease, and honour; in being able to see the riches of the world [he meant more than gold] increase, and not set our heart's heart upon them; in being able to admire and forego."

Such was his ideal of the Christian life; "using this world as not abusing it." And few men lived up to the ideal as he did. And modest and humble and retiring as he was, his example told; virtue went out of him, and the contagion spread silently, and multitudes felt better for the presence of that spare ascetic figure among them. And they came, a great crowd on a most inclement day, to testify their appreciation and gratitude at his funeral service in St. Paul's Cathedral. It was like him not only to wish to be buried among his old parishioners in the secluded Somersetshire village, but to forbid any kind of memorial to be raised in his honour. He has left behind him, though he thought not of that, a more enduring memorial than marble: feeble knees strengthened, wills braced up to resist temptation, lives purified and blessed by his example. And he has also left behind him another memorial in the transfigured character of the worship and crowded congregations of St. Paul's. He would be the first to disclaim all credit for that transformation; and, indeed, it would be unjust to deny to his colleagues their share in the wonderful improvement. Canons Gregory and Liddon began it before Dean Church's appointment; but they were a minority in the chapter, and without the Dean, moreover, not much could be done; and Dean Mansel's tastes lay in other fields of speculation. On Dean Church's advent things began rapidly to change. Under the old *régime* the Sunday congregation had room enough and to spare in the choir. Soon the space beneath the dome did not suffice to hold the crowds that went to the Cathedral, and when Dr. Liddon preached they extended to the west door. And now the ordinary daily congregation is larger than that which used to assemble on Sunday in

the choir. Nor was the influence of the Cathedral confined to London. It spread all over England, and reached even to America and the British colonies, raising the standard of worship among them all. And he who knew least of the source of this great work was the humble scholar and divine at the head of the institution from which it all radiated. It is to be hoped that a successor will be appointed who will carry on the traditions of St. Paul's during the last twenty years.

Let it not be supposed from anything said here about Dean Church's gentleness, humility, and self-effacement, that he was a weak man. He was, indeed, wonderfully tender and affectionate, though he kept his feelings under a disciplined restraint; but he was also not only habitually brave—he could be very stern when the occasion required it. Cruelty, injustice, falseness, always roused his indignation. He had imbibed an ardent love of liberty from his early Italian associations and studies, and from his family connection with Greece;—his uncle, Sir Richard Church, was one of the leaders and heroes of the Greek war of independence. He sympathised with every movement for the liberation and unity of Italy, and for the emancipation of the races still held in Turkish bondage. During the progress of the Eastern struggle in 1877, he wrote in the *Guardian* a series of interesting and instructive articles on the history of the Turks. The Crimean war had previously tempted him to write the most picturesque and most masterly sketch on record—at least within the same compass—of "The Early Ottomans." The same occasion induced Dr. Newman (as he then was) to write his "Lectures on the History of the Turks," where his beautiful style and brilliant powers of generalisation are displayed to advantage.

I may appropriately close this hurried and imperfect sketch with the following quotation from Dean Church's Essay on "The Early Ottomans" as a specimen of his historical style:

"For twenty years Orchan abstained from conquest, but he was not idle. While the Christian empire beyond the Straits was perishing, he was busy building up a power which was to be ready to take its place, and fit to grasp its heritage. The pastoral horde was becoming a State; the leader of the vagrant camp was taking delight in adorning the temporary capital of his house with the mosques and colleges, the hospitals and caravansaries, the fountains and tombs, which the piety and magnificence of Moslem princes are wont to rear in their royal cities. Brusa was well worth his care. From the last slopes of Olympus it looks over a green plain of woods and meadows; the famous and beautiful mountain, with its forest and its cliffs, overhangs it, and its abundant and ever-flowing waters—the warm, medicinal springs which well out beneath the baths of the city, and the cold, sparkling sources streaming down from above, among its rocks and its plane-trees—have made Brusa famous among Eastern cities. Not less famous is it for the choice excellence of its trees and fruits, its grapes and apricots, its chestnuts, each of forty drachms weight, and its forty kinds of pears. The sheep in its pastures produced the finest wool, its mulberry-trees the finest silk, and drew to it craftsmen, who made the work of their looms, their scarfs,

and embroidered stuffs, their lawn, and their samit, renowned almost to our own day. Before the Ottomans appeared, Christian monasteries had gleamed among the woods of Olympus, or nestled in its folds; the hermit's cell had been hung on its precipices, or perched upon its crests, or hid within its caverns. Their place was taken by the dervishes and the santons, on whom Orchan bestowed his largesses with liberal hand; and Olympus became a holy mountain, sanctified by their retreats while living, and by their sepulchres in death. Among them, also, were the earlier poets and theologians of the Ottomans, who loved the stillness and the shade of the murmuring pines. There they could lie and look down on the glittering city and sunny plain below. The city of Orchan's choice had all that could make it dear to Moslems and Orientals; it was a worthy home for the last conquerors of Islam to depart from, and return to, in their wars, and to rest in during the days of peace. Here the first six sultans kept their court, and here they lie buried in stately tombs near the mosques which they founded. Round them are the sepulchres of their children and brothers; and these are encompassed on all sides by the resting-places and memorials of the great men of the rising State, its first viziers and lieutenants; and further, about the mausoleums of the early sultans and saints of the Empire are grouped some five hundred tombs of famous men—pashas, scheikhs, professors, orators, physicians, poets, musicians. Thus gifted and adorned by Nature, and consecrated by so many recollections and such venerable monuments, Brusa rivals Adrianople in dignity and Bagdad in holiness, and still, when the sultan's style and title is proclaimed, it is named as the third city of his Empire."

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

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